Saturday Evening Post · November 18, 1967 · 35c

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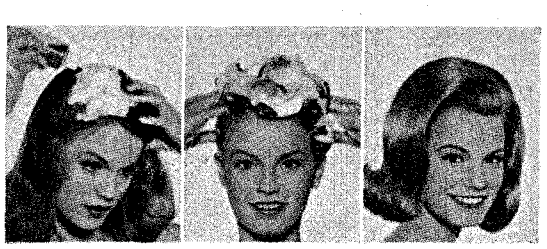

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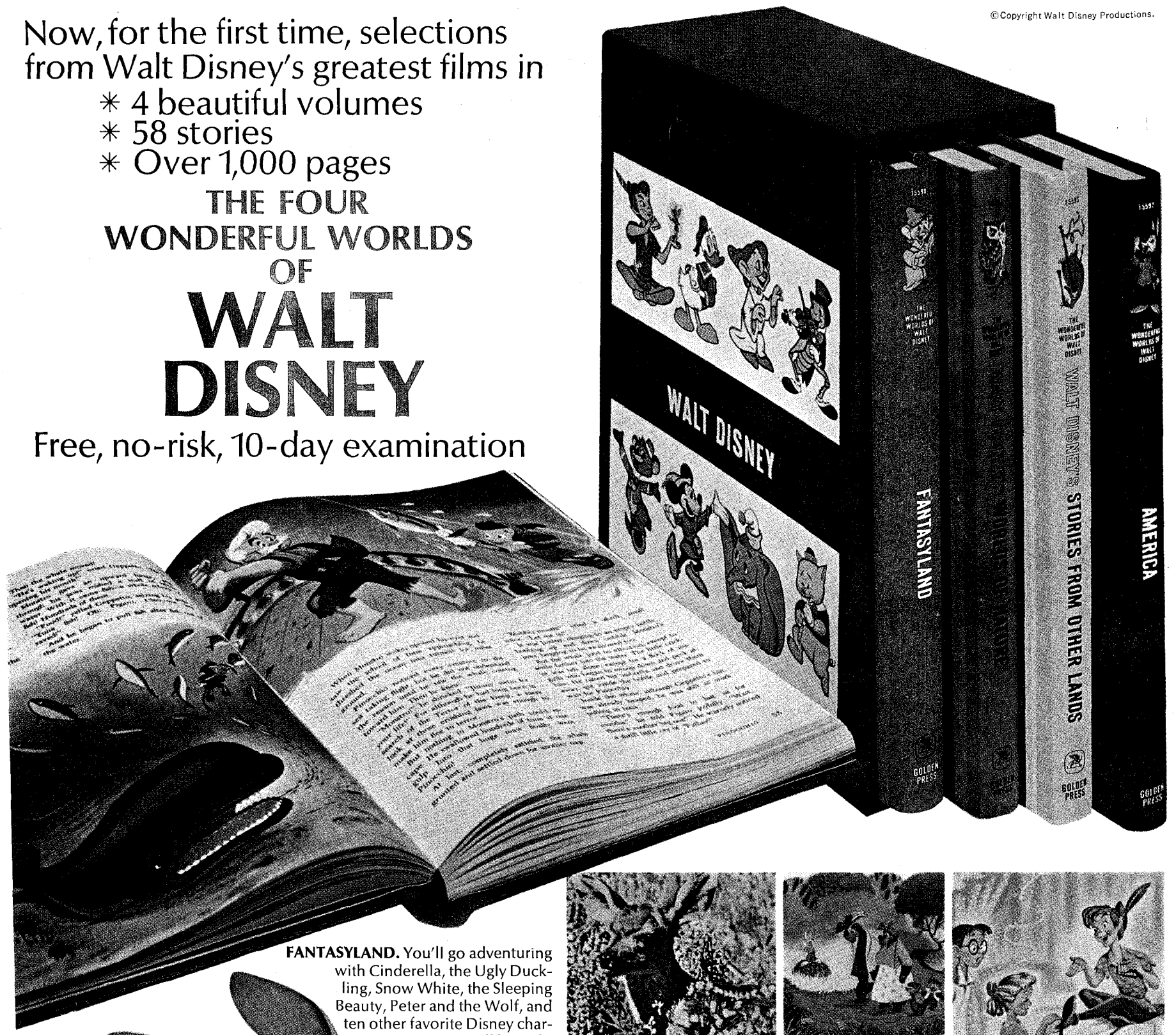

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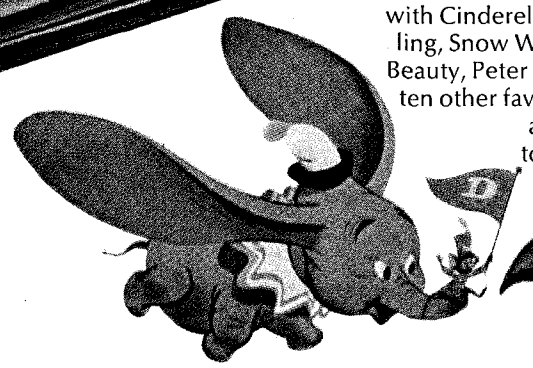

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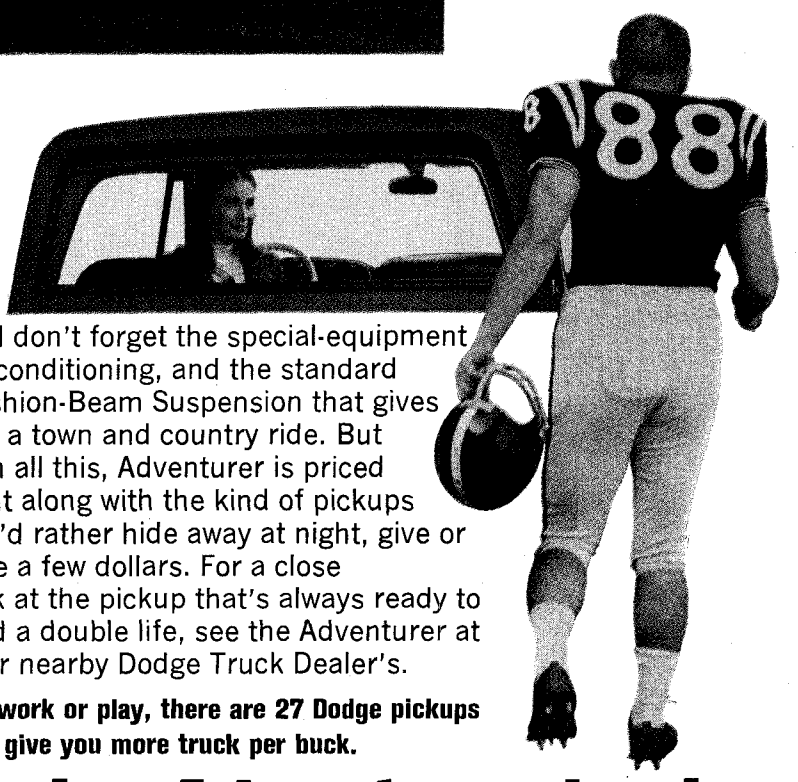

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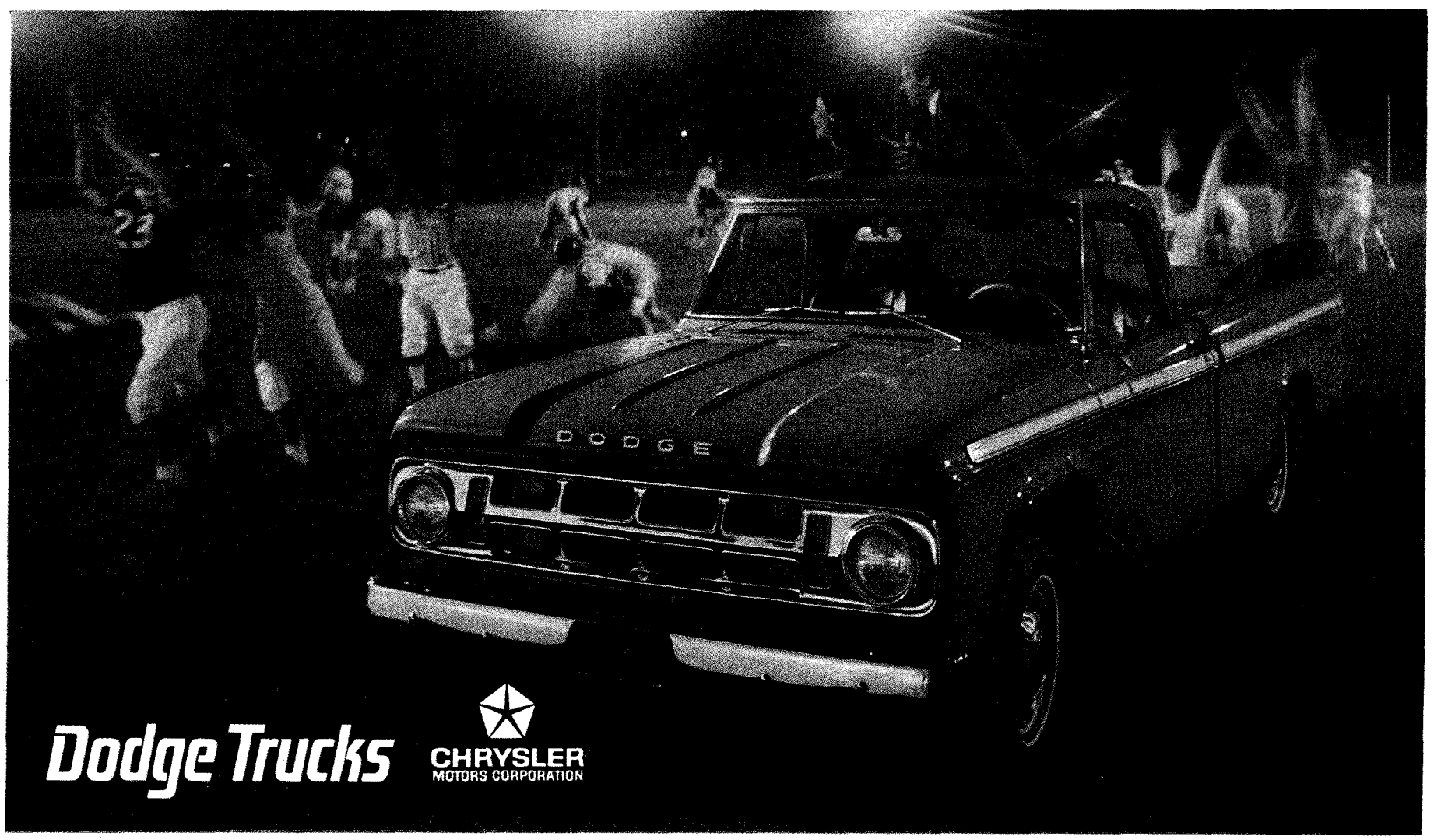

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The Saturday Evening
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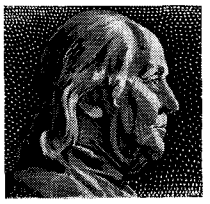

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From the Editor

Bruce Jay Friedman

The alarming thing about talent is that it can break out in any direction. It gets away from you. No sooner do you have a man doing a good job writing articles for you than some jackass persuades him to write a novel—and there goes a year. If it's a lousy novel, you have to nurse him back to psychic health. But as often as not you are confronted with something more difficult to handle, a success. A success can completely derail everything. And a most disturbing version of this has just happened to a regular *Post* author, Bruce Jay Friedman. You may remember, for example, his recent article on the Chicago detectives. Bruce's gaudy success is the smash hit *Scuba Duba* playing at the New Theatre on 54th Street. We can see the whole thing from our office window.

There were rave reviews. Plans for a British production are underway; a road company is being formed; 15 foreign buyers are in town; and all of the magazines are doing stories; strange girls in net stockings speak admiringly to Friedman on the street. If the wretched play had failed, Bruce would be writing magazine articles. "Thank God I've got a little vintage," Friedman says. "Small wonder to me that a success like this can be an actual shock to the nervous system of a younger man. But I'm lucky. I had a mini-blizzard of success when *A Mother's Kisses* was published in 1964 [a novel]. And," he says modestly, "I think I am going to learn to live with acclaim."

One strange thing about Friedman is that although he writes great magazine articles, he looks like a playwright. He lacks the unraveled, scuffed quality of most article writers. Actually, to be more precise, he looks like a dude from Barcelona with a suspiciously handsome and slightly larcenous appearance. But it's a disguise. Bruce Jay Friedman is a Huck Finn off on his raft for a bright-eyed look at the world. And soaking it up like sunshine. *Scuba Duba* is a distillation of a part of this adventure. It explodes with glee, menace, sex, incongruity and a dangerous fallout of humor of all varieties.

Bruce must realize that we need judicious proportions of these commodities for the magazine. We are waiting.

Bill Emerson

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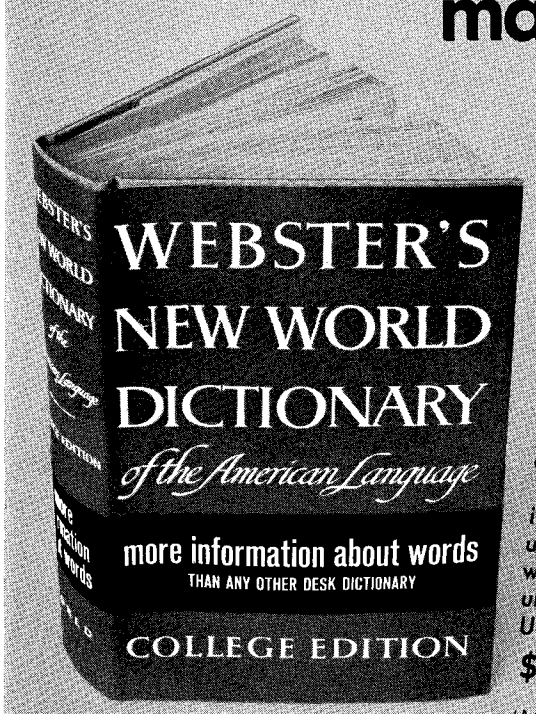

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Letters

Scrapping Irish

Gentlemen:

John Bowers, in his article NOTRE DAME: WE'RE NUMBER ONE! [October 7], reports that "despite the folklore of the Fighting Irish, their football record has been remarkably spotty." While we must reluctantly admit that even Notre Dame teams are human and, as such they have had a few rough years, it is "remarkably spotty" reasoning to attempt to deny the overall preeminence of Irish teams throughout the years. Notre Dame has one of the highest winning percentages of any major college football team in the nation, and if the Irish have a "remarkably spotty" record, what do the other 113 major teams behind them have?

BOB CRONGEYER
BILL WHITE
Gainesville, Fla.

Dear Sir:

Unknowingly, the author of the stirring article on the Notre Dame football team revived the truth of the old adage, "Pride goeth before a fall." Ironically, the same week of your publication, Notre Dame lost to Purdue. Since the Boilermakers have upset N.D. so often recently, wouldn't it be nice to have John Bowers find out what *their* secret is?

MASON F. RICHARDS
Fredericksburg, Va.

Growing up in Yazoo

Dear Sir:

Thank you for the hauntingly beautiful article, THE YAZOO YEARS, by Willie Morris in your October 7 issue.

MARY H. MIELKE
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I want to thank the *Post* and Mr. Willie Morris for a completely absorbing "trip" back to the time and place of my youth. In a poignant and moving narrative, Mr. Morris has stirred the fondest memories of those of us who passed through the magic delta and then departed.

JOHN W. BOULT
Tampa, Fla.

Dear Sir:

How sad that Willie Morris could not record some of the positive events which propelled him into the limelight at such an early age.

Even though Mr. Morris sounds like a scornful Mark Twain, I'm sure his story will tease the ears of those who like to feed the fires of their own discontent. It seems to me that in his righteous indignation he has traded one set of prejudices for another and called it finding the truth.

ROBERT E. SMITH
Augusta, Ga.

Dear Sir:

I think Willie Morris told it like it was. But time is slowly obscuring the memory of things as they were, and the years are bringing a healing balm to some of the old hurts. Thanks to Mr. Morris for sharing those years with us while the good and bad of them are still distinguishable, while the man of the new South can still be both sentimental and progressive.

MIKE DIXON
Louisville, Ky.

Tales by Saroyan

Dear Sir:

Oh how I enjoyed William Saroyan's THREE TALES in your October 7 issue. I sometimes wonder if all the old generation Armenians were so completely alike—when I read Mr. Saroyan's tales, I'm reminded of some of my own Armenian relatives, all too well!

JOAN P. KEURAJIAN
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

My personal thanks to you, William Saroyan, for the sweet saneness and gentle human warmth that your writings give to us readers.

MARIAN DAVIS
Maple Shade, N.J.

Mother Goose report

Dear Editor:

Thank you so much for printing Jack Roche's THE MOTHER GOOSE REPORT [October 7]. I found it just enchanting—imaginative, clever and accurate. A pinch of satire makes a better mirror of our society than a bushel of labored analyses.

MARGARET HEDGES
Iowa City, Iowa

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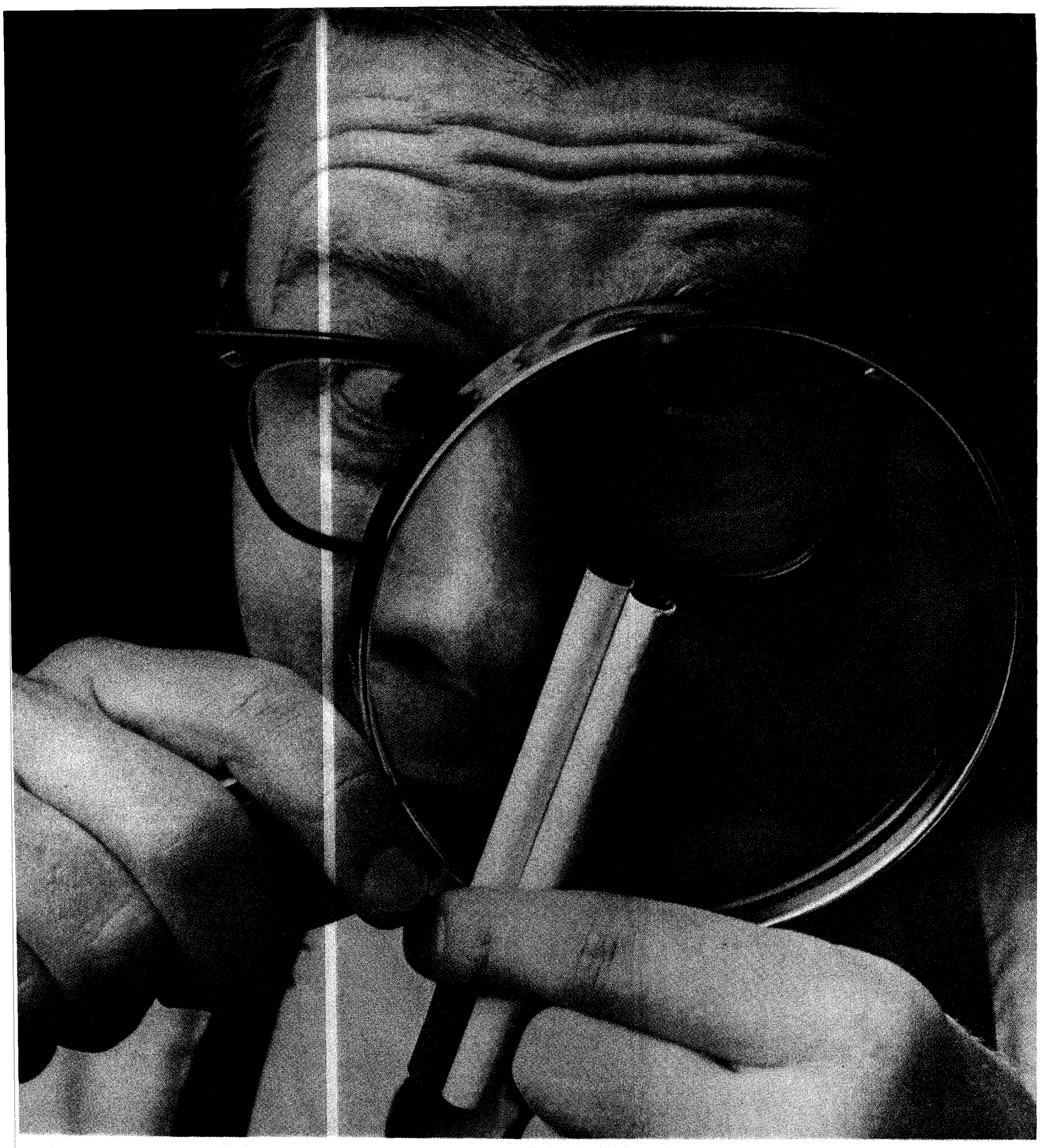
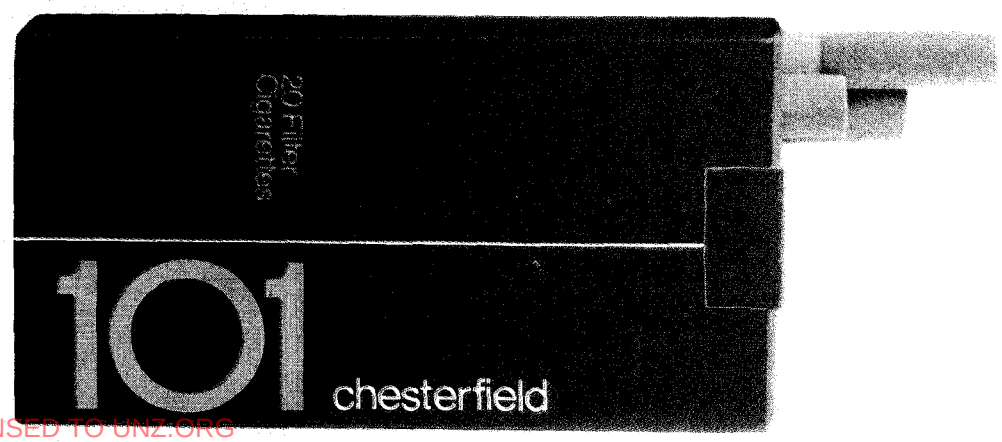


A silly millimeter longer than the 100's. It isn't much. But wait 'til you taste it.

It's one better.



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Letters

Fire on the Forrestal

Gentlemen:

I have just finished your article on the U.S.S. *Forrestal*, 'FIRE! FIRE! FLIGHT DECK AFT!', by Trevor Armbrister in the October 7 issue. Thanks to Mr. Armbrister for a fine article; and God bless our sailors—they're a courageous group of men!

MRS. DALE BAILEY
Avon, N.Y.

Sir:

Thank you for your story of the *Forrestal* disaster. Earlier this year we were happy to participate in the "family-day cruise" on the *Forrestal*, then at Norfolk, Va. As we made our way through the maze of passageways and compartments of this huge carrier, we could see why the crew was so proud of its ship.

On September 14 I waited on the pier with hundreds of others as the *Forrestal* returned to Norfolk. I was sad to see the destruction, sad for the families whose sons, husbands and fathers did not return. Our son is still aboard the *Forrestal*, which is now undergoing repairs at Portsmouth, Va.

MRS. ROBERT MONNINGER
Normal, Ill.

Schoolbook revolution

Dear Sir:

Congratulations on WHAT OUR CHILDREN READ by Hillel Black in the October 7 issue. This is a forthright and precise account of the intellectual maze professional educators face.

ROGER NIEMEYER
Michigan State University
Social Studies Coordinator
East Lansing, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I hope every parent in America read your article and was inspired by it to take a *serious* interest in what and how his children are being taught in school. Remembering my own boredom throughout much of the "educational process," I am thrilled to learn of the improvements being made in textbooks.

MRS. RICHARD TALMAGE
Goleta, Calif.

Sirs:

Even for someone in the field, like myself, this is one of the most informative and comprehensive treatments of the subject I have seen.

WILLIAM COHEN, *Headmaster*
Town and Country Day School
Silver Spring, Md.

Dear Sir:

Greatly enjoyed your article. The thought of little old ladies in tennis shoes crayoning out pictures of human reproductive organs dramatically pinpoints our present dilemma with teachers and textbooks. Hopefully, future books will not portray Americans as always intelligent and just, white and neuter.

DR. HOWARD OZMON
University of Virginia
Charlottesville, Va.

Cover schoolgirls

Dear Sir:

Where did photographer John Launois find that pair of beautiful young girls that appeared on the cover of the October 7 issue? How refreshing to see some normal American kids with that scrubbed look, rather than the dirty-looking hippies who seem to be dominating the news lately.

MRS. C. P. TERRY
Mount Gilead, Ohio

Dear Sir:

Trick photography—or was it? No parents in the world could be blessed with *two* such bundles of beauty.

JOSEPH C. ATKIN
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Editor:

If you can't give us the names and addresses of the girls, at least give us the name of their college, so we'll know where to transfer next year.

W.V.M. AND W.H.M.
Jacksonville, Ala.

There's no photographic skulduggery. While scouting for nonprofessional cover models, photographer John Launois and photography editor Sally Reukauf visited a suburban beach club and discovered more than they bargained for—the teen-age twins, who agreed to be photographed for the POST. *The school they attend must, alas, remain nameless.—Ed.*

Shaping up Congress

Dear Editor:

Very seldom have I been so delighted as when reading Charles L. Weltner's CONGRESS NEEDS REFORM in the October 7 *Post*. Mr. Weltner gives us a wide-screen view of what goes on behind-the-scenes in Congress, and I say more power to him in dragging forth skeletons from the closets of those dignified halls.

JOHN HOMEWOOD
Laguna Beach, Calif.

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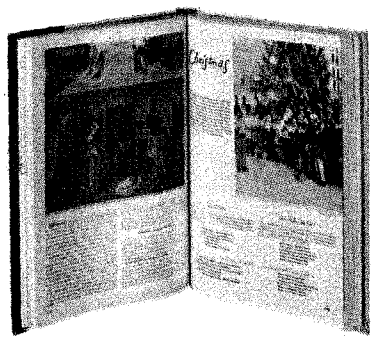

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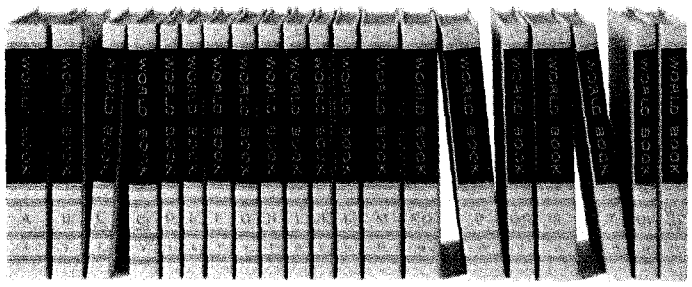

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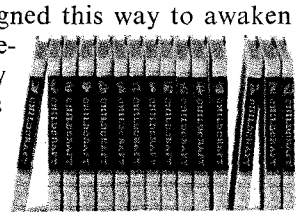

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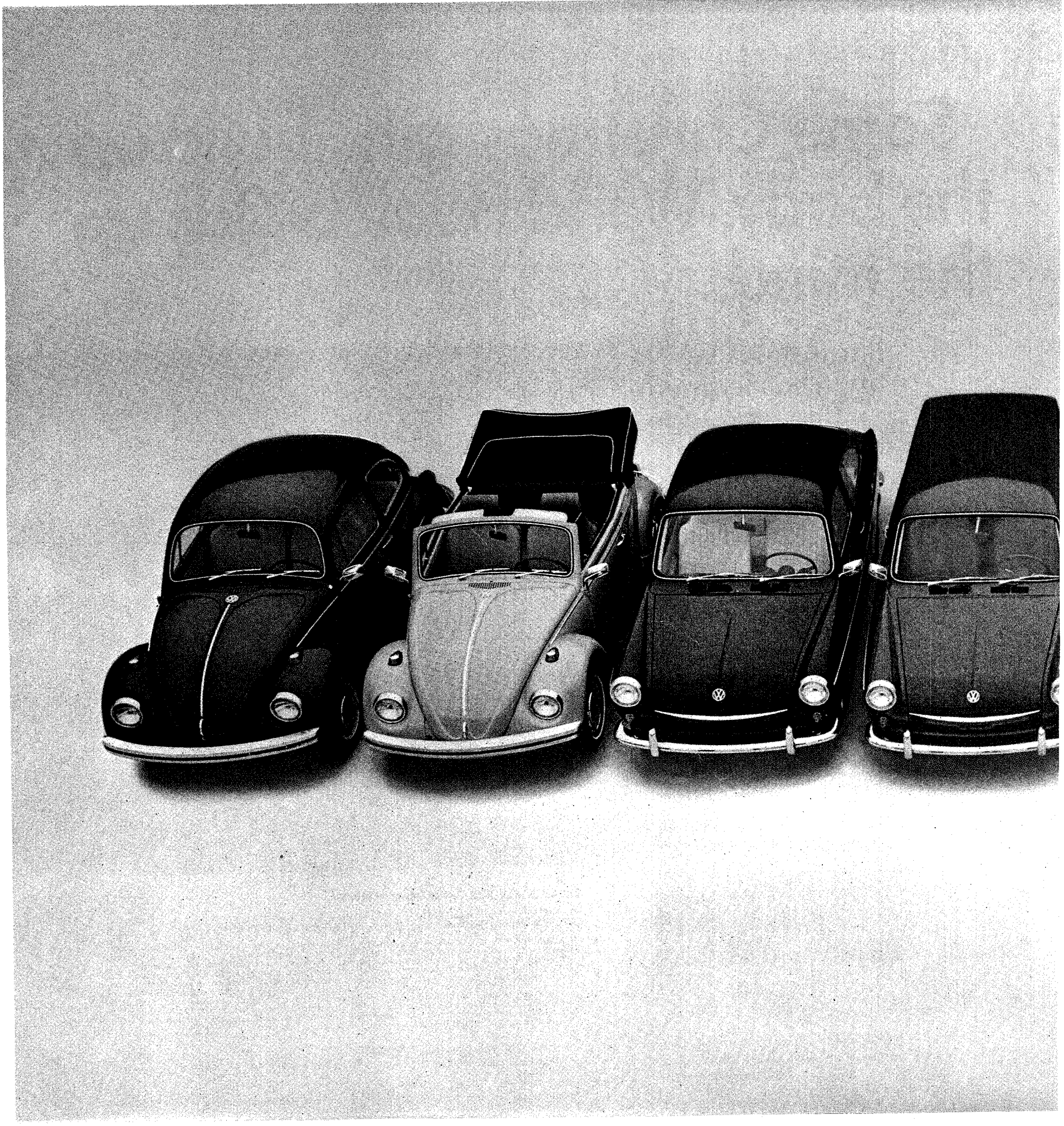

Volkswagen builds

The following stories are true:

A 1949 VW is still running around on its original engine.

A VW owner went 135,384 miles on his original set of tires.

Another owner went 308,700 miles before trade-in time.

Conclusion: Volkswagens are tough.

For instance, look underneath any VW and you'll see our famous sealed bottom. This ingenious device protects a VW's insides against everything on the outside, including rust. (No other car has anything quite like it.)

A Volkswagen convertible is made so well, so airtight, it helps to open the window a crack to close the door.

(No wonder it takes two men one day just to make two convertible tops.)

Like all VWs, the Squareback and Fastback sedans are both painted 3 times over. To make what you see look nicer. And to

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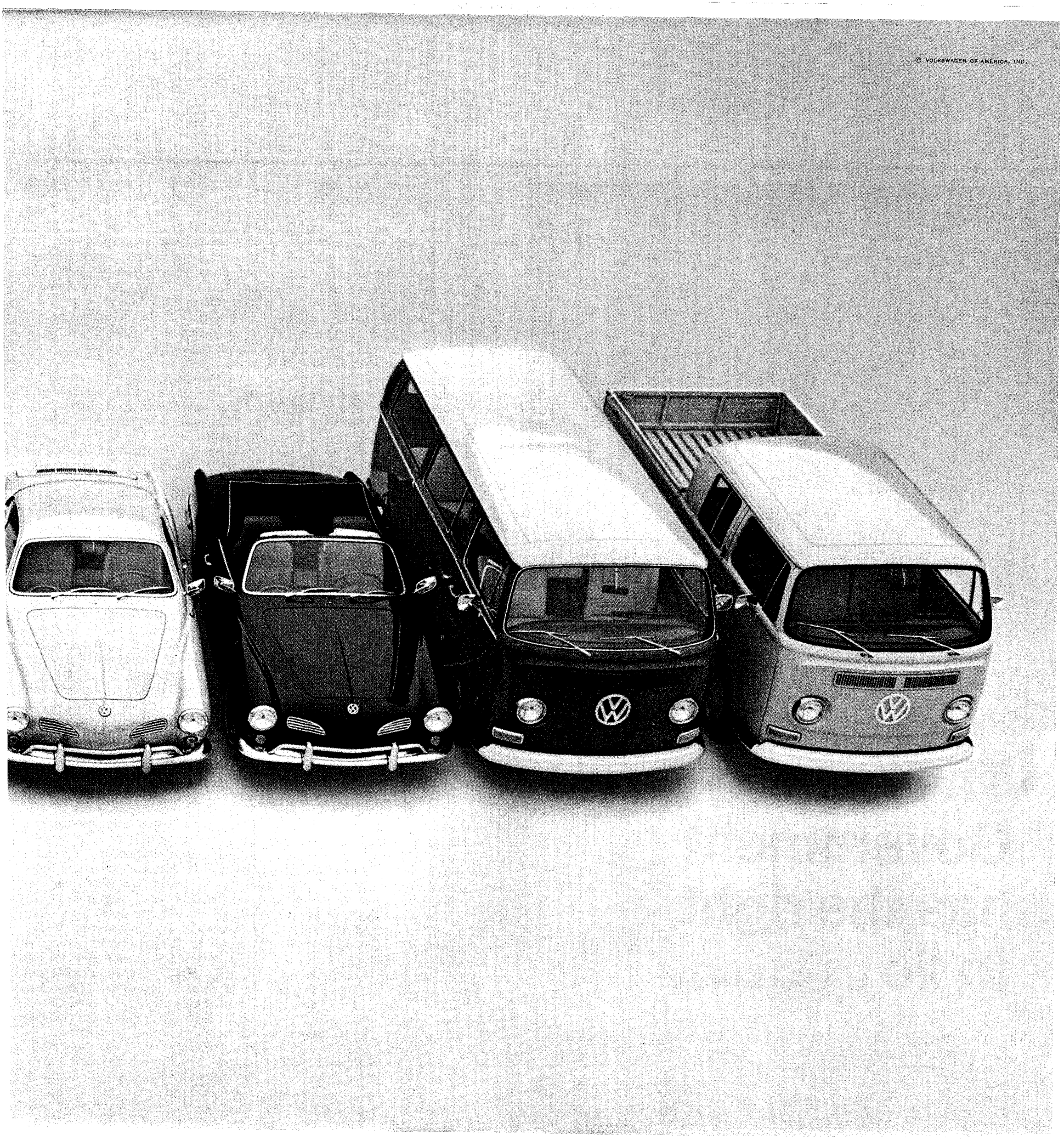

trong bodies 8 ways.

Then there's the VW Karmann Ghia. Its body is practically hand-made.

The Ghia is hand-shaped, hand-welded, hand-smoothed, hand-padded, hand-fitted, hand-stitched, hand-painted and would you believe, hand-sanded. (Whew.)

The VW Station Wagon and Camper are different, too. They don't have frames like other wagons. And they're not bolted together 12,598 times.

Finally, we make trucks.

(And if we make cars as strong as we do, you can imagine how we make trucks.)

So next time you look at a Volkswagen, look at it this way:

It's not the most beautiful body in the world, but

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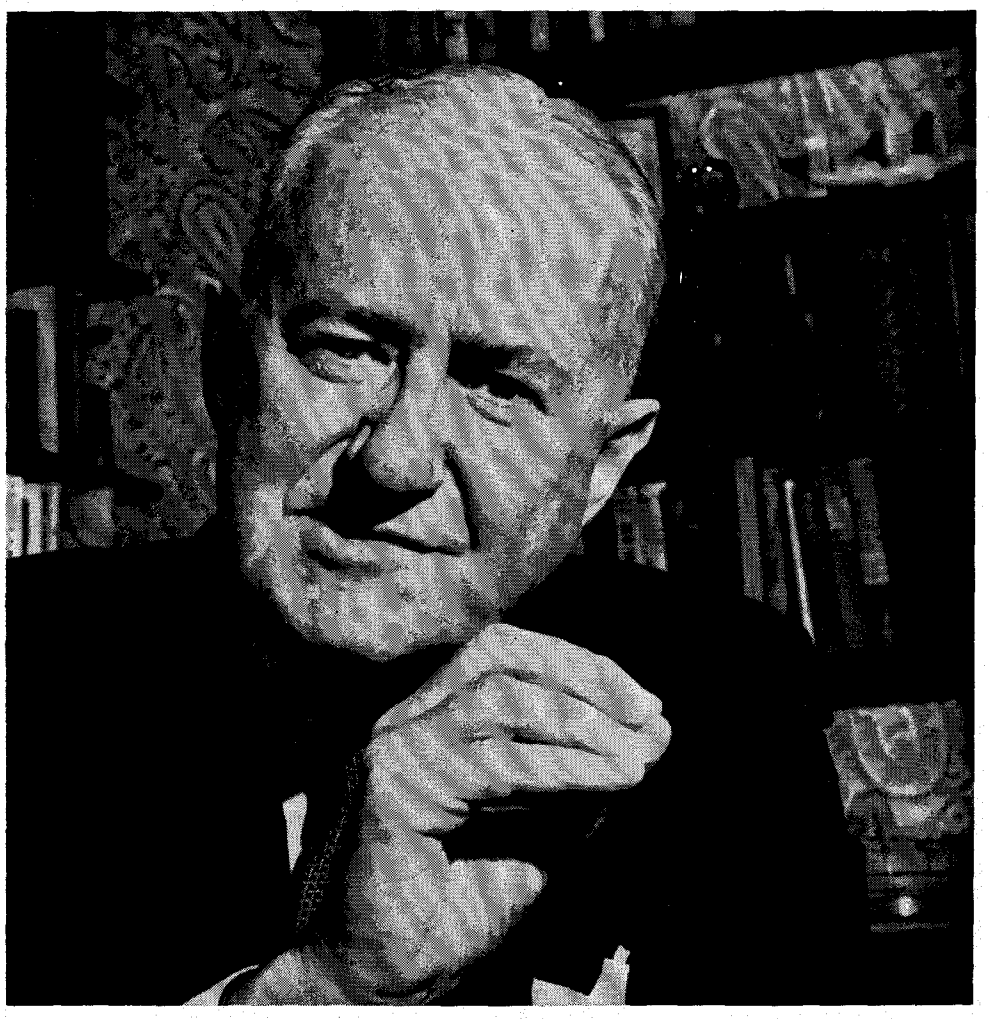

The author was Assistant Secretary of Defense from 1961 until last February, when he resigned. He is now writing a book about Government.

The Government has the right to lie

by Arthur Sylvester

If I had been living in the early 19th century in what was then our country's West, and had been a religious man, I am sure I would have taken my stand with the Lying Baptists against the Truthful Baptists.

The issue that created the two sects arose at Long Run, Ky., in 1804, and posed the question whether a man with three children captured by marauding Indians was justified in lying to the savages to conceal the presence nearby of a fourth child. The Lying Baptists argued that under the circumstances he had the right, indeed the duty, to lie. But the Truthful Baptists shook their heads, uh-uh: Tell the truth and sacrifice the child.

The sects have long since disappeared. But during six years as Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs I often found the self-righteous descendants of the Truthful Baptists wandering in the same old moral fog.

As the Defense Department's spokesman I espoused the thesis that the indisputable requisite of a government-information program was that it be truthful. But I also stated that on occasions (such as the Cuban missile crisis) when the nation's security was at stake, the Government had the right, indeed the duty, to lie if necessary to mislead an enemy and protect the people it represented. For months the news industry, and others, distorted my remarks beyond recognition, howling that they were proof the Government was not to be believed under any circumstances. How hypocritical can you get? I know that it's axiomatic that fog hangs longest over the low places, but I can't bring myself to believe that fog alone accounts for the misinterpretation, misrepresentation and downright lying that tarnish the American news industry, written and electronic. I don't know a newsman who has served the Government as an Information Officer who hasn't been dismayed at the evidence of shabby performance by what he used to think of with pride as his profession.

If, as the news industry properly insists, the Federal Government has a complete obligation for truth, you would think the newsmen would abide by that rule for their own first principle. But they don't. As a wit has said, their motto is: "Don't get it right, get it written." Add to this a handout psychology, an incurable desire to prophesy and interpret, plus a failure to ask the right questions. Is there any surprise that much information about Government is misinformation?

Currently the news industry likes to explain its shortcomings by blaming the Johnson Administration for a "credibility gap." Every sophisticated newsman knows the Federal Government puts its best, not its worst, foot forward; after all, the newsman's best friend, his club, his business, his city, county and state government all do things that way. That being so, it is his function to penetrate this protective coloration behind which all men attempt to mask their errors. If there is a credibility gap, it measures the failure of newsmen to do their job.

I was the Defense Department's spokesman during the Cuban missile crisis. President Kennedy was to make the fateful decision to force the Soviet Union to remove its missiles from Cuba, come what may. The overriding requirement was surprise.

During that momentous week of Oct. 15–22, 1962, President Kennedy interrupted a political tour in Chicago and returned to Washington. The reason given was that he had a cold. I didn't know whether the President had a cold or not, but on the basis of my 37 years' experience as a reporter and news executive, I doubted it. But because the explanation was simple and not easily refutable—who is going to say to the President of the United States, "No, you don't have a cold"?—it was as good as any and better than most of the cover stories I heard in Government. I shudder to think of the flimsy explanations held in reserve to cover some current and vital activities of our Government. But I could be wrong. For six years I watched cover stories go down smooth as cream when I had thought they would cause a frightful gargle. It was well that some, dealing with intelligence, did survive, but some others should have been exposed.

Certainly President Kennedy could not, and should not, have informed news representatives of the true reason he was returning to Washington: that for the first time the United States had proof positive—pictures, plenty of pictures—that contrary to their denials the Soviets had installed offensive missiles in Cuba, and that he was returning to Washington to consult with his advisers on how to counter the nuclear threat. President Kennedy was not dealing with some Indians about the life of a child, but with the lives of millions of his countrymen. If he thought the first step in fulfilling that obligation required him to contract a cold, he was joining the Lying Baptists, and so did I, and so be it.

On October 19, after consultation, I authorized a Defense Department release responding to questions about Cuba. The release read:

"A Pentagon spokesman denied tonight that any alert has been ordered or that any emergency military measures have been set in motion against Communist-ruled Cuba. Further, the spokesman said, the Pentagon has no information indicating the presence of offensive weapons in Cuba."

A case can be made that the first sentence was technically correct. But the second sentence was untrue. The man who issued the release did not know that. I did. I knew that some of the Soviet missiles were operational. That meant that nearly the entire U.S. soon would be vulnerable to a sudden strike. I knew the President and the Executive Committee of the National Security Council had decided on a confrontation with Premier Khrushchev and were completing plans for it. I had been alerted that within 72 hours President Kennedy, in a report to the American people, would publicly demand that the Soviets withdraw the missiles and that he would announce the imposition of a blockade.

Newsmen, insisting they speak for the public, have argued that a response of "no comment" can avoid such untruths as our denial of knowledge that the Soviet missiles were in Cuba. But like all general statements, the assertion that Government information must always be truthful requires qualification, because these programs do not and should not operate in a vacuum. Government information may be addressed to the American people, to their adversaries, their friends, to the neutrals, or to any combination of them or to all of them at once. The newsmen's argument that the Government can easily say "no comment" is disingenuous because "no comment" is not a neutral term. Under the circumstances of the missile crisis, any good reporter would have been correct in interpreting "no comment" as a confirmation that we knew the Soviet missiles were in Cuba. An alternative would have been to take the inquirer aside and acquaint him with the facts on the understanding that nothing would be printed. Unfortunately that system works only sometimes. Without reflection on the inquirer's patriotism, it was decided not to risk the country's safety, in the name of the people's "right to know" and the Government's duty to "tell the truth." After all, newsmen *are* gabby.

It is really not the missile-crisis type of event that causes credibility problems. Nor does the refusal to discuss intelligence (*Continued on page 14*)

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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For long-lasting and more complete relief action, get Triactin, the extra-step antacid.

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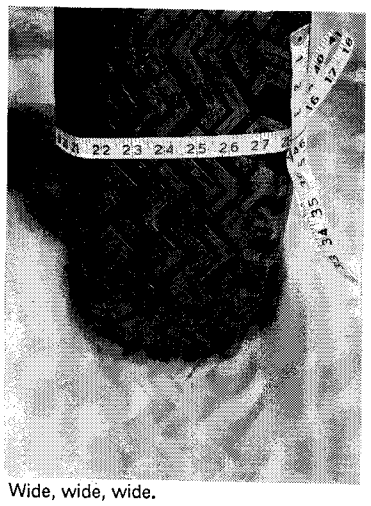
Make your own road with America's first wide fiber glass snow tire. More traction than any snow tire Sears ever tested.

A great winter tire. For people who want to get away from it all.

It's called the Sears Superwide.

It's the first wide fiber glass snow tire.



Wide, wide, wide.

It has more traction than any snow tire we've ever tested.

It has more tread.

It lasts up to 100 per cent longer.

It runs cooler. Even at sustained high speeds.

It's virtually blow-out proof.

It's quiet. Smooth riding.

It's good looking. Not pretty. Good looking.

It's guaranteed for 40 months. In writing. By Sears, Roebuck and Co.

It takes two and one-half minutes to read the rest of this ad, but that's all you need to know: it's from Sears.

What makes the Superwide so super?

The tread is reinforced with two belts of fiber glass. They run under the tread, around the tire.

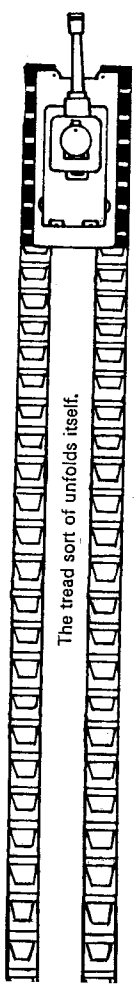
The fiber glass belts are strong. And flexible.

The nylon cord sidewalls are free to flex.

So the tire tread sort of unfolds itself. Like a tank tread.

A wider track than any snow tire we've ever tested. As much as 26 per cent wider.

That means more traction. Better traction.



Ordinary snow tires wear out down the center line because the tread wastes rubber wiggling around on the road.

The Sears Superwide will still have up to half its tread life left when most ordinary snow tires are on their last leg.

We put the Superwide through a rugged test up against some of the best ordinary snow tires on the market.

We tested it in soft, deep New England snow and it got better traction.

We tested it on wet asphalt pavement and it stopped quicker than any snow tire we ever tested.

After all, a snow tire spends only part of its life in snow. The rest on the highway.

Sears Superwide is a snow tire for people who want to get away from it all.

That's nice to know if you're driving from Anchorage to Palm Beach to soak up some sunshine. Or if you're driving from Palm Beach to Anchorage to loll in the snow.

An exclusive tread design makes the Superwide run quiet. It doesn't sound as though a semi is riding on your tail. A good snow tire should be seen and not heard.

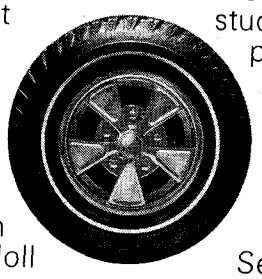
It's a sporty-looking job with a lusty wide tread. It will fit just about any car. You don't have to own a sports model or be a race buff.

The Superwide will wear up to 100 per cent longer than ordinary snow tires.

The longer the tread life, the more traction you keep. And more puncture protection.

That's a comforting thought when you figure that about 80 per cent of all punctures occur in the last 20 per cent of tread life.

Depending on your tire size, the Sears Superwide Fiber Glass Snow Tire sells for $32.87 to $43.54. Including Federal Excise Tax which is about the only thing this tire can't get out of.



Also available with studs where state law permits. No extra charge for mounting. And No Money Down on Sears Easy Payment Plan.

Guaranteed by Sears for 40 months. Sears Superwide Fiber Glass Snow Tire.

Let it snow.

Let it snow.

• • •

Tread Life Guarantee

Guaranteed Against: All failures of the tire resulting from normal road hazards or defects in material or workmanship.

For How Long: For the life of the original tread.

What Sears Will Do: Repair nail punctures at no charge. In the case of failures, in exchange for the tire: Replace it at no charge, if failure occurs during first 20 months. If tire fails after this period, it will be replaced, charging only the proportion of current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax that represents tread used.

Tread Wear-Out Guarantee

Guaranteed Against: Tread wear-out.

For How Long: 40 months.

What Sears Will Do: In exchange for the tire replace it, charging current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax less 25% allowance.

Sears

You can't do better than Sears.

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(*Continued from page 10*) activities or new weapons systems, although holding the line on the latter is always difficult due to both industry and military pressures. It is the problems created in the Vietnam war by the absence of censorship and the presence of television that produce difficulties. I have often wondered whether critics think we should have called a press conference on certain tense Vietnam situations that have never before come to light. For example, early in 1964, with Vietnam already a very hot war, more than 600 Air Force F-105 fighter planes were temporarily grounded due to deficiencies in their propulsion system. My guess is that if questions had been raised we would have taken the gamble and leveled with newsmen and asked them to lay off. My experience is that in those circumstances the Pentagon reporters would have honored the request. But some itinerant newsman on the scene might have written the story, just as some itinerant newsmen damaged their country's interest by revealing U.S. Air Force combat planes were flying out of Thailand against North Vietnam at a time when the Thai government threatened to deny us the bases if any publicity developed. Newsmen in Saigon who had been briefed honored the request for silence, only to be beaten by the blabbermouths.

Government officials as individuals do not have the right to lie politically or to protect themselves, but they do always have the duty to protect their countrymen. Sometimes, even apart from military considerations, a program may be too tentative to reveal or there may be a question of timing the announcement. Sometimes, and those times are rare indeed, Government officials may be required to fulfill their duty by issuing a false statement to deceive a potential enemy, as in the Cuban missile crisis. I believe the Bay of Pigs was also such a time. But the fact is that this operation was carried on with such ballyhoo that the news media later accused the Government of Madison Avenue publicity tactics. So sensitive to the charge was the Kennedy Administration that it went to the other extreme in the missile crisis.

My personal notoriety as an alleged exponent of the Government's "right to lie" developed as a result of distorted reporting of my answer to one question put to me December 6, 1962, at the end of a two-hour give-and-take dinner meeting of the New York chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, a national journalism society of which I am a member. The news industry, even after six weeks, was still angry over the shutdown of news during the height of the missile crisis, and Jack V. Fox, a United Press-International reporter, asked, in view of my assertion that "the people must be able to depend on what the Government says," what I thought about half-truths, citing President Kennedy's "cold." My answer seemed to uncap hidden, foolish furies; the newsmen mostly flocked to the Truthful Baptists. Mr. Fox's story read: "He [Sylvester] said that the Government must not put out false information, but later added, 'I think the inherent right of the Government to lie to save itself when faced with nuclear disaster is basic.'" I haven't found another reporter who coupled the rule with the exception as he did. Certainly *The New York Times* didn't. Its headline next morning read, U.S. AIDE DEFENDS LYING TO NATION, and its story began: "'When a nation's security is threatened . . . that nation's leaders are justified in telling lies to its people,' Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, told a press gathering here last night." One need not be surprised at this from a paper that didn't hesitate to attribute faked quotations to a U.S. official in a page-one story of a meeting that hadn't taken place (I happen to know about the fakery since I was the official who did not hold the reported meeting); or put a phony date on a letter that the management tried to suppress because it nailed the paper on one of its untruthful reports from Vietnam (I know about this because I wrote the letter and checked on it later). The *Times* was not alone in distortion. It has had newspaper, magazine, electronic and congressional company across the nation, all adding to the "credibility gap."

In a world of nuclear weapons we can stand more candor and less hypocrisy about the relationship between press and Government. Unfortunately the news industry hasn't caught up with its changed role, much less acknowledged it.

The late Gen. George C. Marshall, who served as both Secretary of State and Secretary of Defense, and was known for his probity, once gave an enlightening dissertation to newsmen on the strategic advantage to the military of confusing the enemy by deliberate leakage of misleading information to the press. Former President Eisenhower expressed the idea in simple form during a TV interview with Walter Cronkite who, referring to me, asked General Eisenhower what he thought about the thesis that the Government had a right to lie in behalf of its people when facing a nuclear threat. The former President replied that in times of crisis "you develop elaborate systems of deceit. . . . So you can't just say that in such situations the truth, the whole truth, must be given instantly, because that would be terrible."

President Kennedy got to the heart of the matter when he told a meeting of publishers: "Every newspaperman now asks himself with respect to every story: 'Is it news?' All I suggest is that you add the question: 'Is it in the national interest?'" I would add only that when there is uncertainty whether the national interest is involved, the question to ask is: "Is this something that you, if you were on the enemy's side, would like to know?" I know from reading the Defense Department mail that most citizens—despite all the lamenting about the credibility gap and the Government's right to lie—upbraid the Department for releasing information they fear is helpful to our antagonists. They don't want their children surrendered to the savages merely so that the Government could boast it always told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Carleton Sykes G

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The dirty engine: It can waste more oil than it uses.

An engine that's dirty inside doesn't just *use* oil. It *wastes* oil.

The reason is that deposits form on moving parts of your engine.

If these deposits aren't cleaned up, they cause wear inside your engine.

After a while, some parts of the engine (piston rings and cylinders, for example) don't fit together as closely as they should.

Oil seeps between them, and goes into the engine's combustion chambers.

And before you know it, you're driving an "oil burner."

Once this happens, the only cure is a major, expensive overhaul.

To help prevent this from happening to begin with, we've come out with a new Detergent Oil that *cleans* your engine while you drive.

Its name is Mobiloil Super 10W-40.

As it circulates through your engine, it keeps dirt suspended and doesn't let deposits settle down. (Where they can gum up the works.)

Because dirt is kept suspended, it goes down the drain when you change oil.

And a clean engine isn't all you get when you use our new Detergent Oil.

Mobiloil Super 10W-40 doesn't thin out as fast as ordinary oil when your engine gets hot. So you'll use less of it.

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The next time your car is due for an oil change, change to new Mobiloil Super 10W-40.

You'll pay a little more for it.

But your money won't go up in smoke.

Mobil®
The Detergent Oil

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■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

McNamara: the light that failed

WASHINGTON:

Desmond FitzGerald, a deputy director of the Central Intelligence Agency, who died of a heart attack recently at the age of 57, was one of the best professional intelligence men this country has produced. Back in the era when only U.S. "advisers" were involved in the Vietnamese war, it was his job to brief Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara on the war.

Every week FitzGerald would come into McNamara's huge Pentagon office at the appointed hour, to find McNamara surrounded by charts and tables of statistics which "quantified" the progress of the war. FitzGerald would summarize that week's intelligence input, while McNamara took notes in his tiny handwriting, occasionally interjecting an incisive, factual question. One day FitzGerald asked McNamara if he could make a personal comment, and McNamara nodded.

"Mr. Secretary," FitzGerald said, "facts and figures are useful, but you can't judge a war by them. You have to have an instinct, a feel. My instinct is that we're in for a much rougher time than your facts and figures indicate."

"You really think that?" McNamara asked.

"Yes, I do," said FitzGerald.

"But why?" said McNamara.

"It's just an instinct, a feeling," said FitzGerald.

McNamara gave him a long, incredulous stare. It was, FitzGerald later recalled, rather as though he had said something utterly and obviously mad. McNamara said good-bye politely, but that was the last time FitzGerald was ever summoned to his Pentagon office.

No man is flawless, and this small episode from the past precisely defines the flaw in Robert McNamara. McNamara is, in this reporter's opinion, a great public servant. He has to his credit two towering achievements for which the United States is deeply in his debt.

He is the first Secretary of Defense with the ability, experience, and just plain guts to bring the vast, sprawling, hideously bureaucratic U.S. Defense establishment under effective civilian control. He is also the first Secretary of Defense to face up squarely to the grim fact that the nuclear weapon is an inherently irrational instrument of power, since it is a suicidal instrument; and to draw the necessary strategic conclusions from that fact. McNamara's speech in September, in which he discussed those conclusions, was a genuinely brilliant intellectual exercise and a major historical document. Yet for all his brilliance, McNamara is in bad trouble, and he knows it.

Partly he is in trouble because he provides a convenient scapegoat. But he is also in trouble partly because he has lacked that "instinct," that "feeling," which Desmond FitzGerald had, and which McNamara so disdained.

There are powerful forces in this country that badly need a scapegoat. With his dangerous compulsion to tell the truth as he sees it, McNamara has repeatedly told Congress (to quote *The New York Times*) that the vast weight of bombs on North Vietnam has "not significantly affected North Vietnam's war-making capability nor seriously deterred the flow of men and materials to Communist-led forces in South Vietnam."

Saying this is like hitting the powerful advocates of the air-power legend in the face with a large, red rag. The air-power legend holds that air power is *the* decisive instrument of war. The legend accounts for the fact that for years the U.S. Air Force, plus the Navy Air Arm, has regularly spent the lion's share of every defense dollar. It also accounts for the fact that the air-power advocates are the most powerful spokesmen of what Dwight Eisenhower called "the military-industrial complex."

Now the war in Vietnam is proving all over again, only more vividly, what World War II and Korea proved twice over—that air power, strategic nuclear war aside, is an indispensable but subsidiary military instrument. Underlining this point in testimony like that quoted above is hardly calculated to endear McNamara to the air-power advocates.

The war in Vietnam is proving once again that "wars are won bloodily, on the ground, not cleanly, in the air" (to quote a report in this space on the Vietnamese war more than two years ago). But the war is not being won—or not very rapidly—on the ground either, despite the commitment of more than half a million men and the spending of more than 20 billion dollars a year. As the sense of frustration and disillusion with the war mounts, the need for a scapegoat mounts with it. McNamara has clearly been nominated for that role.

Much of the current assault on McNamara is specious and self-serving. Yet McNamara is vulnerable to honest criticism too. His judgment on the war has twice been dangerously wrong.

In the early "advisory" era of the war, McNamara interpreted his facts and figures to mean that our side was winning the war. He was wrong. After that fact became obvious, and U.S. troops were committed to prevent total defeat, McNamara concluded, on the basis of impeccable logic, that it would only be necessary to persuade the Communists that "they can't win in the South." Then, "we presume that they will move to a settlement." He was wrong again.

He was wrong, at least in part, because of that disdain for "instinct" and "feeling" which is so much a part of the man. Unlike Desmond FitzGerald, who had a magnificent combat record in the Second World War, McNamara has nothing in his personal experience to teach him what war is really like—an Air Force logistics expert, which McNamara was in that war, does not learn much about war's harsh realities. One of war's realities is that running a war is not like running the Ford Company. War is an essentially unreasonable and illogical pursuit. It cannot be "quantified" because there are too many human and other imponderables involved. There is no way to quantify, for example, the totally irrational determination of the Communist side in Vietnam to fight on, when all McNamara's facts and figures point to the conclusion that Ho Chi Minh and Company should have "moved to a settlement" long ago.

McNamara has an almost Calvinistic horror of emotion, an almost mystical reverence for reason. *All* correct decisions, he has often said, must be made "on the basis of reason, not emotion." But reason has been, for Robert McNamara, the light that failed.

McNamara is certainly a troubled man. He has seriously discussed with close friends—including Sen. Robert Kennedy—whether or not he ought to resign. His friends have pointed out that he would be resigning under fire, on no clear and decisive issue, with the war still dragging on. Moreover, he is desperately needed where he is. So far, such arguments have prevailed, and Robert McNamara has been persuaded that he ought to stay where he is as long as the President wants him.

McNamara is not a man who wears his heart on his sleeve. But he is a deeply sensitive man, behind the brisk exterior, and he hates, above all other things, to be wrong. One senses that he knows his light has failed, and that its failure troubles him far more deeply than all the harsh things the generals and the senators are saying about him.

Stewart Alsop

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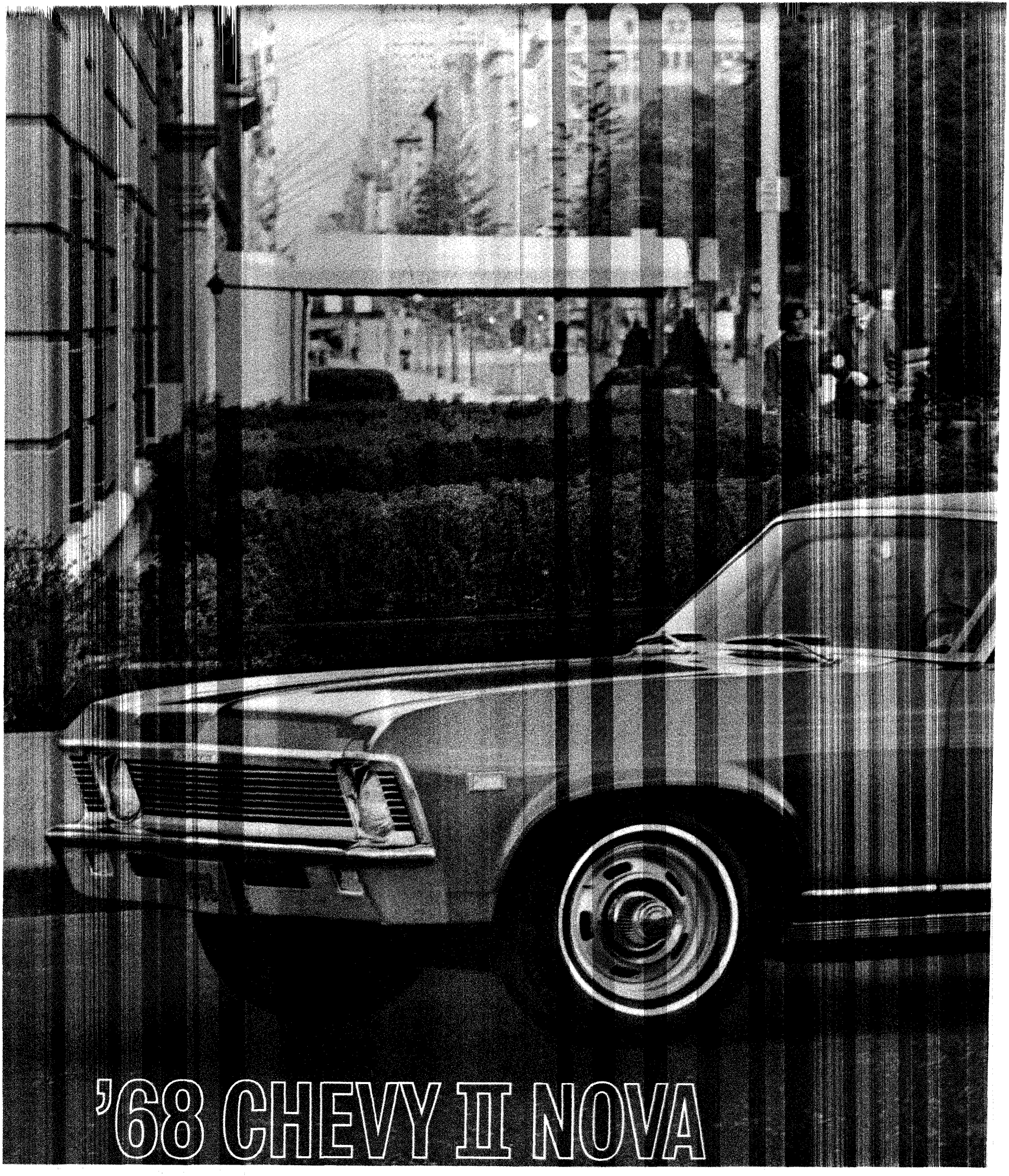

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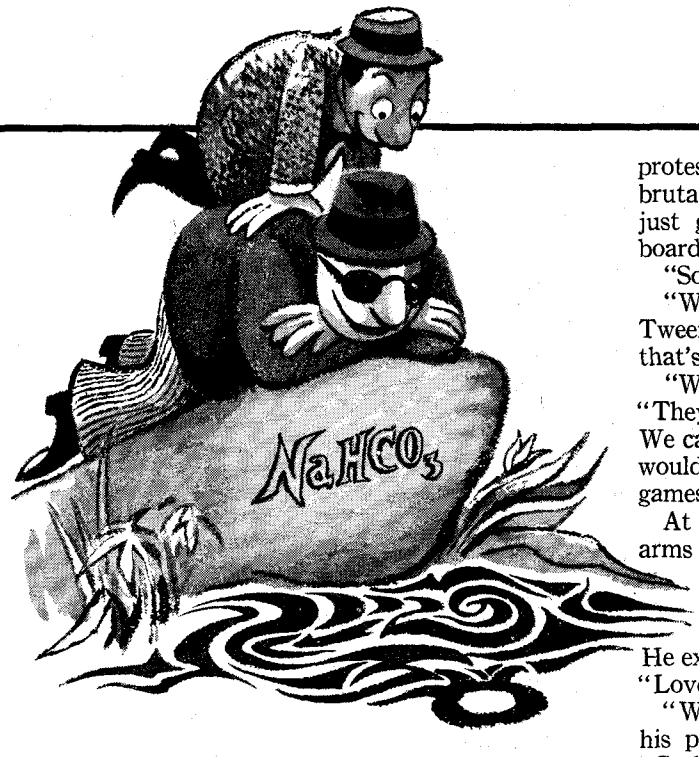

An antacid trip with the tweeny-boppers

By Roger Price

I guess I should have been prepared, because my friends had been avoiding me for months. Charley, who was 40, and Lyle, who was 41, were always polite when I phoned, but scene-wise we weren't making it. And real teen-agers like Gloria and Harry, who were only 36, cut me dead on the street. But I had absolutely no premonition of disaster when I went into the Discodelic Record Shoppe that day.

"Hey, man," I said to the clerk, "groove me in with the latest Sonny and Chér album."

The clerk, like, just looked at me. And then he asked to see my driver's license.

"Sorry, Work-a-Daddy," he sneered. "We can't sell to anybody over forty-five. Unless you make it with a doctor's prescription."

I pulled my Day-Glo forage cap over my eyes and slunk away, convinced my world was ended. I was no longer a swinger; I was too old for the Frug and too young for Medicare. There was nothing left for me but to cut off my tight trousers, give my Humphrey Bogart posters to the Salvation Army and resign myself to endless nights of Gomer Pyle, Johnny Carson and reruns of *Bonanza*.

But someone up there must dig me, because that very afternoon I ran into Biggy Poindexter.

Biggy had been three years ahead of me in high school, so I knew he must be at least 50. "Hey, Chief," he yelled at me. "Long time no see."

Biggy was wearing a triple-breasted red blazer, bifocal shades, a green homburg and bell-bottom trousers. He carried an orange dispatch case, and three large buttons were pinned to his lapels. They read: TWEENY POWER, DON'T TRUST ANYBODY OVER 70 and CHICKEN INSPECTOR.

He sensed my unhappiness immediately. "Hey, how come the long puss, Chief?" he shouted. "I bet you got those old over-the-hill blues, huh?"

I smiled wanly. "That's about it, Biggy," I said.

"Gol ding it!" Biggy slapped me on the back. "That's nowheresville in spades. Us Tweenys got to keep our chins up."

"Tweenys?"

"Tweeny-Boppers," Biggy said. "Us kids between forty-five and sixty. After all, Chief, it's our world. Over eighty-six percent of Americans are under sixty."

I'd never thought of it like that. I felt a surge of confidence. Maybe I wasn't really all washed-up.

"Listen," Biggy yelled. "What you need, Old Buddy, is a trip! Come on, you and me's gonna mosey pronto over to the Cat's Pajamas—that's this hang-out we Tweenies have at the Sheraton-Hilton."

On the way Biggy explained the basic Tweeny-Bopper philosophy. "We figure those old geezers like Einstein and Eisenhower and Carl Sandburg, they loused everything up and left us this rotten world, but that's their problem. We do our own thing, you know, and take care of each other, and to hell with the Establishment. What we say is, 'Tune Out, Turn Over and Drop Everything!'"

"What do you do for kicks?" I asked.

"Well, like in the daytime we hang around the American Stock Exchange buying and selling two-dollar electronics stocks. Last week we staged a protest march against Federal Trade Commission brutality. Or we go surfing, when the surf is up. I just got myself a brand-new twenty-eight-foot board, with seats, handrails and a crew of three."

"Solid. What about the night life, Biggy?"

"Well, we may make the scene-orooty at this Tweeny discothèque and dance the Shlump—that's a dance that you can do sitting down.

"We even have nude parties," Biggy went on. "They work out pretty well except for one thing. We can never get any girls to come. But the girls would just interfere with the seven-card-stud games anyway."

At this point Biggy, who had been waving his arms about excitedly, accidentally bumped into a tall bearded boy with hair down to his shoulders.

"Cool it, Papa Brown Shoes," the boy said. He extended a wilted plastic flower toward Biggy. "Love," he said. "Love, man."

"Wrong, Chief," Biggy hollered. He reached in his pocket, produced a $20 bill and waved it. "Cash," he said. "Cash, Old Buddy."

As the boy snatched at the bill, Biggy struck his wrist sharply with a steel ruler, which he evidently carried for this purpose, and moved on. "Town's getting overrun with squares," he muttered.

The Cat's Pajamas was a large, dimly lighted room on the first floor of the Sheraton-Hilton. On the walls were photoposters of Pat Nixon, H. L. Hunt and Hildegarde. A large sign said: MAKE MONEY—NOT WAR. About 20 other Tweeny-Boppers were seated in red-leather booths around the wall, many in advanced stages of torpor.

We had a huge dinner—shrimp cocktail, steak, baked potato, salad, mince pie and brandy. As we lighted up cigars after the meal, Biggy glanced quickly around the room and snapped open the locks on his dispatch case. He took out a polyethylene bag containing about a quarter pound of pure white powder. "You ready for the trip-oroony, Chief?" he asked.

I nodded eagerly, my sinuses clogging in anticipation. This was It.

"Yessirree Bob, it's Tripsville time," Biggy grinned, and carefully measured three heaping spoonfuls of the powder into each of our water glasses. "Uncut stuff," he said. "Pure $NaHCO_3$. I got it from a druggist in Grosse Pointe." He held up his glass. "Chug-a-lug, Old Buddy."

Nervously I drank the water containing the white powder. It had a familiar taste.

"Best damn bicarbonate of soda you can get," Biggy said, smacking his lips.

Following Biggy's example, I leaned back in the booth and relaxed. Slowly a feeling of peace began to creep over me. All colors and sounds seemed muted and indistinct. The world suddenly seemed a happy, pleasant place. I remember asking Biggy, before he started snoring, if the other Tweenies in the room were all taking trips.

"You betcher boots," he muttered. "Every last one of 'em. They're all Antacid Heads."

From that moment on my life was changed. Through Biggy I became a member of the Tweeny-Bopper underground. Every night we Turn On, usually with bicarb, but sometimes with more exotic stomach-expanding drugs such as Bisodol or Alka-Seltzer.

I know that old fogies say we're nothing but irresponsible kooks, but when I walk down the street with my yellow homburg, my bell-bottom Bermuda shorts and my neon briefcase, I know I'm a member of the Great Society.

The only thing that bothers me are my children. Since I became a Tweeny they've started getting crew cuts and wearing neckties, and they take three baths a day.

I guess that's what they mean when they talk about the Generation Gap. □

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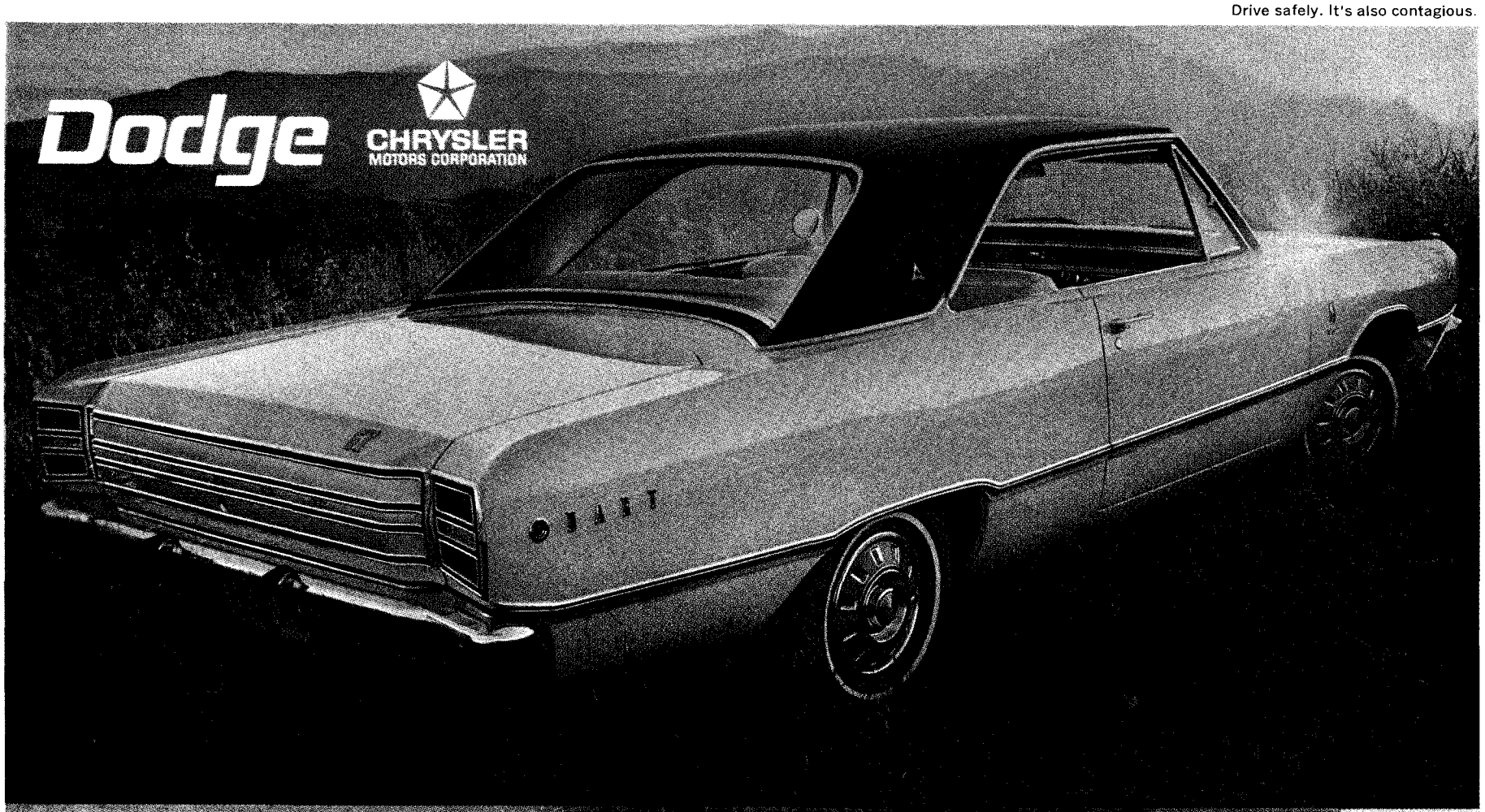

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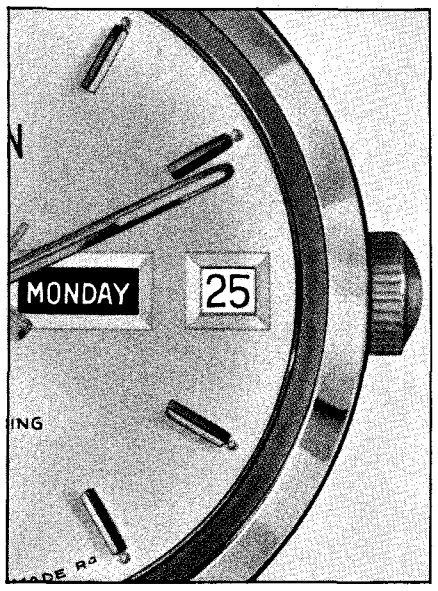

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Points West

By Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne

Comrade Laski, C.P.U.S.A. (M.-L.)

Michael Laski, also known as M.I. Laski, is a relatively obscure young man with deep, fervent eyes, a short beard and a pallor that seems particularly remarkable in Southern California. With his striking appearance and his relentlessly ideological diction, he looks and talks precisely like the popular image of a professional revolutionary, which in fact he is. He was born 26 years ago in Brooklyn, moved as a child to Los Angeles, dropped out of U.C.L.A. his sophomore year to organize for the Retail Clerks, and now, as General Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party U.S.A. (Marxist-Leninist), a splinter group of Stalinist-Maoists who divide their energies between Watts and Harlem, he is rigidly committed to an immutable complex of doctrine, including the notions that the traditional American Communist Party is a "revisionist bourgeois clique"; that the revisionist party as well as the Progressive Labor Party and the Trotskyites prove themselves opportunistic bourgeois lackeys by making their peace appeal not to the "workers" but to the liberal imperialists; and that Rap Brown is the tool, if not the conscious agent, of the ruling imperialist class.

Not long ago I spent some time with Michael Laski, down at the Workers' International Book Store in Watts, the West Coast headquarters of the C.P.-U.S.A. (M.-L.). We sat at a kitchen table beneath the hammer-and-sickle flag and the portraits of Marx, Engels, Mao Tse-tung, Lenin and Stalin (Mao in the favored center position), and we discussed the revolution necessary to bring about the dictatorship of the proletariat. Actually I was interested not in the revolution but in the revolutionary. He had with him a small, red book of Mao's poems, and as he talked he squared it on the table, aligned it with the table edge first vertically and then horizontally. To understand who Michael Laski is you must have a feeling for that kind of compulsion. One does not think of him eating or in bed. He has nothing in common with the passionate personalities who tend to turn up in the New Left. Michael Laski scorns deviationist reformers. He believes with Mao that political power grows out of the barrel of a gun, a point he insists upon with blazing and self-defeating candor. His place in the geography of the American Left is, in short, an almost impossibly lonely and quixotic one, unpopular, unpragmatic. He believes that there are "workers" in the United States, and that, when the time comes, they will "arise," not in anarchy but in conscious concert, and he also believes that "the ruling class" is self-conscious, and possessed of demonic powers. He is in all ways an idealist.

As it happens, I am comfortable with the Michael Laskis of this world, with those who live outside rather than in, those in whom the sense of dread is so acute that they turn to extreme and doomed commitments; I know something about dread myself, and appreciate the elaborate systems with which some people manage to fill the void,

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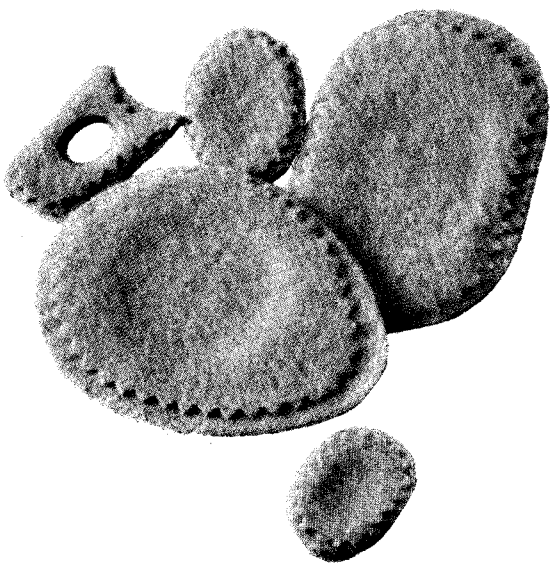

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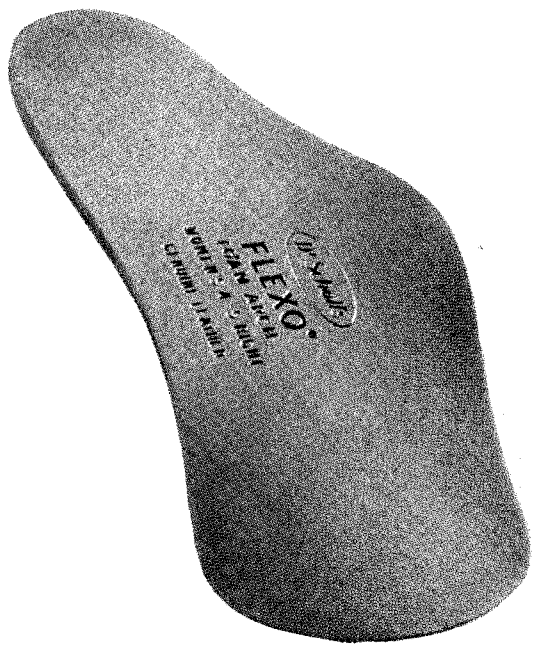

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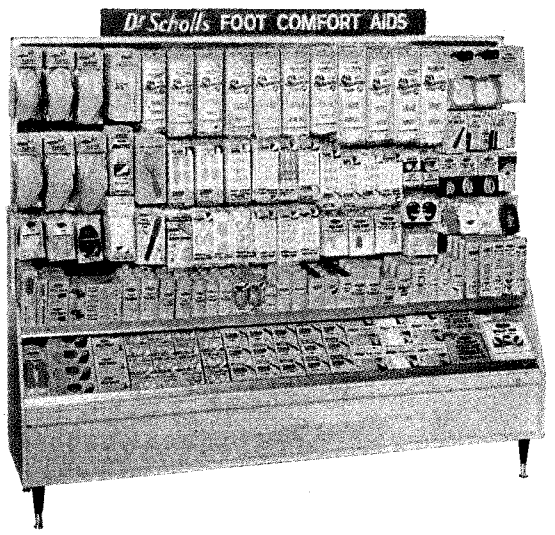

Next time you're out shopping, browse a little at the Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Display. You'll find so many good things. Things that smooth and soothe, things that soften and relieve. And a few that just pamper your feet. You'll want to invest a little in a brand new you.

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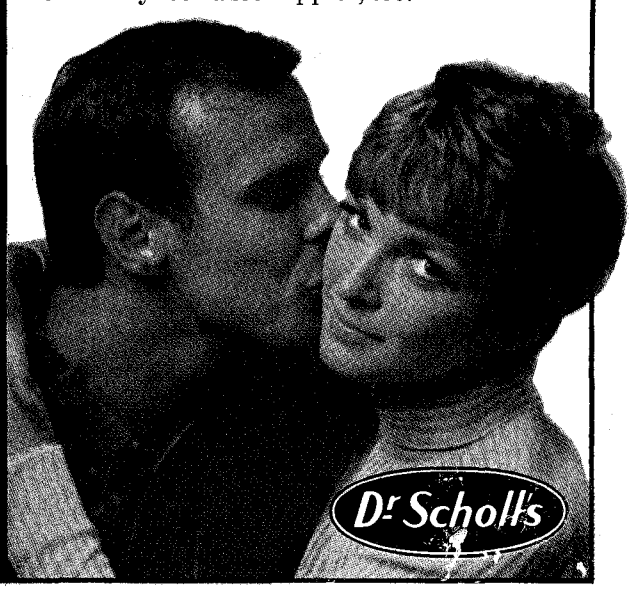

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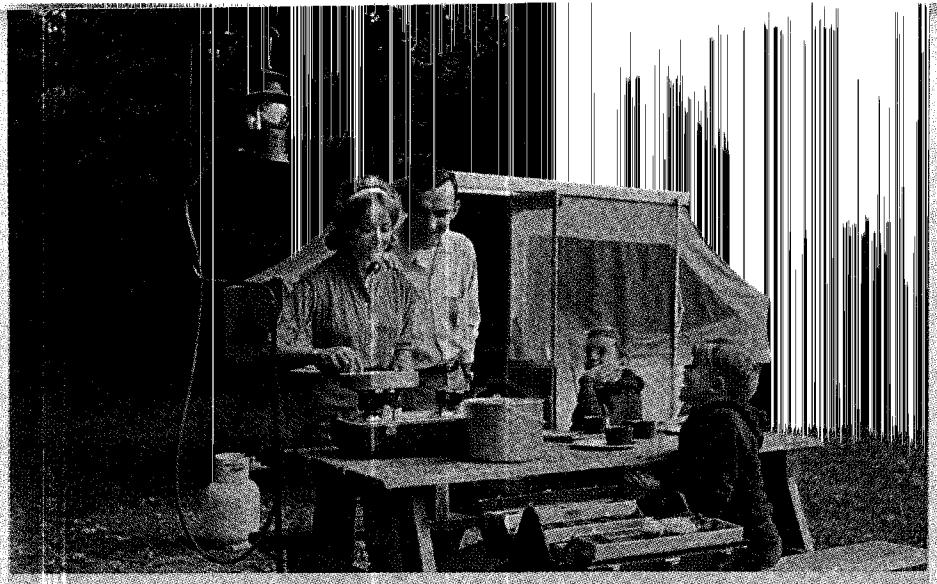

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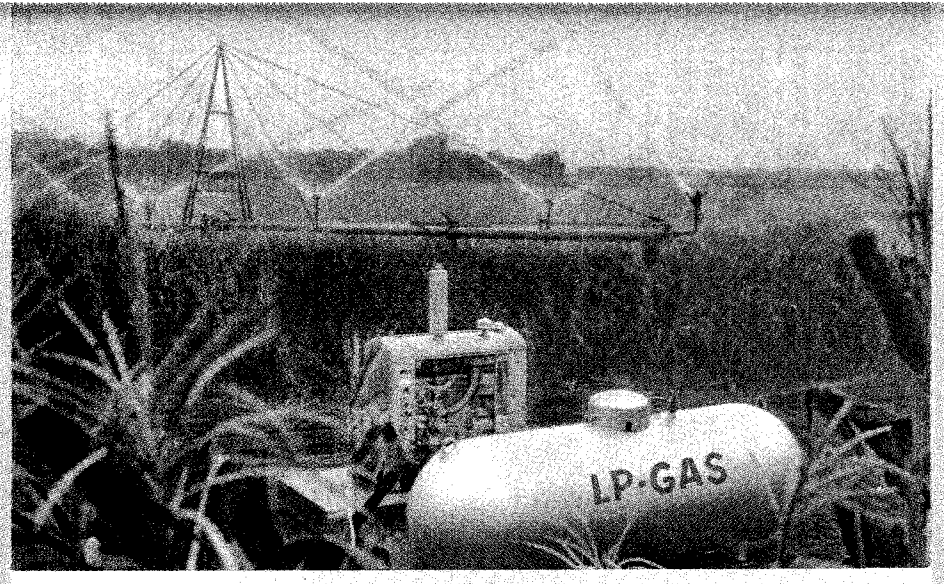

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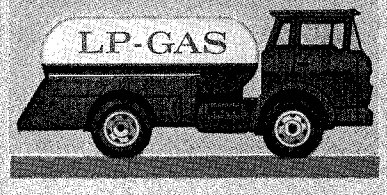

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appreciate all the opiates of the people, whether they are as accessible as alcohol and heroin and promiscuity, or as hard to come by as faith in God or History.

But I did not mention dread to Michael Laski, whose particular opiate is History. I did venture that it might have been "depressing" for him to see only a dozen or so faces at his last May Day demonstration, but he told me that depression was an impediment to the revolutionary process, a disease afflicting only those who do not have ideology to sustain them. Michael Laski, you see, did not feel as close to me as I did to him. "I talk to you at all," he said, "only as a calculated risk. Of course your function is to gather information for the intelligence services. Basically you want to conduct the same probe the FBI would carry out if they could put us in a chair." He paused, and tapped the kitchen table with his fingernails. "And yet," he said finally, "there's a definite advantage to my sitting here and talking to you. Because of one fact: These interviews provide a public record of my existence."

Still, he was not going to discuss with me what he called "the underground apparatus" of the C.P.U.S.A. (M.-L.), any more than he would tell me how many members constituted the cadre. "Obviously I'm not going to give you that kind of information," he said. "We know as a matter of course that we'll be outlawed." The Workers' International Book Store, however, was "an open facility," and I was free to look around. I leafed through some of the literature out of Peking *(Vice-Premier Chen Yi Answers Questions Put by Correspondents)*, Hanoi *(President Ho Chi Minh Answers President L. B. Johnson)*, and Tirana, Albania *(The Hue and Cry About a Change in Tito's Policy and the Undeniable Truth)*, and I tried to hum, from a North Vietnamese songbook, *When the Party Needs Us Our Hearts Are Filled With Hatred*. The literature was in the front of the store, along with a cash register and the kitchen table; in back, behind a plywood partition, were a few cots and the press and Mimeograph machine on which the Central Committee prints its "political organ," *People's Voice*, and its "theoretical organ," *Red Flag*. "There's a cadre assigned to this facility in order to guarantee the security," Michael Laski said when I mentioned the cots. "They have a small arsenal in back, a couple of shotguns and a number of other items."

So much security may seem curious when one considers what the members of the cadre actually do, which is, aside from selling the *People's Voice* and trying to set up "People's Armed Defense Groups," largely a matter of perfecting their own ideology, searching out "errors" and "mistakes" in one another's attitudes. "What we do may seem a waste of time to some people," Michael Laski said suddenly. "Not having any ideology yourself, you might wonder what the party offers. It offers nothing. It offers thirty or forty years of putting the party above everything. It offers beatings. Jail. On the high levels, assassination."

But of course that was offering a great deal. The world Michael Laski had constructed for himself was one of labyrinthine intricacy and immaculate clarity, a world made meaningful not only by high purpose but by external and internal threats, intrigue and apparatus, an immutably ordered world in which things mattered.

Let me tell you about another day at the Workers' International Book Store. The Marxist-Leninists had been out selling the *People's Voice*, and now Michael Laski and three other members of the cadre were going over the proceeds, a ceremony as formal as a gathering of the Morgan partners.

"Mr.—*Comrade*—Simmons, what was the total income?" Michael Laski asked.

"Nine dollars and ninety-one cents."

"Over what period of time?"

"Four hours."

"What was the total number of papers sold?"

"Seventy-five."

"And the average per hour?"

"Nineteen."

"The average contribution?"

"Thirteen-and-a-half cents."

"The largest contribution?"

"Sixty cents."

"The smallest?"

"Four cents."

"It was not a very good day, Comrade Simmons. Can you explain?"

"It's always bad the day before welfare and unemployment checks arrive."

"Very good, Comrade Simmons."

You see what the world of Michael Laski is: a minor but perilous triumph of being over nothingness.

Joan Didion

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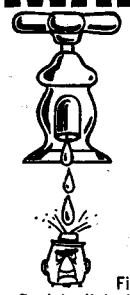

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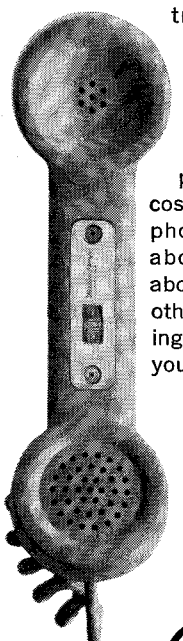

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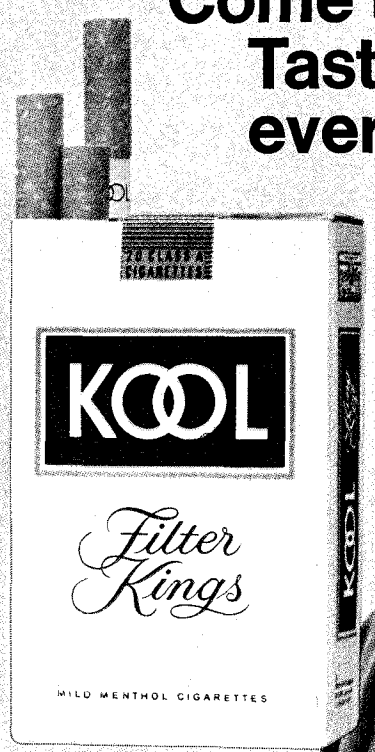

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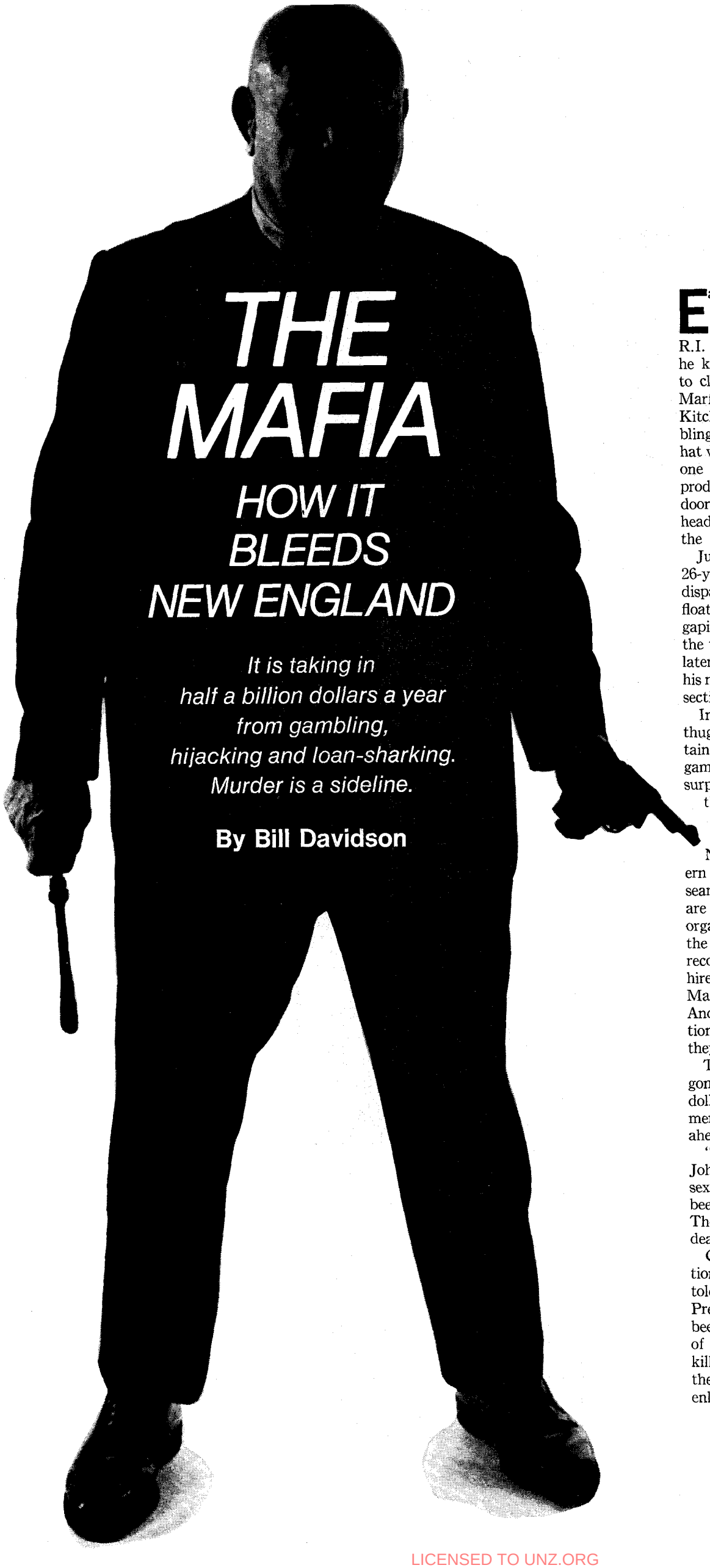
The Saturday Evening POST



THE MAFIA

HOW IT BLEEDS NEW ENGLAND

It is taking in half a billion dollars a year from gambling, hijacking and loan-sharking. Murder is a sideline.

By Bill Davidson

Early in 1965 a big, tough, 41-year-old gambler named William Marfeo opened his own dice game in a second-floor apartment in Providence, R.I. He was doing this in defiance of the Mafia, and he knew it. He disregarded several Mafia warnings to close the game. At 11:45 A.M. on July 13, 1966, Marfeo was eating pizza with friends in the Korner Kitchen Restaurant across the street from his gambling operation, when a stocky man wearing a straw hat walked in with a gun. The gunman ordered everyone else in the restaurant to lie on the floor and prodded Marfeo into a phone booth. He closed the door of the booth, fired four bullets into Marfeo's head and chest through the glass walls, walked out of the restaurant and disappeared in the noon crowd.

Just a month before—on June 13—a handsome 26-year-old former boxer named Rocco DiSeglio had dispatched a group of henchmen to one of the Mafia's floating dice games in Boston. His men, holding the gaping crapshooters at gunpoint, scooped $3,500 off the table and made an orderly departure. Three days later DiSeglio was found beaten and shot to death in his new burgundy-colored Thunderbird in a residential section of Topsfield, Mass.

In the ordinary run of criminal affairs free-lance thugs do not compete with the Mafia, and they certainly don't barge into the Mafia's sacrosanct dice games and rob the Mafia's guests. The thing that is surprising is that both Marfeo and DiSeglio thought they could get away with it.

Actually, their main mistake may have been that they were slightly premature. The fact is that the New England Mafia, once the very model of a modern major Cosa Nostra family, is coming apart at the seams. Discipline has broken down. Crude shootings are common. So many FBI plants have infiltrated the organization that you can hardly tell the Mafiosi from the informers. The FBI has thousands of reels of tape recordings from a "bug" in the No. 1 leader's office. A hired gunman who has good reason to believe that the Mafia no longer loves him is talking freely to the FBI. And the No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3 leaders of the organization are awaiting trial on charges involving murder; they could be imprisoned for many years.

This is not to say that the New England Mafia has gone out of business. It is still raking in half a billion dollars a year from its operations, the Justice Department estimates. But there's trouble at hand and more ahead for New England's Mafia.

"It's like Chicago in the Al Capone days," says John Irwin, first assistant district attorney of Middlesex County, Mass. In the last six years there have been 45 gangland murders in the Boston area alone. The victims have been shot, strangled, beaten to death, beheaded or butchered.

Charles Rogovin, chief of the Organized Crime Section of the Massachusetts attorney general's office, told a visitor recently, "Since I came here from President Johnson's Crime Commission, I feel as if I've been watching old gangster movies. The other families of the Mafia have become much more subtle in their killing. Their victims mostly just disappear—and there's no heat, no hue and cry. But here they brazenly shoot them down at high noon on a busy street."

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In six years, 45 gang victims were shot, strangled, beaten

Where other Mafia families are moving into quasi-legitimate big business and international finance, the main underworld occupations in New England are the old standbys: gambling, loan-sharking and hijacking—all controlled by the bullet in the head or the broken leg for troublemakers. In fact, so feared are the New England Mafia specialists in violence that Mafia families in other cities frequently send for the Boston or Providence boys to do their dirtiest work. The FBI knows, for example, that the "contract" to kill New York Mafia underboss Albert Anastasia, a founder of Murder, Incorporated, was given to Jackie Nazarian of Providence, who shot down Anastasia in a barber chair in a Manhattan hotel in 1957. (Nazarian himself was later killed by gunfire in broad daylight as he left a Providence dice game.) Similarly, out-of-state bombing contracts often go to Joe Puzzangara, a specialist in plastic explosives. Puzzangara is regarded as a gifted innovator—it was his idea to blow up a house by pumping gasoline into its oil-burner tank.

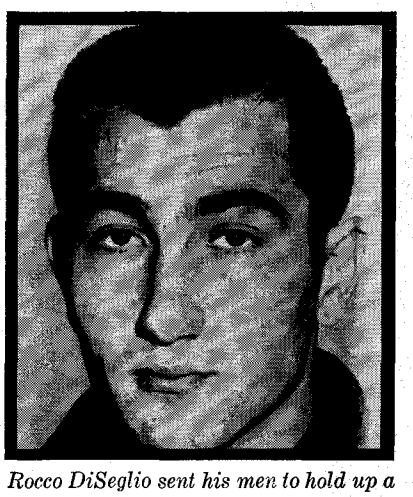
William Marfeo defied the Mafia, opened his own crap game and was murdered.

The New England family is small—only about 100 members (the Brooklyn family has more than 500)—but it has controlled crime in its five major centers of operation: metropolitan Boston and Providence, and the cities of Revere, Worcester and Springfield in Massachusetts. According to an undercover agent who penetrated the operation, the family accomplished this by making a series of alliances with non-Sicilian mobsters, gamblers and politicians to compensate for its limited number of genuine Mafiosi who have taken the ritual blood-and-ashes oath.

Among the allies of the New England Mafia family are Jews, Greeks, Syrians, Irish, Italians, Lebanese, Portuguese, Germans and even old-line Yankees. They range from low-level paid killers and hijackers to full-time partners in the executive class. Abraham Sarkis, a Syrian, supervises the vast numbers racket in Boston in partnership with Gennaro Angiulo, identified by McClellan committee testimony as the Mafia underboss in charge of all Boston operations. A Jew, Jasper Sagansky, who did time on a federal bookmaking conviction, is Angiulo's partner in running the illegal wire for horse-race results. Other non-Mafia allies hold Mafia "licenses" to operate bookie joints, loan-sharking businesses or establishments for the fencing of stolen merchandise. In return they pay 25 to 40 percent of their receipts to the Mafia. Other allies have territories under "license" from the Mafia. Somerville, Mass., for example, is the preserve of Howie Winter, sole surviving leader of the Irish gangs that once dominated the Boston underworld. Winter pays tribute regularly to Angiulo's men; he meets them in a Boston nightclub called the Nautical Café.

On an even higher level, the New England Mafia has contacts among a group of millionaire pillars of the community, some of them former bootleggers for whom several current Mafia bigwigs worked as bodyguards during Prohibition. There is no evidence that these millionaire businessmen engage in illegal enterprises with the Mafia. But a court-introduced transcript summary of an FBI eavesdropping "bug," planted for three years in the Providence office of New England Mafia boss Raymond Patriarca, revealed that friendly business contacts, at least, continued. One prominent citizen mentioned in transcripts of the bugged talk is Joseph Linsey, financier and a trustee of Brandeis University who has a vast complex of industrial and commercial holdings and is considered one of the most generous philanthropists in the area. He was convicted of bootlegging in 1927 and served a one-year prison term. He still has on his payroll Michael (Mickey the Wise Guy) Rocco, the *consigliere* (elder-statesman counselor) of the New England Mafia. Among Rocco's criminal activities, as described to the McClellan committee, are extortion, mayhem, murder, bribery, burglary, robbery and larceny. Just last year Rocco, at the age of 71, was convicted of assaulting a federal officer, an Internal Revenue Service undercover agent who had been posing as an Italian waiter in mob-frequented restaurants.

Equally important to the New England Mafia family is its impressive list of allies among the area's politicians. "In the bag," according to informants within the organization, are a high-ranking state official, a police chief, two licensing officials, a high-ranking court administrator and a handful of powerful state senators and representatives, among others. These contacts enable the Mafia to obtain licenses for taverns and other enterprises through front men—the real owners are not eligible because they have criminal records. The friendly officials pretend not to notice illegal activities; allow late closings of mob-operated joints; switch court cases involving Mafia figures to more lenient judges; and arrange pardons and paroles for Mafia men who are convicted.



Rocco DiSeglio sent his men to hold up a Mafia crap game. He, too, was murdered.

In 1963 FBI agents watched the high-ranking state official meet with boss Patriarca in Patriarca's car in the parking lot of a Boston hospital. The meeting is referred to in the transcript of the "bugged" conversations in Patriarca's office. Patriarca was heard complaining to his bodyguard that a stool pigeon obviously had tipped off the FBI—as the FBI paraphrased it, "because they surveilled the hospital and observed Patriarca meeting with various individuals, including [name blanked out]. Patriarca said that he was contacting [name blanked out] in an effort to obtain the parole of Leo Santaniello and Lawrence Baioni" (two Patriarca lieutenants who had been convicted of loan-shark extortion).

The "bug" transcript also includes insights into the lack of police interference with mob activity in many areas of New England. In discussing a new Mafia gambling operation in Biddeford, Maine, a top Patriarca aide told the boss that a Mafia ally "has arranged to pay off the state police," and that he would furnish the identities and amounts paid to individual members of the state police. The aide went on to point out that these contributions had already borne fruit. Members of the Maine state police had obligingly warned the mob of an impending raid, and "in view of this, the opening of the operation has been temporarily discontinued."

The "bug" transcript reveals that payoffs to politicians are much more subtle and usually take the form of campaign contributions. In the transcript Patriarca complained bitterly that he had been rebuffed in several attempts to induce Massachusetts ex-Lieutenant Governor Francis X. Bellotti to accept $100,000 in Cosa Nostra money for his campaigns for governor in 1964 and for attorney general last year. Bellotti's honesty went unrewarded. Piqued by his refusal, the mob spread the word that he had taken mob money, and these rumors were a major factor in Democrat Bellotti's defeat in both campaigns. The "bug" transcript (or The Patriarca Papers, as they are called) established that the going rate for politicians in New England is $100,000.

With purchased forbearance from politicians and police, it is no wonder that the New England Mafia operated so efficiently for so many years. One of its main sources of income, for example, is a remarkable series of permanent floating crap games and card games in the Boston and Providence areas. These games couldn't last one night if local authorities wanted to stop them. One of them, in Boston, is the same game mentioned by Joe Valachi in his Senate testimony. He said he visited it in 1938, when he first met Raymond Patriarca, then just a lowly "soldier" in the New England family. The dice and card games operate in hotels, office buildings and warehouses. They earn a consistent quarter of a million dollars a week for the mob, according to an informant within the organization; $100,000 of this is Patriarca's personal cut. For years Patriarca's trusted executive officer, Henry Tameleo, journeyed every Tuesday and Thursday from Providence to Revere where, at a nightclub called the Ebb-Tide, he picked up a suitcase of money for "the office," as the mob calls Patriarca's headquarters. The floating games are inviolate, Patriarca's personal prides, and on the three occasions when outsiders dared to interfere with them, they were murdered.

Just as any bartender or bellhop in metropolitan Boston and Providence can direct you to the nearest Cosa Nostra crap game, so he can send you to a Mafia-controlled bookie within a block or so. There is an extensive network of bookmakers in New England, all supervised by the Mafia's Joe Lombardi. Their license fees to "the office"—25 percent of their take—total $6,500,000 a year. The 25 percent includes protection from police harassment, paid for by the mob. The mob also supplies horse-race results from all over the country to its bookie clients (for fees ranging from $5 to $25 per

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to death, beheaded or butchered in the Boston area alone.

result) from its illegal race wire. Like the crap games, the terminus of the race wire floats, and it pops up in some ingenious locations. Last March, for example, an investigator staked out the Kenmore Hospital, a fully accredited, 58-bed private institution in a good section of Boston, and identified eight known bookies who entered the building in the course of a single afternoon. He also observed many unmarked panel trucks that were parked outside the hospital and were driven away sometime later without making pickups or deliveries. The investigator traced the ownership of the hospital to the Huntington Realty Trust, one of the principal stockholders of which is Gennaro Angiulo, Patriarca's No. 2 man in the New England Mafia. The investigator checked the public records of the hospital's ownership at night. At three o'clock the next morning a moving van pulled up at the hospital and hauled away several large pieces of equipment from the basement. There were no bookies at the hospital the next day—or at any time thereafter.

Perhaps the largest slice of mob income comes from loan-sharking. In the Greater Boston area alone more than 200 loan sharks operate under the control of Mafia lieutenant Larry Baioni. Federal and state authorities say that the income from this lucrative service is a million dollars a week in New England. These loan sharks extort the standard Mafia rate of 20 to 30 percent a week. Their victims are gamblers and others who can't get credit at banks or legitimate finance companies. One victim, a near-bankrupt Boston businessman, told me about the deal he made with a Mafia loan shark. He borrowed $2,000, which he desperately needed to hold onto his retail store. He had to pay $75 a week in interest, which added up to $3,900 interest on the original $2,000 loan by the end of the first year—and he still owed the principal. When he offered to put up collateral for the balance, the loan shark took out a .45-caliber pistol, put it on the table, and said, "Your body is our collateral."

Gennaro Angiulo, No. 2 man in the New England Mafia, awaits criminal trial.

As in all Cosa Nostra enterprises in New England, the trademark of loan-sharking is violence. Charles Rogovin, expert on organized crime for the Massachusetts attorney general, says, "All other Mafia families have a tradition which they call 'stopping the clock.' That is, when you're bled dry, they stop the clock on the interest and just let you give back the principal. They stop short of killing, on the theory that a dead man can't pay. But not here. They're totally ruthless about loan-shark debts. Two thirds of the murders and maimings in New England involve people who have given up the collateral of their bodies to the loan sharks."

In a rare moment of candor Phil Waggenheim, ace "enforcer," or strong-arm man, for Mafia loan-shark boss Larry Baioni, explained to an undercover agent the schedule of punishments for loan-sharking delinquents in New England. "If a man is three weeks late in his vigorish [interest payments]," Waggenheim said, "he gets a broken arm or leg. If he's six to eight weeks late, he has an accident. We fix the brakes of his car, or we run him off the road, or we blow up his house or his business. Sometimes we go to his house and beat up his wife, or we break a leg on his kid on his way home from school. If the guy owes more than $15,000, or if he's arrogant about falling behind in his vigorish, he gets death."

The third major enterprise of the mob is hijacking. The Mafia specializes in stealing entire trailer loads of merchandise from the many truck-transfer depots that dot New England. For loot, it favors color-TV sets, bonded whiskey, sides of beef, produce, and for some strange reason, watchbands (a Mafia lieutenant named Albro Vitali was recently convicted in federal court of being in possession of a whole case of watchbands taken from a sealed freight car in an interstate shipment).

The mob uses country barns and vacant city garages for warehouses. Its "fences" operate from telephone booths at nightclubs, restaurants, barbershops and such, and you can call Big Tony, say, and order a ton of meat or a gross of appliances for cut-rate prices at any hour of the day or night. The hijack-and-fencing specialists also deal in side commodities—a specific make and year of stolen car (up to a thousand dollars below the list price), a legitimate medallion to operate a taxi in Boston ($27,000), and a phony driver's license ($500).

Few activities produce cash as readily as gambling, loan-sharking and hijacking, but even the Mafia can run short at times. Usually the loan-shark money is borrowed at six-percent interest from banks owned by wealthy non-Mafia allies of the organization. But sometimes, in an emergency, the mob taps other supplies. Assistant District Attorney John Irwin says, "Whenever I hear there's a serious shortage of loan-shark money on the street I expect another one of those armored-car holdups we're getting so famous for here in the Boston area." The Federal Government has information that the million and a half dollars stolen in the Plymouth mail-truck robbery in 1962 disappeared into Boston Mafia loan-shark operations within two days after the robbery.

Usually, though, the mob has more money than it needs and must bury its earnings in other enterprises to avoid unpleasantness with the Internal Revenue Service over income its members can't account for. The mob owns hundreds of cleaning-and-dyeing establishments (called cleansers in New England), diaper services, linen services, auto agencies, car-repair firms, drugstores and garbage-collecting firms. At one time it even ran a fleet of sightseeing boats in Boston Harbor. It controls numerous nightclubs, bars and restaurants, ranging from dives—in the seamy Revere area, in Boston's prostitute-ridden "combat zone" and in Providence's run-down Federal Hill—to some of the finest gourmet eating places in New England. The mob owns, or has owned, cemeteries, dude ranches, a New Hampshire ski resort and a country club north of Boston.

Raymond Loreda Patriarca, overlord of New England's Mafia, also awaits trial.

Most of these subsidiary enterprises serve a double function for the Mafia. The cleaning-and-dyeing establishments, for example, are handy for over-the-counter bookie and loan-shark operations. A dude ranch or ski resort has outbuildings in which hijacked goods can be stored. What better hiding place for cash and stolen jewels than graves and cemetery vaults? What better outlet for the sale of stolen goods than Arthur's Farm, a tacky roadside "discount house" in Revere, or an innocuous-looking diner near Boston's North Station? What better laboratory for making LSD, one of the newer Mafia industries, than the back room of a late-hours Boston drugstore near three college campuses where customers abound?

The New England Mafia family does not deal locally in heroin and other hard narcotics, but it uses vehicles from its auto agencies and car-rental firms to haul narcotics for Cosa Nostra families in New York—for a fee. Last year the New York state police closed down the regular route for narcotics entering the United States from Canada by putting close watch on Route 9, which runs from Montreal to New York. The New York families immediately established a new route, with the point of entry at Highgate Springs, Vt., and thence, by Routes 7, 89 and 93, across New England. The aid of the New England family was requested, and it has responded, according to informants, by recruiting college students to drive mob cars. The heroin is hidden in girls' hairpieces, in the soles of ski boots and, during the summer, in hollowed-out compartments in surfboards.

But narcotics transport is not the only service performed by the New England mob for other Mafia families. The Patriarca group also specializes in fixed professional sports contests and horse races, so that the Cosa Nostra's bookies all over the country can make killings on "sure-thing" athletic events. Informants say that there is a regular pay-rate in Boston: $5,000 for a football or basketball star who can come up with an illness or injury, attested to by a physician, that will keep him out of a game; $10,000 to an athlete skillful enough to blow key plays in the game itself. Some athletes, it is said, use these methods to get out of debt to Mafia loan sharks.

The technique with horses is simpler. New England tracks are famous throughout the United States for their so-called "banana races," in which the winner is known in advance to a select few. Because of the "banana races," many independent bookies refuse to handle any action on New England tracks. The "banana-race" expert in the New England family is Blondy Simonelli, identified in McClellan-committee testimony as one of Patriarca's lieutenants in Providence. Simonelli, who has a long record of arrests and convictions for gambling and illegal possession of weapons, is field representative on New England tracks for the Horsemen's Benevolent Protective Association, the all-powerful union of

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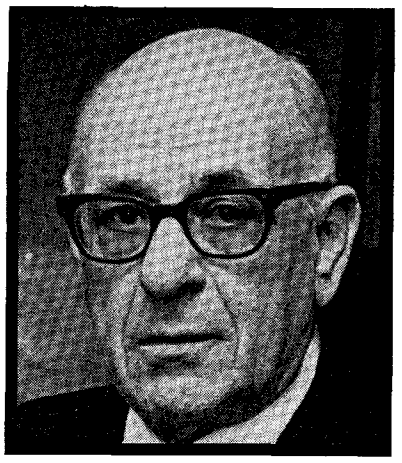
The New England Mafia hired Joe Barboza to kill and then

horse owners. Because of his criminal record he was once barred from Rhode Island tracks, but was inexplicably reinstated by the State Racing Commission in 1961.

Col. Walter E. Stone, superintendent of the Rhode Island state police, explains how Simonelli controls races: "Blondy can influence or intimidate owners to enter certain races and drop out of others so that one horse outclasses all the others in a given race. Through his power over the grooms he can arrange for a horse to be scratched at the last minute by coming up lame from a blister or from a pinched shoe, or by developing colic from something he ate. Blondy's work on the tracks makes a lot of money for the mob."



Henry Tameleo, No. 3 man, summoned a killer by telephone, now awaits trial.

The overlord of all this illicit commerce is boss Raymond Loreda Patriarca. He is 59 years old, ailing with diabetes and gall-bladder trouble, and is indistinguishable in appearance from any number of pizza-parlor countermen. He is five feet, seven inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has a hatchet face and, according to one government agent who knows him, "a nice, shifty smile." He habitually wears white socks (he has complained for years about his "bad feet") and nondescript semiconservative clothing, with only an enormous diamond ring and expensive alligator shoes for show.

For a decade or more Patriarca ran his Mafia empire from a storefront office on Atwells Avenue in the heart of the heavily Italian Federal Hill district of Providence. The storefront also houses Patriarca's vending companies—Coin-O-Matic and the National Cigarette Service—whose machines, needless to say, are the only ones used in most Rhode Island bars and grilles. It was in this office that the FBI planted its bug. When Patriarca found out about the bug—after it had transmitted for three years—he moved out of the office and has not entered the building since. He has his headquarters in the Nu-Brite Cleansers store, across the street, and is having its upstairs apartment remodeled, at a cost of $180,000, into a fortress-home, presumably bug-proof.

Patriarca has also abandoned his home, a $35,000 white-clapboard house in a quiet, fashionable, mostly Jewish neighborhood in the east side of Providence. He lived there with his wife, Helen, until she died two years ago. Patriarca now has a buxom blonde mistress; they live in a well-protected lakeside cottage near Providence, awaiting completion of the fortress.

Patriarca shows up every day at his office in the Nu-Brite Cleansers to do business behind drawn blinds with a steady traffic of lieutenants. On warm afternoons, however, Patriarca occasionally sits on the doorstep of the Nu-Brite Cleansers to take the afternoon sun. He wears a white sweater, smokes a huge cigar, and waves at admiring passersby. Sometimes he chats with them. Until you notice Rudy Sciara and the other gunmen-bodyguards hovering watchfully in the area, Patriarca looks almost benign. He is not benign.

Patriarca served a routine Mafia apprenticeship, ably executing dirty lower-level assignments in various forms of thuggery to prove himself to his elders. He was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1908, of Sicilian parents. He moved to Providence when he was 18 and apparently was sworn in as a blood brother of the Mafia soon afterward. Phil Buccola was the New England boss then, and Patriarca's criminal record indicates that Buccola quickly tabbed young Patriarca as a comer. The boy was barely 18 when he was arrested for hijacking, and then got 30 days for breaking out of jail. After that came a variety of arrests and convictions for bootlegging, gambling, breaking and entering, larceny, suspicion of murder, lewd cohabitation, adultery, auto theft, armed robbery, illegal possession of weapons and white slavery. He served prison sentences of two years for larceny, three years for breaking and entering, 18 months for auto theft, two and a half years for burglary and one year—in a federal penitentiary—for violation of the Mann Act (transporting a string of prostitutes between Providence and New London, Conn.).

One stretch of the long Patriarca criminal record indicates clearly how high he had risen in the Mafia by 1938. He was convicted of burglarizing a Brookline, Mass., jewelry store and sentenced to three to five years in prison. After he had served only 84 days of this sentence, he received a full pardon from the governor of Massachusetts through the good offices of Executive Councilor Daniel H. Coakley. In 1940 a special Massachusetts investigating commission looked into this pardon and found that Coakley was guilty of "deceit and fraud" in pressing the pardon petition. Coakley was impeached. It was the first time a member of a Governor's Executive Council had been removed from office since 1821.

Joe Barboza, hired gunman, gave information that got the top Mafiosi indicted.

Patriarca was a valuable member of the Mafia, indeed, to require the services of so high-ranking an ally to spring him. It came as no surprise, therefore, that when Buccola decided to retire and return to Italy in the late 1940's, Patriarca became the No. 1 man in the New England family.

Patriarca soon developed an excellent reputation as an administrator not only within his own family but also among the other 11 heads of families with whom he sat on the National Commission, the ruling grand council of the Mafia in the United States. He was given a "piece of the action" in Las Vegas through front men at two of the largest casinos (one of the front men is registered with the Nevada Gaming Commission as a nine-percent owner), and he was cut in on lucrative deals by Mafia families in Florida and Philadelphia. The FBI "bug" transcript reveals that the ruling commission thought so highly of Patriarca that it chose him as the sole referee to adjudicate the bloody war between the Gallo and Profaci factions of the Mafia family in Brooklyn.

Until a short time ago, Patriarca seemed to be riding high. His crime empire was flourishing. His organization seemed airtight. In Providence he had a skilled and trusted executive officer in Henry Tameleo. In Boston, Gennaro Angiulo was a fine underboss, backed up by two knowledgeable elder statesmen in John (Johnny Williams) Guglielmo and Michael (Mickey the Wise Guy) Rocco. Even the outposts were well-manned, with such solid lieutenants as Sam (Big Nose) Cufari in Springfield, Mass., and Cosmo (Pinky) Panarelli in Worcester, Mass.

Patriarca seemed to have solved his manpower problem brilliantly. The commission in 1957 had put a stop on all new Mafia memberships, because it feared FBI infiltration. This ruling had put a strain on Patriarca's unusually small organization; he had a shortage of young hoodlums to do the low-level dirty work. Patriarca got around this by hiring non-Sicilian punks. He called them his "suckers." They were not taken into the Cosa Nostra family as members, but they were paid well, and they did their jobs efficiently. The structure seemed as solid as those of the bigger families in New York and Chicago.

But then, suddenly, the structure began to fall apart. The suckers—who had not been trained in basic Mafia skills, and who had not taken the Mafia oath of *omertà* (silence on pain of death)—got out of control.

It all began in 1961. At that time there were two Irish mobs in the Boston suburbs, one headed by Bernard McLaughlin and the other by Buddy McLean. They operated independently, but under Patriarca's license. One day McLaughlin got into a fistfight with McLean over a girl at Salisbury Beach. McLean beat up McLaughlin, who in turn tried to dynamite McLean's car. McLean then shot McLaughlin to death in broad daylight in City Square in Charlestown. After that the McLaughlin and McLean mobs obliterated each other in a series of killings that lasted into 1965, when Buddy McLean himself was gunned down.

Until then the New England family and its suckers had observed Mafia discretion in their murders. Victims were killed in private and disposed of in rural graves, in Boston Harbor or in automobiles being compressed for scrap. But the McLaughlin-McLean street massacres seemed to embolden and inflame the New England Mafia—especially its suckers. Discretion was forgotten. There were rattles of gunfire and bloody bodies all over the Boston and Providence areas. Patriarca was incensed. On January 26, 1965, he was heard to say (via the FBI-planted "bug"), "If the killing doesn't stop, I'll declare martial law." But the killing didn't stop; it became freer and messier, an indication to some crime experts that perhaps the aging Patriarca was losing his grip.

There were 25 well-publicized assassinations in 1965 and 1966. Among them were the murders of gambler William Marfeo and tough-guy Rocco DiSeglio, who had defied the Mafia. There appeared to be very little out of the ordinary about

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betrayed him. He's telling all to law-enforcement officers.

these two executions at the time, but they were to loom very large in the New England Mafia's future.

The Marfeo murder seemed to slow down the pace of the killings for a while, but then a group of the suckers got completely out of hand. The leader of this particular group was Joe Barboza, 34, a savage young man of Portuguese descent who had gravitated to the Mafia in 1959. He had already served two reformatory sentences and a five-year term in prison for a series of house burglaries in New Bedford. At 20 he had led an escape from the Concord Reformatory, an act of leadership that marked him as a comer with Mafia members whom he met later at the state prison in Walpole, Mass. Six months after he got out of Walpole he was working for the Mafia.

On October 6, 1966, Barboza and three colleagues were en route to a Mafia assignment when their car was stopped by police in the heart of Boston. In the car were a fully loaded Army M-1 rifle and a .45-caliber pistol. The four men were arrested for illegal possession of firearms, and Barboza was held in unusually high bail, $100,000, because he already was on bail on a stabbing charge.

Thomas DePrisco tried to raise bail for Barboza and was murdered for his pains.

At this point there was a highly significant sequence of events. Barboza waited for "the office" to bail him out, as it had done on previous occasions, but this time there was no word from above. Two of Barboza's sucker friends, Thomas DePrisco and Arthur Bratsos, then decided to raise bail for him on their own. They made the rounds of Mafia joints in Boston and had collected $60,000 by the time they reached the Nite-Lite Café in the north end, an establishment owned by an important middle-level Mafia functionary, Ralph Lamattina, called Ralphie Chiong because of the oriental cast of his face. Ralphie Chiong asked Barboza's friends to wait until the nightclub closed, and then he invited them into a back room. The next day both Barboza emissaries were found shot to death in a black Cadillac in South Boston.

Acting on an inside tip, the police arrived at the Nite-Lite Café shortly thereafter, and they found Ralphie Chiong in the back room, still mopping up bloodstains and attempting to cover holes in the wall with a mirror. There was a bullet in one of the holes, and it matched those in the bodies of DePrisco and Bratsos. Ralphie Chiong was arrested as an accessory after the fact of murder.

A few weeks later a high-level Mafia meeting took place on a Sunday afternoon in the Intermission Lounge in Boston's "combat zone." Henry Tameleo, boss Patriarca's executive officer from Providence, chaired the meeting. He said Patriarca had decided that Ralphie Chiong should plead guilty to the accessory charges, "because there was too much heat over the murders, and he didn't want a trial with a lot of publicity." The decision staggered Ralphie Chiong, but Tameleo assured him: Patriarca had seen to it that he would get only two years, and when he left prison he would get a lucrative enterprise.

Ralphie Chiong went to court and pleaded guilty, but somehow Patriarca's efficiency broke down. Ralphie Chiong appeared before the wrong judge. Instead of a light two-year term, he got two concurrent maximum sentences of 8 to 14 years. The severity of the sentences attracted a lot of attention in the newspapers.

In the meantime Joe Barboza, the sucker whose bail problems had started the entire sequence of events, was serving a four-to-five-year sentence on the gun charge and faced life imprisonment as a habitual criminal. Still puzzling over his abandonment by "the office," he read about Ralphie Chiong in the newspapers. He nearly went wild in his cell when it finally dawned on him that "the office" not only had abandoned him but also had killed his two best friends.

A short time later Barboza was visited in jail by two FBI agents, Paul Ricco and Dennis Condon. They confirmed what he had read in the newspapers, adding details. In later visits they gave him more and more evidence of how the Mafia men had indeed betrayed him, even tipping the police to pick him up on the gun charge—he was potentially the most troublesome of the suckers, and they wanted to be rid of him. Barboza didn't even know that the Mafia men referred to him as a sucker. The clincher came when the FBI agents played tapes made from the "bug" in Patriarca's office. Barboza heard boss Patriarca's voice saying, "Barboza's a —— bum. He's expendable." Barboza then did what he probably never would have done if he had been allowed to become a full-fledged Mafia member under the oath of silence. He talked.

As a result of Barboza's talking, United States Attorney Paul Markham went to the federal grand jury in Boston on June 20 and got an indictment charging that Raymond Patriarca and his executive officer, Henry Tameleo, conspired with Barboza and another man to commit murder. The murder involved was the killing of William Marfeo, the gambler who had had the temerity to run an unauthorized dice game in Patriarca's Providence. Patriarca is specifically charged with causing Barboza to travel interstate with the intent of committing murder to further gambling. Tameleo is charged with the same federal crime, but with an additional count alleging that he made the interstate telephone call that summoned Barboza from Boston to Providence with the intent of committing murder. Barboza is under heavy military guard in the stockade of an army base, to which he was moved from a remote Cape Cod prison. He will be the principal witness against both Patriarca and Tameleo. If they are convicted, the No. 1 and No. 3 men of the New England Mafia family can get up to 10 and 15 years in the penitentiary respectively.

Arthur Bratsos, slain with DePrisco for attempting to raise bail for Barboza.

On August 8, District Attorney Garrett Byrne of Boston, acting on information from Barboza sent along by federal authorities, went to the Suffolk County Grand Jury and got an indictment against Gennaro Angiulo for conspiracy and accessory before the fact of murder. The murder involved in this case is the killing of Rocco DiSeglio, the ex-boxer who planned the holdup of the Mafia's floating crap game in Boston. If he is convicted on the accessory count of the indictment, Angiulo, the No. 2 man of the New England Mafia family, can go to the electric chair or get life imprisonment.

"And this is only the beginning," one high-ranking law-enforcement officer says. "Barboza is telling us enough to get many more indictments. He's the most important thing that's happened in years in the war on organized crime. More important than Valachi, because Barboza actually took part in the conspiracies he's talking about." Under federal law, it takes only one conspirator's testimony in court to convict a co-conspirator.

United States Attorney Markham said, "The top Mafia bosses are usually so insulated by so many layers of command from the crimes they order to be committed by their 'soldiers' on the lower level, that they have indeed become 'untouchables.' The significance of what's happening here in New England is that the top echelon of the Mafia is untouchable no longer. This is the first time in history such a thing has happened."

Markham's assistant, E. F. Harrington, adds, "It looks as if the Mafia boys outsmarted themselves. They stopped swearing in new members in 1957 to prevent penetration by the FBI, but the FBI penetrated anyway. They thought they were safe by hiring outside labor who would not be privy to the secrets of the organization, but now it's an outsider who's wrecking them."

For all of Patriarca's apparent imperturbability, his once-invincible empire seems to be falling around him. The word is out in the Mafia that 49-year-old Larry Baioni, more suave than Patriarca but tougher, has been named to replace him. And prison isn't all that Patriarca faces. The six brothers of William Marfeo want revenge: Two of them tried to kill him the day his indictment was announced. Patriarca's bodyguards drove them off in a wild car-to-car gun battle through the streets of Providence.

And, of course, anything that happens to the New England family of the Mafia has an effect on other Mafia families all across the United States. There are rumors that the Mafia commission, much as they like Patriarca, would prefer to see him dead. He's old, they figure, and likely to break during a long prison term—and a talking commission member would be a disaster of the first order for the whole organization.

But if all this past, present and potential adversity has affected Patriarca, he doesn't show it. He sits basking in the afternoon sun on the doorstep of the Nu-Brite Cleansers, puffing on his cigar and chatting with his subjects. He's still the Big Man. □

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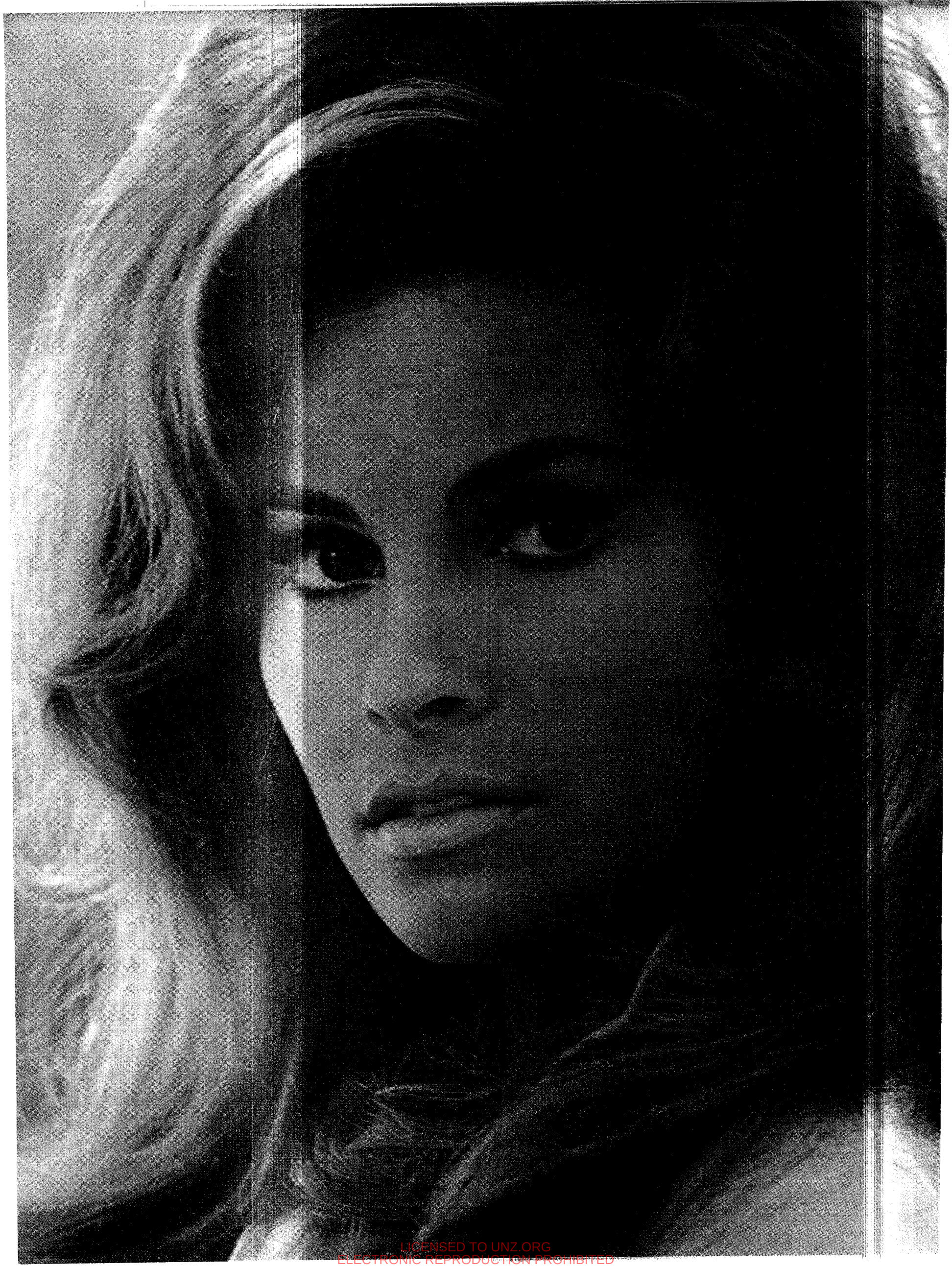

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THE SUDDEN STARDOM OF RAQUEL WELCH

'I try to project a feeling of sexuality,' she says, 'usually by thinking about the opposite sex. It's a science.'

By RICHARD WARREN LEWIS

It's fabulous," the real-estate saleswoman assured them. "It's just divine. You can move in without changing a thing. The house is listed in *Mansions of Beverly Hills* as one of the most outstanding."

Raquel Welch parked her Silver Cloud Rolls-Royce before the former home of the late David O. Selznick and got out. She wore a leather trench coat, form-fitting gabardine slacks, and tan boots that clicked on the stone walk as she strode toward the ornately carved front door.

The Rolls had been a 25th-birthday present from her husband, Patrick Curtis, who followed a discreet two paces behind, nervously whistling *The High and the Mighty*. The $345,000 price tag on the two-acre estate was not, however, inconsistent with his wife's increasing eminence.

During the previous year, her photograph had graced the covers of more than 200 overseas magazines. Her long brown hair, high cheekbones and lithe torso had captivated most of Europe.

Her arrival in Paris for her wedding last St. Valentine's Day prompted a chaotic chase in the best Mack Sennett tradition. Photographers tracked her to the salon of Yves St. Laurent, where she was trying on her wedding gown; when they persisted in poking their cameras through the curtains of her changing room, Raquel fled to her hotel without taking the gown.

The wedding itself was delayed half an hour while cameramen fought for strategic vantage points from which to record her substitute attire, a mini-dress that stopped six inches above the knees. Barred from the ceremony, newsmen banged on the door of the judge's chambers, making the exchange of vows virtually inaudible. The newlyweds escaped Paris only by racing through back alleys, driving against traffic on one-way streets, changing cars twice at prearranged checkpoints, and speeding along the Orly Field airstrip directly to the entrance of their waiting jet.

French headline writers had christened her "*La Plus Belle Fille du Monde*"; in Rome, Raquel was known as "*L'Attrice Piu Bella Dell'Anno.*" Unable to scale the walls of her rented 13-room Appian Way villa, swarming *paparazzi* tried to bribe the help. They were competing for the one million lire that had been offered for pictures of her two children—by a previous, secret marriage—who were hidden inside the villa. Raquel doused her antagonists with a water pistol.

A photograph of Raquel curtseying before Queen Elizabeth at a Royal Command Performance received front-page treatment in London; better-known entertainers, such as Rex Harrison and Julie Christie, went virtually ignored. In Spain, readers avidly followed *La Vida Secreta de Raquel Welch*, a newspaper serial enhanced by color illustrations of Raquel in bikinis.

"Europeans never realized that I was an American," says the Latin-looking Miss Welch, née Tequada, whose parents claim Castilian-Spanish and English-Scottish descent. "They were sure I was French. They were sure I was Italian. They were sure I was Spanish. That's why I was so popular in Europe. There is a very big anti-American thing going on over there."

A more accurate explanation of Raquel's popularity would be the shrewdly managed publicity

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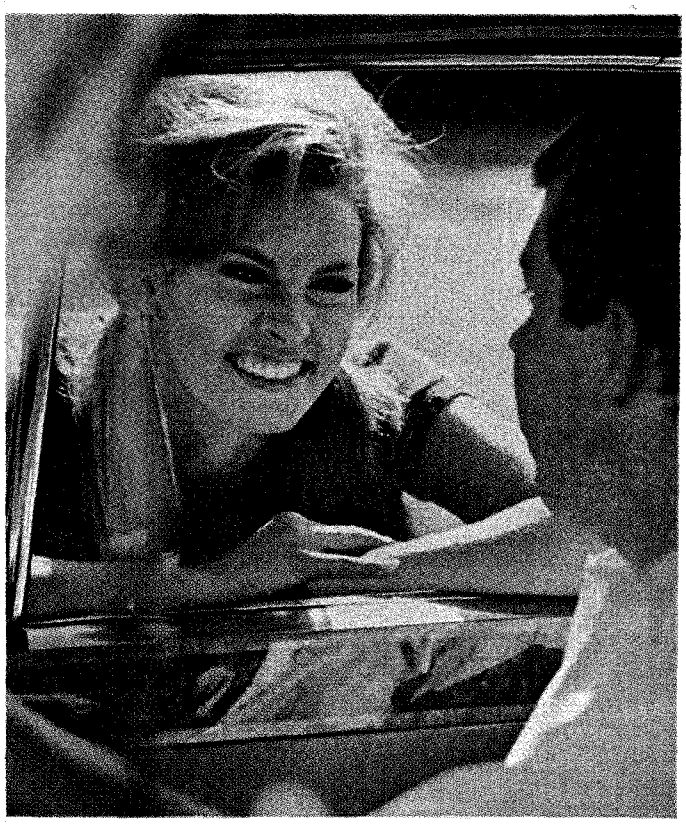

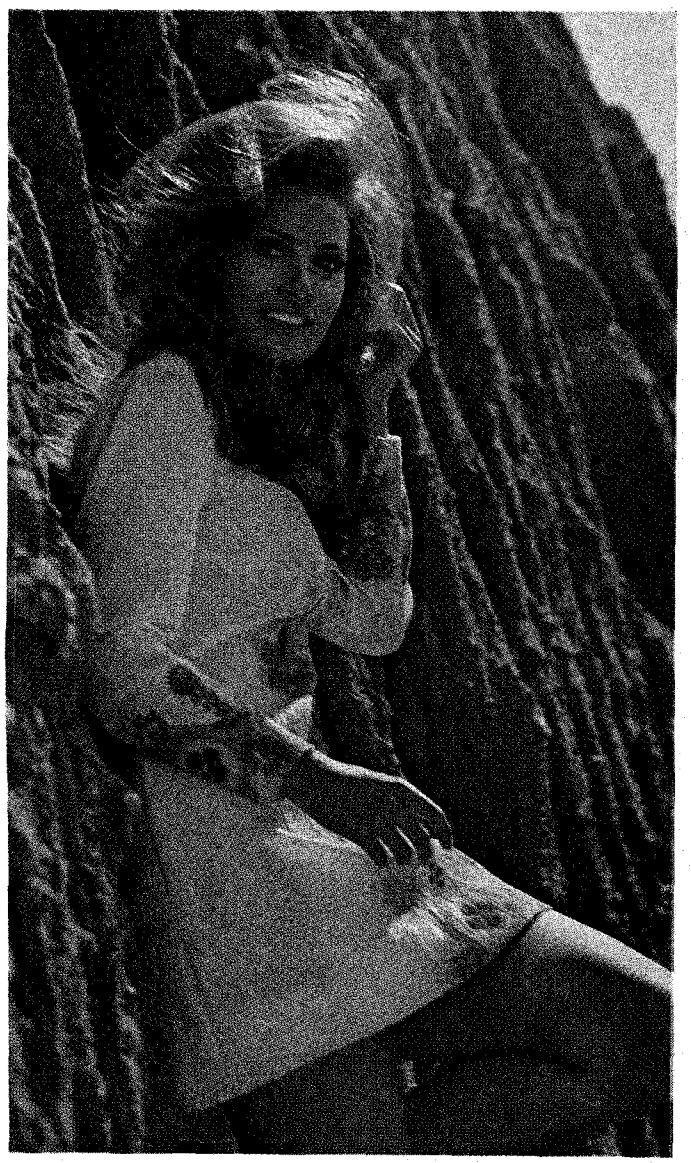

Raquel chats with husband Patrick Curtis, at the wheel of their Rolls-Royce; posing against a windswept cliff and in her swimming pool (right), she displays the form and face that won her overnight stardom in Europe.

campaign by which she quickly eclipsed many of the leading sex symbols of the 1960's. The producers of *One Million Years, B.C.*, one of the six films she completed in a year and a half, helped promote her sex image, as well as the picture, by mailing out 10,000 unconventional Christmas cards—11-by-14 photographs of Raquel posing in a Stone Age swimsuit fashioned from barely enough chamois to clean a very small windshield.

Her glowing overseas press notices filled a 15-cubic-foot steamer trunk that cost hundreds of dollars to ship back to the States. It contained dozens of bulging scrapbooks, Manila envelopes crammed with newspaper and magazine stories, a plaque naming her "Star of the Sixties," cans of television film, matchboxes decorated with revealing replicas of Raquel, and hundreds of loose snapshots of Raquel modeling hostess outfits or introducing backless bikinis at St.-Tropez.

"I worked every Sunday for eighteen months on photo layouts," she says. "It was terribly taxing. I was just a nonentity, a nothing, a dot in a sea of dots. We were trying to generate interest."

Now, after what the London *Daily Mail* called "the most amazing personality buildup since Marilyn Monroe," Raquel and Patrick Curtis were seeking a Hollywood headquarters for the steamer trunk, themselves, the children, and for the English nanny, the housekeeper, and the five cars they had accumulated abroad.

"Isn't it a magnificent house?" the saleswoman said as they all walked upstairs to the second story of the Selznick mansion. "You don't find houses like this in Los Angeles any more. Steel and concrete. Fully air-conditioned. Copper plumbing. Your railing here is solid pewter."

"That's something we've kind of always wanted," Patrick grumbled.

The 32-year-old Curtis grew up in Hollywood as Patrick Smith, a child actor (he later played a priest in *The Great Impostor* and borrowed his current surname from the picture's star, Tony Curtis). He met Raquel three years ago.

"If you want to deal with Raquel, you have to deal with me," Curtis says, "because I push the buttons. I'm the guy who's in control of the situation. And I make damned good deals."

Under his guidance Raquel's earnings have soared from $500 a week for a bit role in *A House Is Not a Home* to as high as $20,000 a day for a two-week stint on a German production. The contracts he masterminded in Europe required film companies to provide her with chauffeured limousines, air-cooled dressing trailers, personal hairdressers, makeup men, wardrobe attendants, lavish living quarters, and the right to veto any photographs of herself that she deemed unflattering. She has rejected a $500,000 bid, Curtis claims, for her services in a sequel to *One Million Years, B.C.*, and several lucrative offers for television series. "I don't see anybody becoming a big star from TV," he says. "Certainly not a girl."

It was Curtis who suggested the daring amber-colored culotte outfit Raquel wore at this year's Academy Award ceremonies. Appropriately enough, when she walked on stage, the orchestra played *You're Gonna Hear From Me*. The $2,000 costume won Raquel décolletage honors for the evening (humorist Stan Freberg, gazing upon her 37–22–35 figure, described her as "The Thinking Man's Twiggy"), though not the approval of all. "The lovely Raquel Welch deserves to be locked away for appearing in an outfit which made her look like a sausage-stuffed sweatsock," sniffed an unappreciative couturier.

Unlike the couturier and most film critics, who belittle Raquel's limited acting ability, moviegoers seem pleased by what they see. It was her simulated striptease that highlighted *A Swingin' Summer*, the low-budget beach movie that first brought Raquel to the attention of major Hollywood studios. Though critics roasted the film, its profits were more than triple its cost.

Clad in a skin-tight rubber wet suit for *Fantastic Voyage*, she played a technician aboard a miniaturized submarine cruising through the blood stream of a stricken scientist. Twentieth Century-Fox made sums that were anything but miniature.

In *One Million Years, B.C.*, Raquel's only dialogue consisted of three words: "Akita!" (Help!), "Tumak" (her prehistoric lover), and "Seron" (her pterodactyl co-star). Sound-effect experts dubbed in the grunts and screams that made up the rest of her spoken performance. Again the film pained reviewers and delighted the public.

Raquel's recent films, some not yet released, include the Italian-made *The Biggest Bundle of Them All* and *Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand*, the Spanish-made *Fathom*, the German-made *The Oldest Profession in the World*, and *Bedazzled*, an English film in which, bumping and grinding in bright red-lace underwear, she portrays one of the seven deadly sins, Lust.

The real-estate woman resumed her sales pitch. "This is your master bedroom," she said, sliding open a cedar-lined closet. "Isn't it divine? Your windows are electrically operated from the bed."

"We like to eat in bed, don't we, Patrick?" Raquel teased. Curtis flashed a smile.

Since their return from the Continent, the couple's bedroom in a rented Beverly Hills home had seen considerable service. Their bedtime ritual centers upon the improvement of Raquel's diction. Curtis has given her a leather-bound edition of *The Complete Works of Shakespeare*. Reading from it aloud, he reasons, will inject more emotion into her bland voice and help erase her irritating habit of dropping *g*'s. Sometimes Raquel recites a sonnet. More often Curtis prompts her with the opening lines of a familiar request of Hamlet's: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue . . ." Raquel continues, employing an affected British accent. By the time she has reached, "I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant," Curtis is usually asleep. 'When you're an old married man," he says, "you run out of things to say."

Raquel consults a voice coach three times a week ("The President should have a committee for pure American speech," she says, "for recapturing the pride in our language"); to keep her stomach flat, she works out twice a week in a dance studio. She also believes in facial isometrics; driving her car, she constantly wiggles her ear muscles and makes her nostrils flare. "In front of a camera," she explains, "everything you do is magnified. I have to put so much of my energy into making myself an extremely dynamic, feminine person on the screen."

"The quality in this house is fabulous," said the real-estate woman, indicating a sauna bath. "There is a telephone intercom—so much better than shouting in the halls. And remember, you have a brand-new shingle roof. It's an *exciting* house."

"We never should have seen this place, never," Raquel whispered. "I thought I was so happy. Now I know I'm living in poverty."

For three years before 1965 she had been reasonably content with a modest, two-bedroom home overlooking the Hollywood Freeway. She had won a few beauty contests, worked as a fashion model and cocktail waitress, and performed as a pinup on the *Hollywood Palace* television series. Then she met Curtis in a coffee shop. Without hesitation he abandoned his job as a publicist to become her partner in Curtwel Productions, a corporation whose sole asset was Raquel. "I felt she had a

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Photographs by Don Ornitz

quality," he recalls. "We sat down and theorized what could happen, what we would like to happen, and how we could go about it."

Their first target was the Deb Star Ball, an annual beauty pageant for neophyte actresses, staged by film-studio makeup men and hairdressers. Sensing a substandard 1965 field, Curtis arranged for Raquel to be nominated. To display her assets properly, they selected a simple white dress that would contrast with her tawny complexion. Raquel cut slits on each side of the dress and worked for hours in front of a full-length mirror, learning how to walk so her legs would show to best advantage, and rehearsing a sensual look.

"It's a very boring thing," Raquel admits. "You make love to yourself in the mirror. All New York models do it. I try to project a feeling of sexuality, usually by thinking about the opposite sex. It's a science."

There was no mistaking which girl was Raquel in the traditional Deb Star group portrait. "I got myself in the front row center," she recalls. "If you're in the back row, and they can't see you—forget it. I made the front row and did my usual photography thing—looking as if I were just about to meet the man I love." As she and Curtis had anticipated, their phone began ringing.

"This room is very flexible," said the real-estate woman. "You could use it for a study or a game room. Look, Raquel—a brand-new bar and a refrigerator behind it. The bar has a copper sink. Notice the wine racks."

"Patrick doesn't even drink," sighed Raquel.

"What a shame," said the woman.

"Well," Raquel said, "I can have other men over, you know."

After her Deb Star Ball success, Raquel had no difficulty handling the usual Hollywood courtiers. Invitations from George Hamilton, Cary Grant, Elvis Presley and many other actors were politely declined.

"At the beginning," Curtis explains, "we set down certain rules to follow. One of the main rules was that Raquel would never go any place without me. The three times that she got hit were the three times that I wasn't there."

The "hits" to which Curtis refers came from film-industry figures in a position to offer Raquel employment. Once she was openly propositioned by one of her idols, a well-known comedian. Ostensibly he wanted her to come to his house and read for a part. When he offered her money for something else, she broke down and cried.

A screen test for one studio executive consisted of love scenes played in a bikini. After the test the executive called her into his office. Then he settled on a long couch, patted a spot next to him, and suggested that they recline and watch television. She refused. During the next two hours she managed to parry his lunges, and survived a chase around his desk. At last he drove her home and apologized. She closed her front door and cried again. "I thought I'd ruined my career," says Raquel.

By the time she was ushered into the office of a corduroy-shirted producer of multimillion-dollar films, Raquel had good reason to appear skeptical. "You've got possibilities," the producer told her. "First I'll break you down. I'll take away the hair and the clothes, and we'll start from scratch. We'll build from what's inside you. You have this inner glow, and we're gonna find out how to channel it."

He promised her $500 a day to stand in for his current star in long-range shots. Raquel flew to the picture's seaside location, where she discovered that her accommodations would be a one-bedroom cabin already occupied by the producer. She flew straight back to Los Angeles.

"He is the lech of all time, a crude, despicable man," says Raquel. "I will never walk into that man's office again without somebody with me."

She recalls certain similarities among these three individuals. "They all said that they felt I had this sensuous quality. Immediately, when they looked at me, they thought that I was a terribly sexy girl, and they had to make a play. But I stood up to these guys and said, 'No.' I was literally amazed how they lowered themselves and begged. They were like high-school kids. But I'm not going to be somebody's bed partner for a night. What's in it for me? Nothing but degradation. I love myself too much for that."

"You actually have six bedrooms up here, counting the study," the real-estate woman said. "Here is a nice-sized child's room. There's a full bath with each room. And you have a gorgeous yard for the children. They're completely isolated."

Damon Welch, age seven, and Tahnee Welch, age five, are products of Raquel's marriage to James Welch, her San Diego childhood sweetheart. Wed in Las Vegas when she was 16, they were divorced three years later. The existence of Welch and the children was a carefully kept secret—potential sex goddesses are traditionally single, unattached and unattainable—until last year, when a photostatic copy of her marriage license appeared in *Gente*, an Italian magazine. The article also included snapshots of Welch and the children. "All some people care about is money," said the embittered Raquel, "and maybe a glimpse of glory or an association with glamour."

The real-estate woman escorted the Curtises outside. "It's a beautiful piece of property," she declared. "Just let me say this to you, Patrick. I know it's quite a bit more than what Raquel told me on the telephone. But the owners are open to an offer."

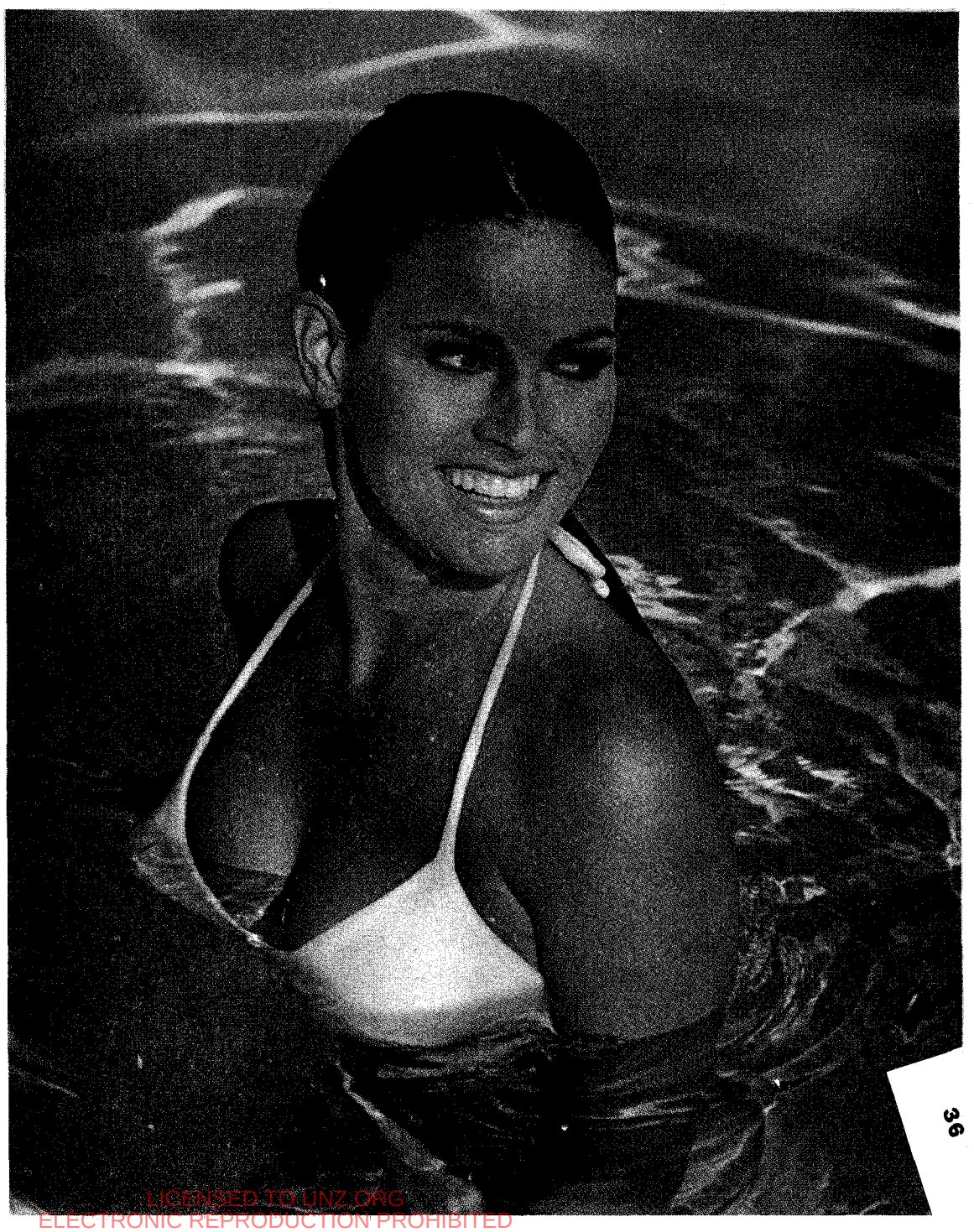
"When you reach a certain point," Curtis conceded, "fifty thousand one way or the other doesn't make that much difference, I guess. We'll think it over."

He took the woman's business card, thanked her, and followed Raquel into the Rolls.

"There have been lots and lots of people who have tried to manufacture stars," Raquel said as she drove down the winding driveway. "But it's never worked unless the person has something. And there's a certain pretentiousness about me that kind of lends itself to the business I'm in."

"The way you can tell a movie star is whether they can be impersonated," Curtis observed. "It's easy to impersonate Cary Grant or Cagney or Jimmy Stewart because they all have their definite mannerisms and personalities."

A moment later he began to whistle cheerfully, as well he might. For the time being at least, Raquel Welch seems to be doing a splendid impersonation of a movie star. □



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Jubilation on election night: A TV set tells Doug Head (center) he is the next attorney general of Minnesota.

ELECTION, U.S.A.

When Doug Head set out to win public office, a Post writer went along to observe. The result is a warm and engrossing narrative—a classic account of democracy's most frantic rite.

BY RICHARD LEMON

Photographs by Don Getsug

Author Lemon (right) followed candidate Head, an old college friend, through six months of hard campaigning.

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At 9:30 on election night last fall, Doug Head, Republican candidate for attorney general of Minnesota, started up the stairs of his family's house in Minneapolis. According to the television set in the den, he had 43 percent of the vote. It was still early, and Republicans always started poorly in Minnesota. But he tended to be pessimistic by nature, and in any case he had decided long ago that if it looked bad, he wanted to get a statement ready early. So now he was going up to his bedroom to write a concession statement.

It would be a common activity that night. In Minneapolis and Seattle and Boston's Ward 5, thousands of spent candidates would wait to discover whether the populace ruled thumbs up or thumbs down. The verdict comes faster than it once did. Charles Evans Hughes went to bed believing he was President of the United States and woke to find himself just another citizen. Thanks to computers, political delusions these days get pricked in the time it takes to climb a flight of stairs. But the waiting candidate remains a man of majestically uncertain destiny, and Doug Head going up the stairs of an empty house was, for a few moments yet, a figure of contradictory possibilities: on the one hand, perhaps, the second-most-powerful elected official in the sovereign state of Minnesota, with a grand, 18-foot-square office and a ceiling 20 feet high; or, on the other hand, a lawyer who once fancied himself a politician and was beaten running for some office or other.

Doug Head had been running for attorney general for two years, during which time he had driven 50,000 miles in his own car, made some 300 speeches, gotten up 126 press releases, and been the beneficiary of efforts by 3,500 volunteers, but the usefulness of all this at the moment was problematical. The campaign for attorney general had not been a very big-time affair. It was not set in great auditoriums and motorcades, but in corner markets and barbershops and at Rotary lunches. What crowds Doug Head had encountered were usually for somebody else, and a major appearance was one for which he had persuaded a couple of reporters to come along. The job itself was both important and a stepping-stone to high places, but even on this day when DOUG HEAD was emblazoned on ballots and billboards across the state, it is doubtful that half the people of Minnesota could have said who he was or what he wanted. Yet Doug had said that one statewide loss generally finished a politician and would finish him, the hardhearted reasoning being that it is hard to tell whether the candidate was any good, while it is quite clear that he lost.

While Doug Head started up the stairs at home, I was watching two television sets in his victory/defeat suite in a downtown hotel. I had followed his campaign part-time for six months, or since shortly before his nomination, not because of any special interest in Minnesota politics, but because he had been a college friend of mine. The last time I had seen anything much of Doug Head was when he was an usher at my wedding, three days before our graduation, 15 years ago. If I may say so, it was a very good wedding and, with parties, it went on for two and a half days. In the years just before that wedding Doug Head and I had joined the same fraternity, plotted which sophomores to rush, run initiations and dances and, once, gone down to the college radio station to sing. We had not been asked to do that, but I felt it would be wrong to graduate without ever singing on the air, and so we did, loudly and with feeling, and then we thanked the disc jockey, left, and graduated. Fourteen years later I learned that Doug Head was running for attorney general in Minnesota, and I thought it would be enjoyable and interesting to follow the campaign.

I was wrong about that. Six or seven hours of it were enjoyable, and toward the end I began to realize it was interesting in ways I hadn't appreciated, but before that it was frustrating, maddening, dismaying, boring, nerve-racking, exasperating and mentally and physically exhausting. Still and all, I feel bound to add, I came out an expert at it, and even an enthusiast of a sort. In any case, that is how, on election night, 1966, I came to be standing in a crowded Minneapolis hotel room while Doug Head walked up the stairs of an empty house to write a few last words.

At the Republican nominating convention in Minneapolis, Head volunteers wait to demonstrate for their candidate.

But just at that point the voice on the television set in the den announced that there was a projected winner in the Minnesota governorship race, so, halfway up the stairs, Doug Head stopped.

Douglas M. Head was born in Minneapolis in 1930 and went to West High School, Exeter preparatory school and Yale. As an undergraduate he was gregarious and outgoing but basically serious, with a natural appetite for the affairs of the world and for working with people. He had had polio at 16; the immobility had made him heavy, and he walked with two half-length crutches. He used them cavalierly, and my clearest recollection is of him moving slowly and affably through the fraternity house, clothes rumpled, crutches flying, getting things organized. He wound up as president of the fraternity and a member of a number of prestigious organizations. After graduation he planned to go into medicine—his father is a doctor—but he left medical school after one term, went to the University of Minnesota Law School, graduated third in his class and was twice elected to the state legislature, where he became a member of a young, irreverent, hard-campaigning group inevitably known as the Young Turks. In 1962 he managed Representative Walter Judd's successful campaign for reelection to Congress and then, in 1964, he went back to full-time law.

I was sorry to hear it. My own experience with politics is negligible, but I was exposed to it early, as a child, and the exposure seemed relevant to Doug Head. My father once ran for mayor of Providence, R.I., and he was chairman of the Republican City Committee for 12 years, and in 1938 he directed the campaign that elected the city's first Republican mayor in 26 years. He left politics when I was nine, but I clearly remember the heady flavor of strangers in the house, plotting important moves, and I think he always missed it. Politics has a lot in common with the theater. Like the theater, the whole range of human life is its province, the whole population is its audience, and collaboration is its backbone. Each plays hard on loyalties and emotions, and each gets in the blood, the basic difference being that theater is fiction, while politics is fact. Politics is considered cold, a dirty game, and the public generally scorns it, but years after my father left it, when I was taking cabs home from the railroad station, drivers would suddenly say, "Hey, isn't this where Al Lemon lives?" and tell how they remembered him from when he was in politics, and ask me to say that Louie said hello.

Many people apparently learn to enjoy politics, but Doug Head is the only man I've known personally who seemed to have a natural appetite and ability for it. It's an unusual yardstick, but he always seemed a person who would enjoy being known by cabdrivers. Whether or not that is correct, in January, 1965, Doug and George Thiss, Republican state chairman, had lunch in a cafeteria in Donaldson's department store, and Doug, finding Thiss receptive to the idea, decided to explore the possibility of running for attorney general. He didn't declare as a candidate, but a draft

The Head demonstration began stolidly, but a moment later the convention floor erupted with wild enthusiasm.

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organization was set up, and he started speaking around the state, particularly at county and district Republican conventions. By early 1966 he had the most elaborate organization of any Republican in the state.

That May I flew out to Minneapolis for a reunion-like dinner party of college friends and their wives, some of whom were working for Doug's candidacy. The next afternoon I spent two hours alone with the candidate, getting filled in on his politics and his campaign. Doug was thinner and seemed more serious; he had lost 40 pounds for the campaign. He was pleased that younger people seemed to be getting interested in local politics. "The conservative forces in government are very often the older, less educated, machine politicians," he said. "But gradually these guys are being weeded out. And reapportionment is getting rid of the deadheads. We're trying to remake the Republican Party in this state as an essentially middle-class organization. When I started, the average age was forty. Now we've got twenty-eight-year-old officeholders, and I'm an old man."

His campaigning so far had been mainly among delegates to the nominating convention in June. Only about a third of the state's voters were Republicans, and the Democrats were in power, but he wouldn't try to reach non-Republicans until the last two months before the election. Meanwhile he was working every night and weekend. He had hired a public-relations firm and then dropped it to save money, and he was looking for private planes for traveling around the state.

His only foreseeable opponent for the nomination was William Randall, Ramsey County district attorney, a long-shot candidate for governor who might switch and try for attorney general. Both as a candidate and as head of the Hennepin County (Minneapolis) delegation to the convention, Doug was officially neutral on the other candidates for governor: Harold LeVander, a lawyer and favorite of the old guard; John Pillsbury, an insurance-company president and favorite of the Young Turks; and former Governor Elmer Anderson. "But," Doug said, "we have a very, very close working relationship with the people around Pillsbury."

As for the attorney-general's job, it was the third-ranked in succession in the state, behind the largely ceremonial job of lieutenant governor, and its holder was the state's chief supervisory law-enforcement officer and its chief legal counsel, but the public wasn't much interested in it.

"People are interested in the high-visibility races," he said, "the governorships and senate races. There's the element of a contest. But the candidates in the low-visibility races are pretty much tied to the candidates for governor. Much of the state leadership comes from these offices, but people have an instinctive feeling about a man in a lesser office—that he's a political hack of low accomplishment silted into a job, and nobody can get him out."

I asked him why people volunteer to work in a campaign like that.

"Some guys enjoy politics the way other people enjoy baseball or sailing," he said. "It's a hobby. They don't personalize it. If they lose, they'll be back next time. There are some lawyers who would like to be on good terms with the attorney general. Some do it because they think they owe a certain amount of public service, and they feel guilty because they wouldn't want the pressure and heat of being in public life. And the loss of income. Some, I like to think, are doing it because they think I'd make an unusually good attorney general.

"I tend to burn out volunteers," he added. "I've already burned out one campaign manager. I'm on my second issues chairman. Every day I pick up the phone and somebody's quit.

"Every once in a while you get the feeling, 'How can I get 600,000 people to vote for me? I don't even know ten.'"

"Is all this still fun?" I asked.

"It's still a challenge," he said after a moment. "But it's stopped being fun, in the sense that I look forward to each day."

"Do you have to have a thick skin to campaign?"

"A few weeks ago I had a press conference out in the country," he said, "and there was a lady reporter who asked some bright questions. I went back later and had a cup of coffee with her. Very pleasant. I thought I'd made a friend for life. A few weeks later a friend asked me, 'What in the world did you say to that reporter?' I said, 'Why?' He said, 'She told me, "Why anybody would vote for that Doug Head is beyond me." She won't even look at our literature now.' In the old days that would've just killed me.

"You have to develop a shell. You manufacture Head the Candidate, and people attack Head the Candidate, and it doesn't hit you in the gut the way it would if a friend of yours said, 'You're a dirty louse.' It's not personal. You analyze it so it won't happen again.

"In this case," he added with a smile, "I'll probably try to make her feel so badly she'll write an article for us."

That night I talked to Pete Heegard, a 30-year-old banker who was Doug's campaign manager. He said that more than 200 people were devoting at least a few hours a week to the campaign. "So far we've got endorsed in sixty-five out of the eighty-seven county conventions. And in seven of eight congressional-district conventions. The one we didn't get is Bill Randall's Ramsey County. The endorsements aren't binding, and mainly it's psychological, but about eighty-five percent of the delegates in that convention are for us, and about sixty-five percent have said we could use their names. No gubernatorial candidate has anywhere near that many." The next morning I flew back to New York, convinced, although nobody had said so, that the nomination was in the bag.

Three weeks later, at six o'clock one night, Doug Head sat on a desk in a small lecture room of the Minneapolis Auditorium, his feet dangling over the front, his face pale, his voice small and strained, his plans in tatters all around him, as outmoded as the VOTE PILLSBURY posters that a student was pulling apart to staple together again, back sides out, to make VOTE HEAD posters that might never get used. "I'm in a state of shock," Doug said to me, and he looked as though that might be literally true.

The old guard's Harold LeVander had won the nomination for governor. LeVander wanted Doug to switch from attorney general to lieutenant governor, while Doug didn't know whether he wanted to run with LeVander at all.

"Old buddy," he said, "I think it's all in vain."

Advisers help Head (left, rear) plot convention strategy. The question: to make a deal or not to make a deal.

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A voter in Worthington responds to Head. "It's tough to break through the public apathy," he said later.

The afternoon before, I had begun a bizarre trip. I drove to New York City, worked two hours, drove to Kennedy Airport, and flew to Los Angeles, arriving at 3 P.M. I was met by a press-agent friend, met another friend in a bar, and there bought a rug for $15. It was hideous, about six feet wide, made of shiny cloth, and depicting, in garish colors, a bunch of large-bottomed elk in the snow. It was being hawked with others almost as bad by a bar-to-bar salesman who wanted $30 originally, and I bought it because, on this bizarre trip, buying a spectacularly awful rug in a Los Angeles bar seemed appropriate. The press agent and I had dinner and went to the first public showing of a movie directed by Billy Wilder, about whom I was doing an article, and whom I wanted to talk to at his moment of truth. I talked with Wilder briefly at a party, went back to the airport, got on a plane to Chicago, got on another to retrace my steps to Minneapolis, and at 8:30 A.M., my rug under my arm, walked into Doug's headquarters at the Leamington Hotel. Half an hour later I walked onto the floor of the Minnesota Republican Convention and discovered that most of the people there were as weary and disoriented as I was.

The night before, Pillsbury and LeVander had been deadlocked for 11 ballots, with Anderson far behind. At adjournment Pillsbury had been leading for three ballots and looked like the eventual winner. But 100 Pillsbury votes had stolen away during the night, and now LeVander again had a small lead. It stayed the same through two more ballots, while Doug smiled tensely, girls in red-and-black musketeer outfits hopped around frantically chanting, "We want Le-*Van*-der," and Pete Heegard kept saying LeVander couldn't win.

Early that afternoon Randall declared his candidacy for attorney general, and Randall backers from Ramsey County offered Pillsbury a deal: 90 votes in exchange for making sure that Head was not his attorney-general candidate. Pillsbury answered that he would rather lose than exclude Head. Doug, standing in a sea of shirtsleeves, looked overwhelmed. "I'll tell you," he said, "I never had such a bunch of friends." As the voting resumed, Randall backers went up and down the Ramsey County delegation calling, "A vote for Pillsbury is a vote for Head," and on that ballot LeVander won.

So then Doug Head went shakily upstairs to a lecture room to confront his rearranged prospects. The ticket was going to be headed by the only candidate whom the polls showed trailing Gov. Karl Rolvaag in popularity, and there were widespread rumors that the candidate wanted Randall as his attorney general. The platform committee wanted Doug on the ticket and was urging him to move over to lieutenant governor. He did not want lieutenant governor, he was not sure he wanted any place on what looked like a losing ticket, but he also did not want to desert the people whose support he had sought and won. Finally LeVander's campaign manager telephoned: LeVander did want Doug to switch to lieutenant governor, and he wanted to know whether Doug himself would nominate Randall for attorney general. Doug declined. "I'm going to go for it," he announced a moment later, in the cheerful tone of a man who has nothing left to lose.

It began unpromisingly, with an amplified voice calling out across the bedraggled convention floor, "He's youth, he's vigorous, he's dynamic! He's a legislator's legislator!" When the nominating speech ended, the demonstration began, a few feverish people waving posters and shouting, "We want *Head!*" They went down the center aisle and then across two side aisles with the idea of regrouping at the head of the center aisle again, but dozens of delegates jumped up and joined them—and suddenly all the aisles were full of Head supporters, stomping, howling, "*We want Head!*" and waving signs up and down as though they were driving spikes. They were everywhere, grinning and chanting at the top of their lungs. The careful plan had somehow gone spontaneous.

The hall was finally brought back to order, the seconding speeches were made, and then the roll call for nominations was resumed, Chippewa County passing, Lac Qui Parle County passing, Nicollet County passing, the roll moving inexorably toward Randall's Ramsey County, lurking near the end of the alphabet. Then the head of the Ramsey County delegation stood up and said into the microphone, "Ramsey County passes."

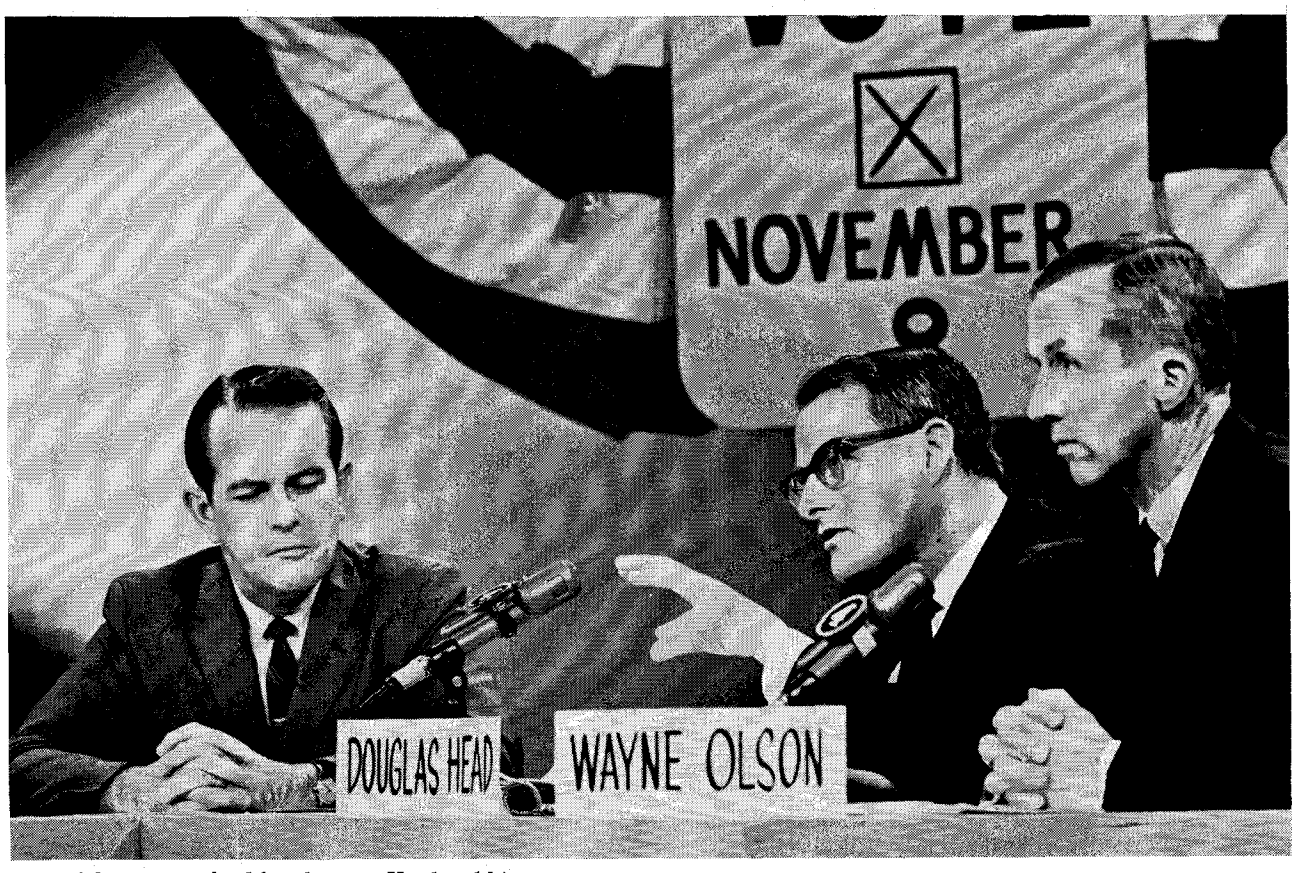
A moment later Doug Head, unopposed, was nominated by acclamation. Beaming and lighted by flashbulbs, Doug came down the aisle, thanked the convention briefly, and was its candidate. It was generally agreed, later, that Randall and LeVander had been bluffing, and Randall's last hopes had been snuffed out by the demonstration. So I went to a jubilant victory party, feeling like an instant political veteran. The next morning, with my rug, I flew back to New York.

Doug left his law firm right after the convention and worked out his basic strategy. He would use lots of TV to make his name familiar and would bring his campaign to a peak in early October, before the more glamorous races took the spotlight. He would campaign independently, sharing neither ads nor offices with the rest of the ticket. He rented his own headquarters space in downtown Minneapolis, but he was seldom there, because most of the time he was out campaigning—among the general public for the first time—by car and private plane, in Granite Falls and Duluth and Montevideo, at plant gates and Shriners' lunches and suburban coffee parties, shaking hands and waiting to see whom the Democratic-Farm-Labor Party would offer as his opponent.

On September 13 he found out—Conservation Commissioner Wayne Olson—and on October 4 I flew back out to Minneapolis to watch his campaign approach its peak.

"Can I say hello? I'm Doug Head, running for attorney general of Minnesota," he said, moving through the narrow, dusky barroom. "Hi, I'm Doug Head, running for attorney general of Minnesota. Hi, can I introduce myself? I'm Doug Head, and I'm running for attorney general. . . ."

The afternoon drinkers on the barstools shook hands and smiled back uneasily, as though not altogether sure whether a genuine celebrity or an impostor had walked in on them. The candidate—a heavy man in his mid-30's, with glasses and a broad smile, walking somewhat stiffly and carrying a cane—moved slowly on to two tables at the



A crucial event was the debate between Head and his opponent Wayne Olson (right). The author felt Head won.

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back, where half a dozen old men were playing cards. He stood waiting for a break in the game, but there wasn't any, so he finally said he didn't want to intrude and just slipped a few pamphlets on the table. "That plus a dime'll get you a cup of coffee," he said quietly, and moved on to the other table. He asked one kibitzer how old he was, and the man said he was 89. "I'll bet you can beat all of 'em," the candidate said, clapping him on the back. "No, I can't," the old man said. "Well, good luck anyway," the candidate said, patting him on the back again, and headed out, shaking hands and stopping with anybody who wanted to talk. "Oh," said a young man on the last stool. "You're the guy who's running against Olson?"

Outside, Doug hauled himself into his car to get more pamphlets. "That's frustrating," he grunted, referring to the last greeting. "Ve-ry frustrating." It surprised me that he should be bothered that one person knew his opponent's name and not his, but then, the whole afternoon was surprising me. Doug fished out more pamphlets and went into a barbershop. There were only two kids waiting for haircuts and one in the chair, but he shook their hands. "What grade are you in?" he asked them. "How's your football team?" He went on to the bank, shook hands with the employees and talked with the president about tight money ("Now, one says to oneself," he said outside, "that it's kind of dumb to go in and shake hands with a bunch of Republicans"), then went to the local newspaper (circulation 1,830) to leave a release saying that Doug Head had been in town campaigning. The campaigning was really to justify the release; he expected to get three stories for every four towns he toured. The editor was setting weekend specials for a grocery store, and a piece of lead was stuck in his Linotype machine, so Doug waited and chatted casually for 10 minutes until the editor got the lead free. Then we left for the next town.

It was a wet, overcast day, and I was not quite clear on just where I was, or what this sort of campaigning was all about, or, most of all, what Doug's prospects were at this point. I had arrived that morning and been met at the airport by Bill Sands, the new, young campaign coordinator, who had a tan sedan with a big HEAD sign on top. He had driven me to a town called Chaska—specifically, to the Gedney pickle factory—which Doug had been touring, and on the way had told me that the primaries had been discouraging. In nominating Olson to run with the incumbent governor, Karl Rolvaag, the D.F.L. had given Doug a Swedish name to contend with. Furthermore, in the Republican primary (law required one, even if there were no contests), Doug had run behind almost everybody on the ticket, including Bill O'Brien, the equally young candidate for secretary of state. There had been a soul-searching meeting of Doug and his staff, but the only conclusions had been that he should try to look less severe on TV and should yell at his staff less. I had met Doug at the pickle factory, and then heard him speak to 25 Rotarians, and then he had swapped cars with Sands so that his own could have some repairs. As soon as we were in the car, Doug had said, "Well, I was disappointed. I ran five thousand behind O'Brien in my own city of Minneapolis, and we haven't been able to figure out why."

Disasters in politics, especially when described by a man who tends to look on the gloomy side, often sound exaggerated to an outsider. It got to be a common experience of the campaign. "Pomfret beat Quagmire in the Ninth," somebody would say, in the tone one might use to announce, "My family was wiped out last weekend." Or, "The polyps thing got buried in the *Tribune*," or "Winfritty is saying Horace is for birth control." After a while one tends to dismiss all such reactions as cries of "Wolf!", but of course there really are some wolves. I gradually realized that state politics is a game in which there is no clear way to measure progress. There are no touchdowns or runs, no scores at all until the final score, because the scorekeeper is silent, and the method of scoring is largely a mystery. So the candidate grabs at every straw in the wind, and since there are few of them, each one seems enormously important.

In the next town the editor of the paper was a young man in a wheelchair, and there was a strained conversation. "You must be busy these days"—"No." "You must've had a lot of politicians coming in here"—"No, you're the first." "Well now, what do you think of the Vikings' chances?"—"I don't pay much attention to football." Still Doug kept plugging away, through politics and the weather and newspapering, and finally he asked the man what had put him in the wheelchair, and after that they talked amiably for five minutes about how to use a chair and how to drive a car with hand controls, and after that they talked about baseball.

"Oh, that was a tough one," Doug said outside. "Probably a Democrat."

At the newspaper in the next town Doug looked over a chart of the local primary results. On the chart "Head" was spelled "Hed."

"I think the chances are about three out of four I'll get beat," he said, once we were on the street. "That isn't to say I've given up," he added.

We next went into a hardware store, where Doug discovered a $28 Japanese tape recorder and spent half an hour happily tinkering with it before buying it. I asked how he could goof away so much time shopping. "That's the only fun I have campaigning," he said cheerfully. "You're not going to deny me that, are you?" It began to dawn on me at this point that, although I had been prepared for a low-key campaign, I unconsciously expected at least an accompaniment of drum rolls, and perhaps there wasn't going to be any.

Driving back to Minneapolis, Doug got to talking about campaigns. "Archimedes said, 'Give me a large enough lever, and I can move the world.' I say, 'Give me enough money, and I can elect anybody.' Archimedes was overstating it and so am I. But I've contributed a year's salary to this campaign. I pay my own money for gas and oil. That alone's been running one hundred and fifty dollars a month for two years.

"I hate driving around with a sign," he muttered a moment later, pulling into a gas station for two dollars' worth of gas. "It makes me feel conspicuous."

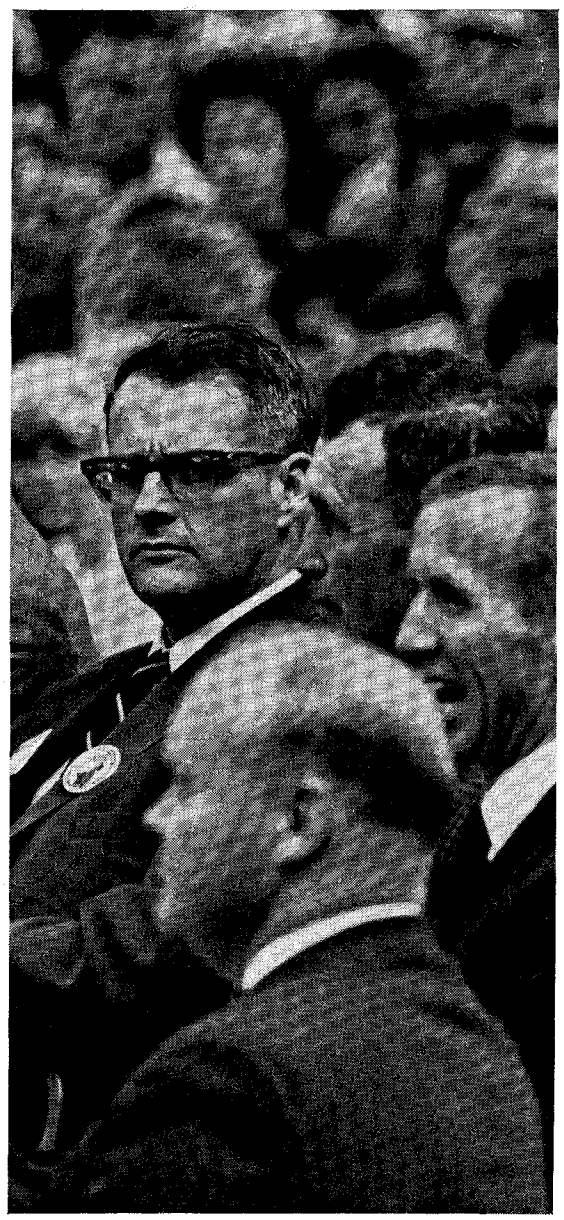
We got a hamburger at a drive-in and then drove to Doug's house to meet with campaign coordinator Bill Sands, a tall, thin, cheerful but contained young man who had recently graduated from Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Business and still had the air of an interested student. It was a glum session. Bill told him that the Duluth Kiwanis Club wanted him to speak to them on book censorship, which Doug considered a profitless subject. Then he discovered, from a small story deep in the Minneapolis *Tribune*, that at a debate on Thursday he and Olson would be questioned by panel members whose views his staff had not looked into. "That's bad politics and bad campaign managing," he said. "I'm frustrated, and I'm unhappy, and I'm teed off." He walked aimlessly around the dim room for a moment, then slumped in a large chair, his jacket and tie slung nearby. "Pretty tough, pretty tough," he said as though to himself, and sat silently for a moment. "Pretty tough to break through the public apathy on these races."

And that concluded my first day of peak campaigning. I went to my hotel bedroom, which tried to pass as a living room by means of two convertible couch-beds, and thought inconclusively about the day. Then I went to sleep on a couch-bed which, converted, stuck across the room at an inconclusive 45-degree angle, its end-table-headboard several feet away against the wall.

The next morning Doug went to a University of Minnesota reception, then spoke to a businessman's club about crime prevention and the need for better rehabilitation of criminals, then went out to Sands's car in the parking lot and discovered that his tape recorder had been stolen.

That afternoon Doug was going to "march in" to the office of the acting commissioner of insurance, having previously alerted newsmen, to demand a controversial report. The failure of two high-risk auto-insurance companies was a major campaign issue, and Doug had been picked to press it the hardest, the basic charge being that the administration had failed to take proper action to prevent the failures—and the losses to policyholders; the former commissioner of insurance had been indicted for his own role. Doug had unsuccessfully tried to get a copy of an examiner's report on one of the companies, North Central Fire & Casualty, before it collapsed. "For a long time they wouldn't even admit the existence of the report," he said. "I say it's a public document. The company was impaired. The report says so. Why didn't they take action?" Now he was worried that the acting commissioner, Joe Haveson, might be tipped off that Doug was coming and might disappear.

At the insurance building he encountered Haveson, a short, white-haired man, coming downstairs to go out for coffee. Haveson said he would bring the report down, but Doug decided to follow him upstairs, and when he got there, Haveson said the report was (*continued on page 44*)



Looking purposeful—as a candidate should—Doug Head waits for an opportunity to speak at a political rally.

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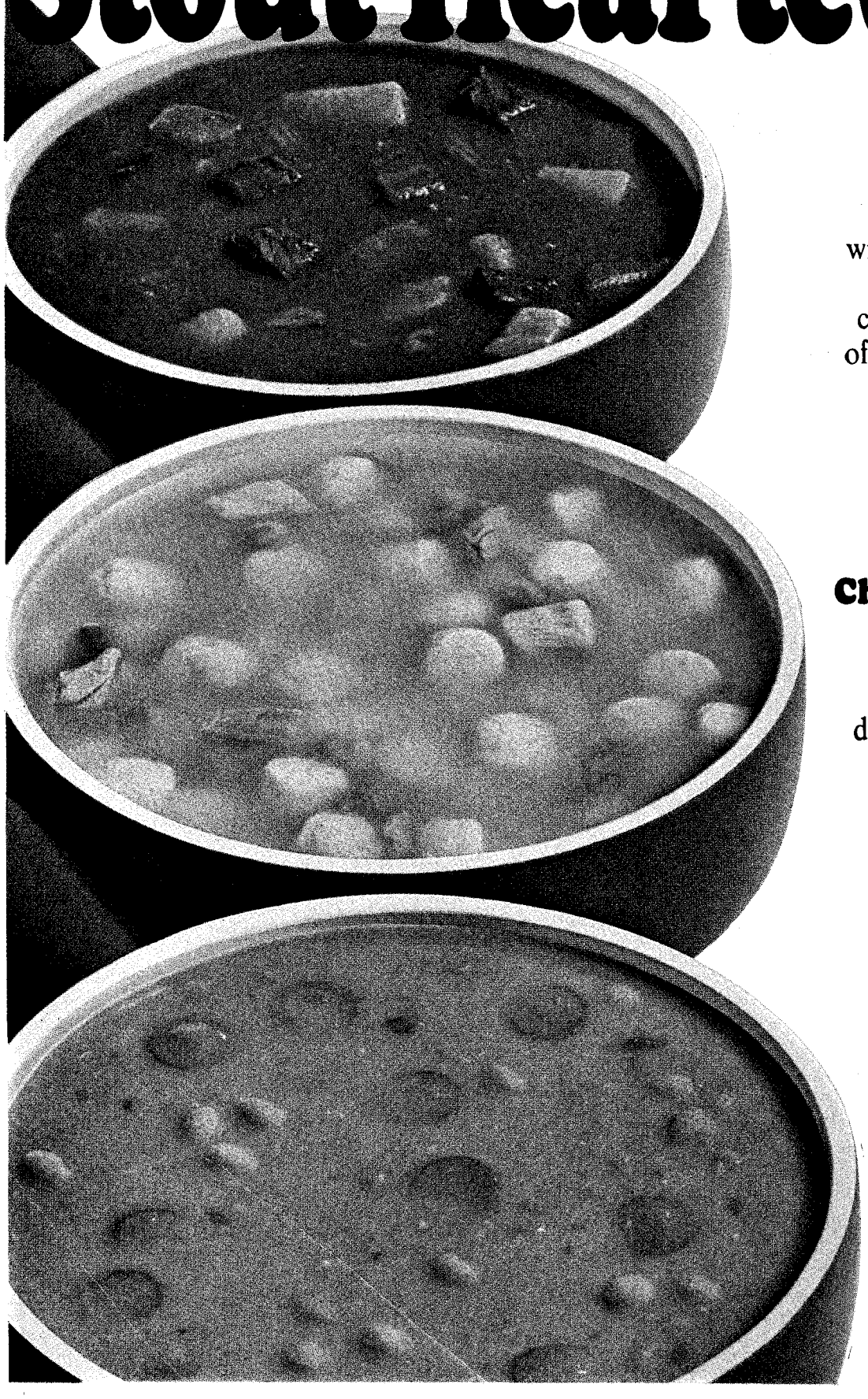
Meet Campbell's 3 New Stout Hearted Soups!



Vegetable and Beef Stockpot Soup Campbell crossed a stew with a soup and came up with new Stockpot. Rugged chunks of beef! Kitchen-cuts of fresh vegetables in a savory brown stock. Stout hearty!

Chicken 'n Dumplings Soup Wait till you see those pieces of chicken. And all those tender egg dumplings. In a stout, golden chicken broth, too. You'll get a rousing cheer for Chicken 'n Dumplings!

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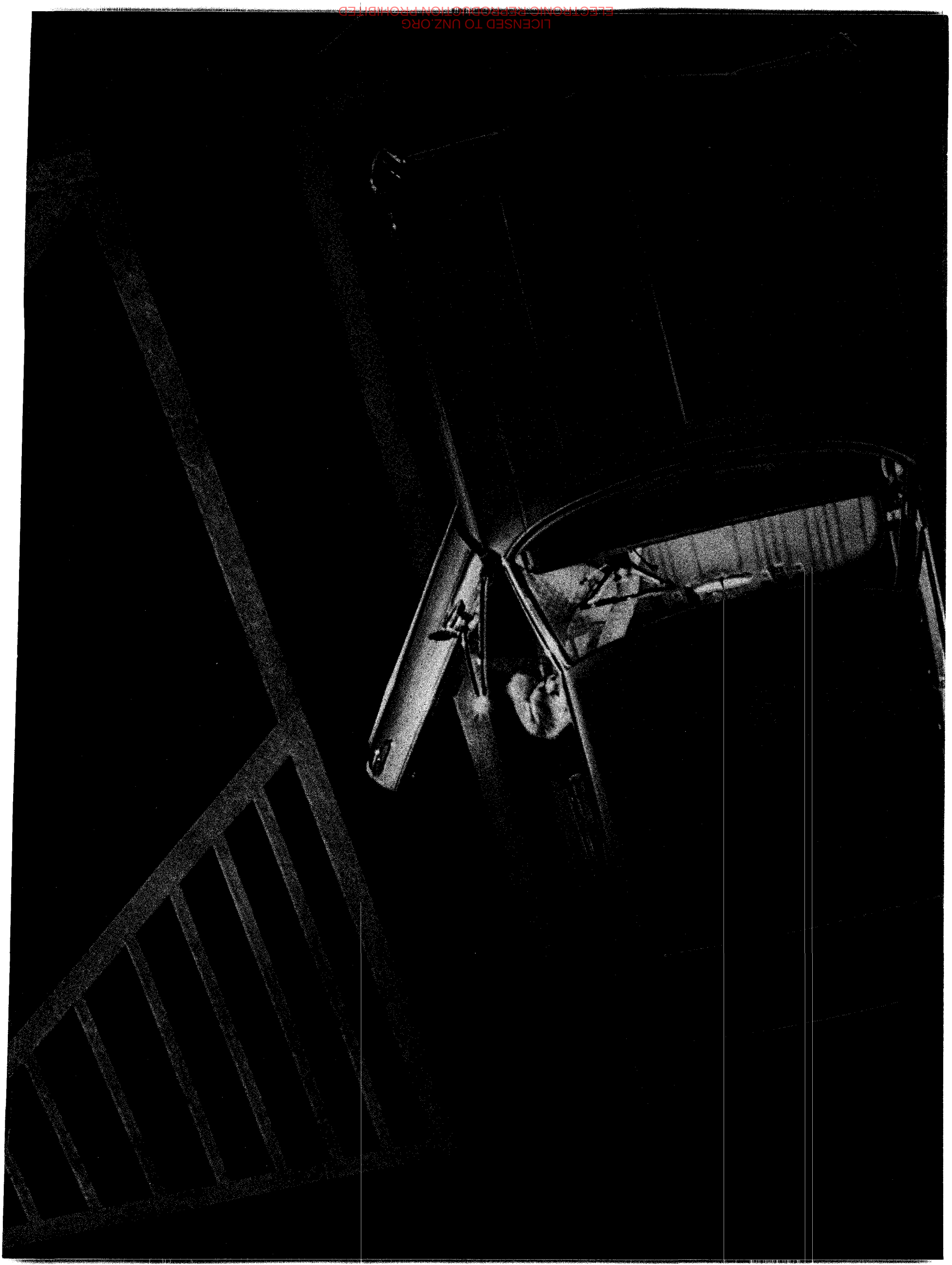

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The buzzer starts the minute you open your door. And stops the minute you take your keys out of the ignition. (And the more often our buzzer reminds you to take your car keys away with you, the less chance of somebody taking your car away with him.)

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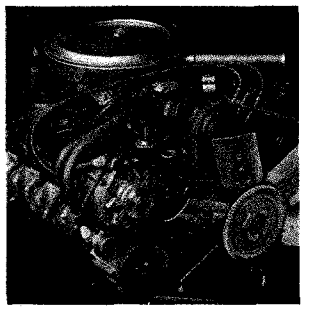

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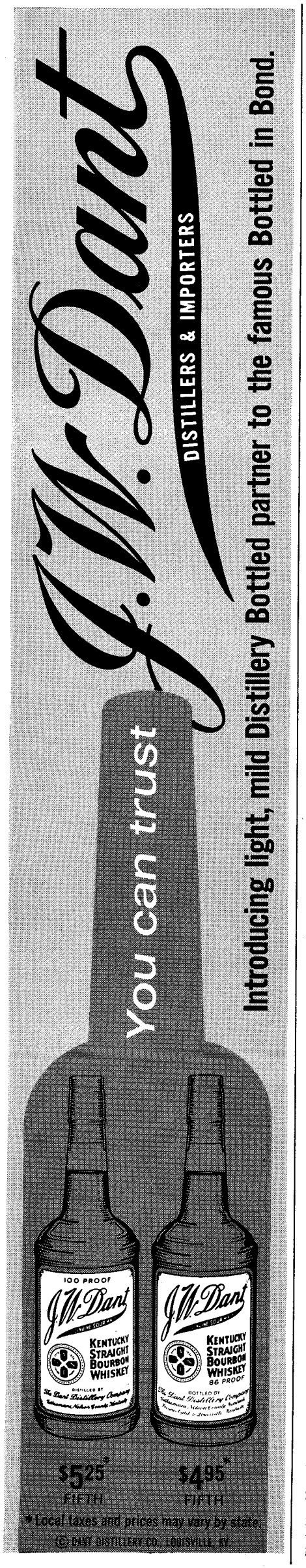
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(Continued from page 40)

over at the attorney-general's office. The newspaper and TV reporters were milling around, bright lights and pads ready, looking skeptical, while giggling secretaries peered out from behind file cabinets. "This is a lot of foolishness," one of the reporters muttered, looking embarrassed.

Doug went into Haveson's small office, and the reporters followed. Inside the jammed room Doug sat across the desk from Haveson, and a Haveson assistant perched on a radiator. "This isn't fair to me," Haveson protested. "All these people in here—I'm not used to this." He repeated that he didn't think he had a copy of the report, and then his assistant said they had a copy, but the company was incorporated in West Virginia, and so Minnesota had no authority to release the report. Then Haveson said that it was not a finished report but a preliminary draft and so couldn't be released. Doug doggedly kept on asking, and Haveson seemed nervous. "Doug, you're putting me on the spot," he said, smiling.

"Just asking for a public document," Doug said, smiling.

"You must remember I'm just the acting commissioner," Haveson said.

Finally he phoned the attorney-general's office and was told to release the report. The reporters went out, Doug and Haveson talked briefly, and then Doug emerged. So finally, thanks to the foolishness, here came Head the Candidate brandishing the report while bright lights flashed on and cameras whirred. He gave several statements and then went downstairs to a pay phone to call Frank Premack of the *Tribune*, who had declined to come.

"Good fun," he said. "Good fun."

In the car Doug was excited. "Don't ever let anybody take away the power of the press!" he said. "*Boy*, fight for that! The public's right to know—that's the only check you have to that kind of administrative hogwash."

"That must have been a fairly hard thing to do," I said.

"You've got to have the guts of a Sherman tank to be in politics," he said more quietly.

But triumphs in politics are often short-lived. At his headquarters Doug learned that some insurance evidence had been leaked to one of the TV stations, and one of the Republicans' major charges of the campaign would be coming out a week too soon. He went straight to his desk to make phone calls, and I looked over his headquarters.

It was like the bivouac of some extraordinary army of occupation. The room was the ground floor of an old, tan, marble bank; demolition had begun on the balconied second floor, and now its tellers' windows and marble writing shelves were buried under the paraphernalia of the volunteers—manuals, lawn signs, posters, pamphlets, press releases, coffee cups, cigarettes, handbags, photos, newspaper clippings. Toward the rear, in back of a flimsy partition, was a single desk where Doug could work, his voice sounding from behind the partition like Frank Morgan manipulating his elaborate machinery in *The Wizard of Oz*. Bill Sands sat in a bare, open office at the front, while behind a teller's shelf was Diane Robinson, a soft-spoken, pretty girl in her early 30's who handled Doug's scheduling. Every night, one cheerful step ahead of chaos, she typed out on flimsy paper a list of where he was to go the next day, how to get to each place, how far it was, and what people he would find when he got there. She left it at his house on her way home, and he seldom knew what he would be doing the next day until it arrived. Behind another teller's shelf was a paid secretary. There had been a predecessor, a girl who had worked for Lindsay, but she swore, and Bill Sands couldn't stand ladies' swearing. She had soon left, and an attractive, well-spoken blonde was now in her place.

At 10 that night Doug got in Sands's car and headed for Rochester, 90 miles away. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. was holding its state convention there, and he said, "I figure we can do some politicking for a couple of hours."

On the way I asked him what he would do if he lost. "Spend a year rebuilding my law practice," he said. "It's been a long time since I had a real law practice, and I'm never going to let it go again. But you can spend your whole life doing smart things, and when you get done, you haven't got anything. Occasionally you've got to do something stupid."

Then he ran off the road. We were going around one of those detour curves marked by bright red lights, and it was wet, and the car skidded. Another car was coming, but we skidded to the right and stopped inches short of a metal shoulder marker. Doug drives a lot and takes pride in his ability, and he claimed to be puzzled by this odd event, trying to figure out what could have caused it. He finally decided it was because it was an unfamiliar car with power brakes, and maybe he'd been going too fast on the curve. For once, on a local issue, I was way ahead of him.

We got to Rochester at 11:30. The convention-hotel's lobby was almost empty; it turned out there was a convention dance on the outskirts of town. Doug rode an elevator up to a hospitality suite, but there were only half a dozen people in it, and politicking seemed inappropriate. He went down to the lobby again, but it was still empty. So we went into the cocktail lounge, where there was a pianist and singer, and had a drink. Doug showed no wasteful annoyance, but in the car he suddenly said, "What kind of a candidate am I if I can't even figure out a way to shake hands at a state labor convention?" We got back to Minneapolis at 2:30.

There was a somber breakfast meeting with Doug's advisory committee at 7:30 the next morning. At the nominating convention his campaign had been largely run by a clean-cut combine of alert, soft-spoken young bankers and lawyers. The advisory committee was the professional part of the campaign, and its mainstays were Wayne Popham, a short, thin, serious-looking state legislator; Lyall Schwarzkopf, a slightly rumpled-looking legislator with an open, cheerful face; and Bill Whitbeck, a round-faced former advertising man who sported a mustache, pipe, and a benign expression. The main question was how Doug should approach Olson at the Citizens League debate. Schwarzkopf said the Citizens League members were high-minded folk who wouldn't go for any roughstuff, and Popham suggested he talk about the attorney general's responsibilities to the people. Doug wanted to be aggressive and promise to be an attorney general who would "step on toes," but nobody much liked the idea. It was a heavy session.

That evening he was to speak at three coffee parties in Ramsey County, his last activity before the debate. On the way out, Doug explained the coffee-party technique. "You give out literature," he said. "You stand up and say it's fun to be here. You talk about crime has doubled, and I don't want to use scare statistics, but if I'm elected . . . are there any questions? Most people, you know, don't listen to you very much. The whole way you answer a question is more important than what you say."

We were met at a shopping center by two spirited ladies who were to chauffeur us to the parties, and on the way to the first, one lady told about a local case in which the father was a Republican but the son was a Democrat. "We can't understand it," she said. "None of us can understand it."

The first party went very badly. There were only a handful of people on hand when we got there, and there was a lot of awkward milling around while the rest straggled in. A female photographer for a suburban paper took pictures of Doug admiring the baby of the house, which he did with a noticeable lack of ease. Finally a handsome woman got up and gave a jittery introduction. Doug started out straining for jollity and laughing too much. In the middle of his speech an electric coffeepot began to gurgle loudly. Then our driver stood up as a signal that it was time to move on to the next party, but Doug kept on talking. Eventually he came away, smiling grimly. There wasn't much conversation in the car.

The second party was better. The audience was alert, the questions were intelligent, and Doug relaxed. The third was the best of all. There were about 35 people, and they were attentive. Standing at the edge of the room, I thought: Here is the heart of the democratic process, a group of concerned citizens getting together to listen to a dedicated candidate and ask him questions—how come I'm not inspired? I can think of several reasons, not all of which may be good. I had heard the speech many times, and three times that night. The people were interested but not a lot better informed than most. There were only 35 of them, a good enough crowd but pretty small in statewide terms. But mainly it was all just talk. In my heart, I begin to suspect, lies a previously unacknowledged taste for dictatorship. In general I'm a firm democrat, and I believe that the people somehow make the right choice the vast majority of the time, but I'm also impatient with meetings, with most people's inability to get things done, with their fondness for irrelevancies and their propensity for yammering. This one was better than most you would find; it undoubtedly enlightened the people there—it was definitely a good thing. If only they all could have gotten up at the end, bought a computer and presented it to the police department, but of course nothing happens that way. I decided that politics must be hard on an impatient man, but then I can't think of anything that isn't.

As we drove back to Minneapolis, Doug talked about the first party. "That was terrible, that whole thing,"

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he said. "I spoke badly, and I answered questions badly, and I thought badly. That's very depressing." Then he sang a couple of snatches of songs, said, "Doug Who, that's my name," and talked about his mistake in not putting up billboards sooner.

The next noon Diane Robinson drove me to the Jolly Troll restaurant for the debate between Doug and his opponent, Wayne Olson; it would be one of the few big events of Doug's campaign. He arrived looking jittery and vague, and I asked whether he had worked all morning on his material. "Can I ask a favor?" he said in a strained whisper. "Before these things I'm strung up like a violin string, so I'll talk to you later, OK?" A moment later Olson arrived—just a short, blond man with a quiet, serious manner. Doug went to the head table, and I sat down with several hundred calm spectators to eat until the battle.

There are no villains in this story—or, rather, there is only one, who will be identified later. Nonetheless it may be helpful if Wayne Olson is considered the enemy. In school football it was always considered that the other team played dirty. Olson did not play dirty and, unfortunately, he did not even resemble the somewhat vapid, handsome figure I'd somehow been led to expect. But, if it will help solidify him as an enemy, it may be pointed out that he was not campaigning very hard, was declining to debate Doug very often, and had refused to allow this debate to be taped on the odd grounds that it would inhibit free discussion before several hundred strangers. If he still appears to be only a serious man trying to do a job, try imagining that you have heard the name "Olson" dozens of times as the title of a man trying to undo whatever Doug Head accomplished, a man constantly critical of Doug and his friends and his cause, a man who, while not working as hard, wanted to get the job Doug wanted. For me at least, "Olson"—not so much the man who showed up to debate but "Olson"—in this way became firmly established as the enemy of this campaign; if not a villain, at least a bad-guy-in-training. My sympathies don't automatically flow toward Republicans and, politically, I was objective. Still, it was impossible for me to watch the work of so many good people for so long and wish their opponent well.

But if I rooted for Doug Head in the debate, I judged it fairly, and I thought it was a near rout. Doug was aggressive, confident, relaxed, humorous, quick and specific. Olson was bland, defensive, sometimes uncertain, un-humorous and given to generalities. Doug early promised to be an attorney general who would "step on toes," which got the only mid-debate applause. He also got most of the laughs, and the audience seemed with him. I felt sorry for Olson for so obviously losing, but when it was all over, somebody told Doug he should buy Olson a beer, because Olson had won.

I would have sworn then, and would still swear, that anybody who thought Olson won that particular debate either hadn't paid attention or had engaged in wishful listening, and it was about here that I concluded that score-keeping in politics was not a thing rational men should attempt.

Doug spent an hour that afternoon going over finances with Pete Heegard. Afterward he talked about the debate. "Olson is saying Head is a bull in a china shop," he said, "and this is the contrast I want to draw. You can't imagine Olson stepping on anybody's toes. I went ahead and used that line because I think it draws the distinction. But Frank Wright [of the *Tribune*] spent a lot of time talking to Olson," he added. "I'm worried about that."

But I was suddenly sick of politics, of how to get money out of this one and worries about a reporter talking with somebody. There was nothing I could put my finger on that was wrong with it, but there was a vague suspicion of uselessness, and the air of constant maneuvering was clammy. I felt in need of a change. That night Doug and I left to spend two crazy days campaigning in the country.

It is easy, in these mass-minded days, to think of the United States as a collection of large areas, a kind of United Regions made up of East, South, Midwest, West and West Coast, but the fact is that each of the states is still a distinct entity, with its own traditions and its own ways.

Minnesota measures 400 miles from north to south and between 200 and 350 miles east to west and, like every state, it is a state like no other. The northeast is hard, bleak, iron-mining country called the Iron Range. The central state, around Minneapolis and St. Paul, is rich farmland, laced with lakes. The southwest is tan and open,

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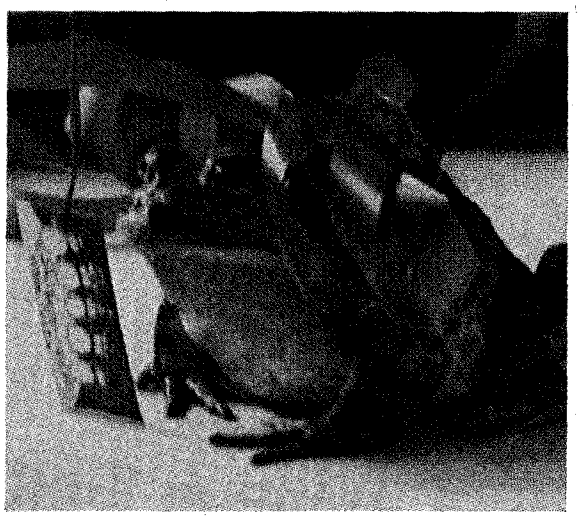

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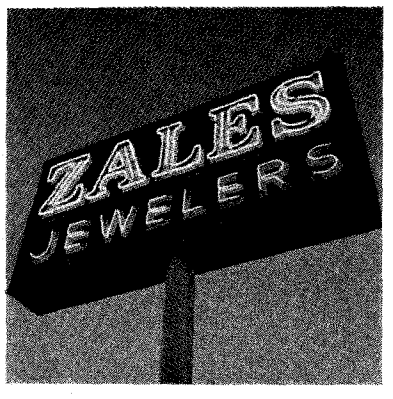

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plains country which has spilled over from neighboring South Dakota. Except for the Iron Range the state is heavily Scandinavian, agriculture-oriented and well-to-do. There are few slums, and the cities are just small enough to miss the standard urban problems. Minnesotans, diligent people on abundant land, have worked and generally prospered, without crowding, without ghettos, without transportation snarls, without polluted air, without ostentation, without nonsense, and with a very clear conscience.

Relatively few people seem to leave this pleasant state, and Minnesotans have developed some distinguishing characteristics. There is a definite although not universal accent. It is soft, with the edges of the words turned in and an apparent excess of vowels, so that "We haven't seen Olson since the primary" comes out "Wee haven't seeen Oalson seince thee priymayry," delivered in an even key with a singsong lilt. Particularly around Minneapolis, the Scandinavian girls are strikingly good-looking, and there are half a dozen standard male faces and voices, which can be disconcerting; I often thought I saw or heard a friend, and it turned out to be only a modification of a certain Minnesota model.

Minnesotans have a strong tradition of political involvement. There is no registration by party, but according to polls about 20 percent say they are independent, 35 percent consider themselves Republicans, and 45 percent consider themselves in the coalition Democratic-Farm-Labor party put together by Hubert Humphrey 23 years ago. Many of the country people are upright and conservative, with gold rims on their teeth, but they vote for the D.F.L. and Hubert Humphrey. Less than one percent of the population is non-Caucasian, and there is no real race problem, but Minnesotans are not politically broad-minded. A Gonzales or a Perini would have an uphill battle in Minnesota politics, and a Rose by any other name would probably stand a better chance.

Five hours after the debate Doug and I and a volunteer named Phyllis headed out through dusk and pleasant farmland into the central state west of Minneapolis. Doug had his car back, a 1959 Oldsmobile with 95,000 miles on it, and the inside was a hopeless clutter of pamphlets, releases, cartons, Manila envelopes, tissues, a necktie, pens, coins, maps, rubber bands, trading stamps, newspapers, candy wrappers—a regular mobile home. Its speedometer was broken and generally read 105, and so we sped on at an undetermined rate but late as usual.

That night we went to a "meet-the-candidates" rally in Grove City, and on the way Doug learned from Phyllis that he was to be one of the speakers. "So here we are in Grove City," he said, as we walked up a shady street toward the school. "What am I going to talk about in Grove City?"

Doug did not have a set speech but 10 or so interchangeable sections, including, in order of frequency, the insurance-company failures, insurance law-reforms, the need for compulsory training for policemen, the need to modernize police methods, better commitment laws for the mentally ill and the atrophy of local government. We walked into the auditorium and discovered that there were 700 people and 16 speakers there, and Doug was scheduled near the end. At the back was a huge red banner reading, YOUR VOTE IS YOUR VOICE in spangled letters, and in front, on a stage, a costumed high-school band with instructions to start playing if a speaker exceeded a 10-minute quota. After nine and a half minutes the ref would blow his whistle, the band members would pick up their instruments, and the speaker stood warned that it was time to put down his convictions and make way for the next act. For a public-spirited rally it was an oddly cynical arrangement. Doug's speech was strained.

Afterward coffee and elaborate cakes were served, and it was midnight and the place was almost empty before Doug finally left.

"I went around and shook hands, and a lot of people didn't know who I was," he said in the car. "I'd say, 'I'm Doug Head, I'm running for attorney general,' and they'd say, 'Did *you* speak tonight?'"

So we sped through Sauk Centre, home of Babbitt and *Main Street*, to the Germain Hotel in St. Cloud, which had a sign announcing that the Zontians were meeting. "Ten years ago," Doug said, "if you'd told me that I'd be walking down the streets of St. Cloud at one in the morning, I'd have said you were crazy."

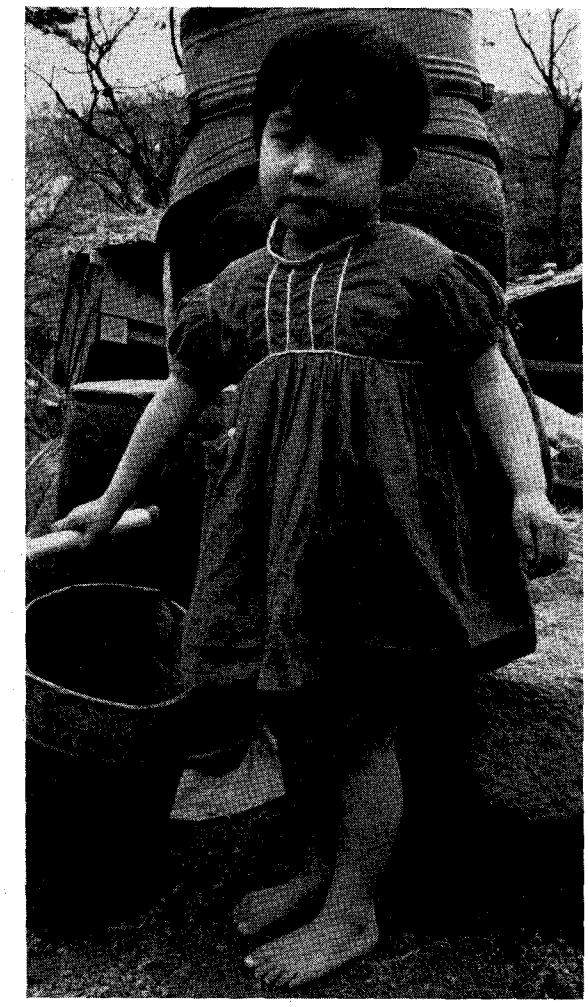
We were up at 6:30, went to Mass, had breakfast, and went to a newspaper office, and then Doug went to phone his headquarters and disappeared for 45 minutes. When he came back, he said, "Frank Wright murdered us in the *Tribune* on the Citizens League debate."

We got into the car to go out to a radio station, and Doug said, in a quiet, bitter voice, "The headline was HEAD AND OLSON AGREE. It came out, 'Olson proposed this, Olson proposed that, Head agreed and also felt. . . .' The story made it sound as though Head was on the defensive. The things he said Olson proposed he didn't propose, or if he proposed them it was after the debate." He rode silently for a moment, chewing his nails and brooding. "The Citizens League people were all amazed. One lady called our headquarters, mad as hell, and said she'd never seen such an unfair report. Everybody in our office is very upset."

Sitting in the back seat, I tried to piece this together. I doubted—rightly, it seemed to me when I finally read it—that the story was as bad as Doug was making out. Nonetheless the general impression it created was the one Doug described: It failed to show him as the aggressor, and it clouded the issues between them.

It seems to me a miracle that any politicians are on remotely cordial terms with any members of the press. Most reporters are accurate literally, but the politician wants general accuracy, and he seldom gets it. I did not read one story about Doug Head during the campaign that seemed to me to show accurately what he had said, or how he said it, or what in general took place. Yet the four Minneapolis-St. Paul papers are a good bit above average. Doug treated their reporters both informally and respectfully, and I doubt that any candidate was on better terms with them. Then why didn't they do better? Because general accuracy demands not a hurried reporter but a

"Can I be your little girl, now?"



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To help children like Nan Mi, Overseas Children (formerly Christian Herald Industrial Missions in China) opened an orphanage in China, many years ago. And after the Communists forced us out, we moved on to Hong Kong, Formosa, then Korea.

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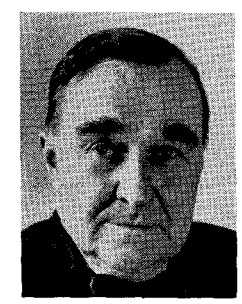

Please—sit down right now, fill out the sponsor application, write your check for $12 and send it airmail. The need is urgent. A child is waiting for your love. Will you help? Today?

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Yes, I want to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in
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Please send my child's name, story, address and picture to me. I will pay $12 a month.
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Tolstoy with no deadline, and even then there will be many distortions. So Doug Head sat in the front seat, chewing his nails and feeling wrongly used, and all one can say is that he had x-amount of justification.

He was interviewed at the radio station, and then he got on the phone to Frank Wright and quietly lodged his complaint for half an hour. Then he went back to town and was photographed with an 83-year-old man. "Eighty-three!" Doug said to him. "You look fifty-eight! How do you manage to look so young and healthy?"

That afternoon Doug and I went out to two nearby colleges, where he met a dozen students and teachers all told, then came back to a street carnival in town to make a speech, which got drowned out after a couple of minutes by the appearance of a string of high-school bands riding on floats.

"Funny how one story can ruin your day," Doug said later, going into the headquarters of John Zwach, a Republican candidate for Congress. "It's like having a touchdown called back when you're two touchdowns behind. You shake it off, but you think that the sands of time are running out on you."

That night we returned to Minneapolis, and the next day we went to Republican headquarters for LeVander's press conference on insurance.

The insurance issue was a troubling one. Doug was convinced there was a scandal, and the Republicans had evidence suggesting there might be one, but they didn't have proof, and there wasn't likely to be any for some time: The insurance commissioner indicted in 1965 still had not been tried, because a fair trial was judged impossible during the heat of a campaign.

The Republicans' basic charges were that, despite clear warnings, the administration had done nothing to prevent the American Allied and North Central Fire & Casualty insurance companies from siphoning off their assets for non-insurance purposes, and at the same time had accepted a $2,000 political contribution from one of the companies involved. At the press conference LeVander produced a letter, forwarded by the insurance commissioner to the governor and attorney general seven months before the governor claimed to have heard of American Allied's troubles in which a director protested the dissipation of the firm's assets. He also revealed that the Rolvaag-Mondale campaign fund had accepted the $2,000 check from an American Allied subsidiary—corporate contributions were against the law. News of the check had broken on TV last night, and the D.F.L. senatorial candidate, incumbent Walter Mondale, had already issued a statement saying that it had been returned as soon as he and Rolvaag learned it was not a private donation, which was eight months later. LeVander expressed amazement that nobody had investigated right away whether it was a corporate check or not. Afterward, Doug and the rest chewed the issue over for another hour.

Like most good citizens I didn't care much for this kind of thing. I like my wrongdoing plain, not merely possible, and I want a quick trial and a clear verdict on it. I agreed with Doug that the issue was wholly legitimate in the campaign, but I didn't enjoy it, and I wished it could be settled. Riding back to my hotel after the press conference, I asked whether Doug thought the issue would come across to the voters. "If this isn't pure gold, I don't know what is," he said with some exasperation. "We've got them, that's all. Mondale's never going to be the same again. The last rule of politics is, you never answer a charge. You don't do it until you know it's really hurting. They're going to be explaining this until the end of the campaign." Then he said something else and I, saturated, momentarily tuned out, then asked a stupid question about what he'd said. He impatiently said that perhaps I ought to study up if I didn't understand the issue, and I angrily told him that of course I understood it. I had had enough of disasters that didn't seem disastrous and plain issues that didn't seem plain, and my tolerance for this specialized arena was worn thin. At the end of this short rhubarb, Doug, intending to be genial, drew up to my hotel and said, "Nice to see you."

"Nice to *see* you?" I repeated. "For —— sake!" We had been "seeing" each other almost continuously for five days, and the remark seemed ludicrously hypocritical and insulting, and I got out, boiling. I kept on fuming into my hotel room.

There is an established role for the journalist who follows a friend in politics, and it calls for disillusion followed by cynicism: *viz.*, Joseph Cotton in *Citizen Kane*, John Ireland in *All the King's Men* and Arthur Kennedy in any number of movies. Many of those were based on real cases, so there is obviously some truth in the traditional role, but it's not one I relished playing. In fact, I resented the idea a lot. So I stormed around for 15 minutes, damning Doug Head and myself and Arthur Kennedy and the whole bloody pottage, until I remembered that, under no pressure at all, I had pulled the same sort of hypocritical cliché on a friend a few weeks before. Then I called Diane Robinson and arranged to have what I hoped would be a number of drinks in the hotel bar and watch the press conference on the six o'clock news.

On the news there was a Doug Head commercial, then football scores, then accounts of three traffic accidents, and then the announcer said that "The Republicans opened a major offensive to upset the D.F.L. applecart today," and excerpts of the press conference were shown. When I went to the hotel desk, stacks of evening papers headlined the Republican charges. "That's such small-time stuff," the lady at the desk said. "It's all so narrow. That Pillsbury now, he was dignified, but all *this* stuff—aagh. It's classless. They ought to say what they're going to do, and let the other people say what they're going to do, and have a debate, and that's it."

Sunday morning there was a touch-football game between Doug's staff and a team of journalists. I played for the journalists, who won 12 to 6. Afterward there was a party at Doug's public-relations man's house, and Doug sat in the middle of a couch, chortling over the prospect that Mondale, if he was pushed hard enough on the $2,000 check, might eventually blow his stack. Then he drove over to a Teamster picnic in St. Paul and met Mondale in the parking lot. "Hi, Fritz, how are you?" he said, and they joked briefly and wished each other luck. "He and I studied together at law school and were good friends," Doug said. It was news to me.

"I don't know whether I'm going to get lynched at this thing," Doug said, going into the picnic, and was promptly confronted by a saddened union leader who said that LeVander had ruffled the Teamsters a week before by refusing to say he'd veto a right-to-work bill. "Our people are 'Yes' or 'No,'" he said. "When a Republican comes into one of these things, let's face it, he's walking into a bear trap." Then a short, young man with the aggressiveness of a badger came up and said, "I want to know what you think of this workmen's-compensation bill."

"I haven't read it," Doug said.

The badger looked at him unbelievingly. "Holy buckets!" he said. "You mean to tell me you come down here to get Teamster votes and haven't read the workmen's-compensation bill?"

Doug, not rattled, said there were 2,000 bills a year, and he was just a citizen now and couldn't read them all. The badger was dumbfounded. "How long would that take?" he said. "Holy buckets! That bill would put it back to 'Thirty-two—*nothin'!*" Finally Doug suggested he be invited to speak some time, and the badger vowed he would debate Doug himself.

"I'll read that bill and be ready for you," Doug said, grinning.

"You better, because I'll tear you apart," the badger said. "You better *memorize* that damn thing."

Next we sat down amongst a family in which the son-in-law was a Republican and his little, white-haired mother-in-law was a Democrat. "The D.F.L. is going to get licked on this insurance thing," the man said.

"Aw bull—," said the little white-haired lady.

We shook a few more hands and left. I thought the picnic had been a catastrophe, but Doug was unusually cheerful. "I like their approach to politics," he said. "They don't give a damn whether somebody is getting $2,000 here or there, if he's for them, and he can produce. It's simple and it's honest." Then we went to the Golden Wedding anniversary party of a spirited old woman who said, "I know the people will be safe with you in there." "She really means it too," Doug said on the way home. "She wasn't just talking."

And now a new week of campaigning began, and I prepared to leave. At 6:45 the next morning Doug was at a plant gate, snapping at Diane and Bill to pass out pamphlets as the workers hurried by, getting half a handshake. "You're a bright guy and a good speaker, but you're not going to make it," one man called. To another Doug said, "What d'you think of the World Series?", which the Orioles had just swept in four games. "I'm for the Dodgers," the man said uncertainly, hurrying on. It was funny, and there was some muffled laughter, but Doug shushed it hastily out of concern for the man's feelings. "He probably misunderstood the question," he whispered.

So, in the cold, gray dawn, behold the candidate: He snaps at two helpers, who have uncomplainingly gotten up at 5:30, for insufficient zeal in distributing pamphlets; he can entertain with relish the prospect of a former friend being goaded into making an ass of himself in public; yet he is embarrassed and solicitous for the feelings of a stranger who says something foolish in passing. It occurred to me that, for all his impatience, I hadn't heard Doug say an unkind thing about anybody during the whole campaign. And yet there were no inconsistencies here: It was all a question of the rules of the game.

Then, driving back, Doug reported an astonishing conclusion. "I felt better about that Teamster picnic than any personal campaigning I've done all week," he said. "I thought I established personal rapport with them, and I may get to speak." If I had had more energy, I would have been amazed. It had seemed his worst showing of the week, and if he had established rapport, it seemed the sort that the Dodgers had established with the Orioles.

Back in Minneapolis, Doug read a St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* editorial. It was called "Republicans Are Reaching," and it said that neither the $2,000 check nor the letter deserved to be a major issue. "This editorial is disaster," he said, groaning. "It kills the issue. This sets the tone for a lot of the out-of-town papers." And we hurried to headquarters, where he put in a long call to the *Tribune*, and I stood around.

My time was running out, and I felt like a man coming out of the ocean. It's all still there, pulling and crashing, but in a few steps he has severed his connection with it. He is no longer involved, and so it has begun to lose its apparent importance. That night the *Tribune* would call the Republicans' charges legitimate, but it would not seem as important as packing.

I picked up a copy of the Chaska *Valley Herald*. On the front page was a picture of Doug, smiling, standing beside a king-size pickle. The caption identified him as the Republican candidate for lieutenant governor.

Back home in New York I began getting the four Twin City newspapers daily. Following a distant campaign is an odd experience, especially when, after a weekend plus two days of neglect aggravated by postal irregularity, 20 newspapers pile up on your desk, responses, charges and speeches all jumbled up together. Their relevance seems unclear—bulletins from the rabbit hole in *Alice In Wonderland*, confused and hard to interpret.

Once, in the Navy, I spent three and a half grueling weeks on the stormy North Atlantic in the confines of a destroyer where morale was bad, then put into Menton, France, where my wife was waiting. I met her, drove high into the clear mountain air, climbed out on a rock ledge, and found myself looking down at my ship, now far below and no bigger than a twig in a stream. Inside the ship was the same inept and temperamental superior officer, the same bulkheads we had been bouncing off and retching on, the same unhappy sailors, but where I was now they had no importance. To be sure, they would get their importance back soon enough, but it was a reminder that everything has both an inside and an outside, and it is bad, I think, to lose sight of either one.

So the newspapers rolled in, and I read them, and LeVander and Head made more charges, and Head got editorial endorsements, and Rolvaag accused LeVander of planning a state sales tax, and on Sunday, November 6, two days before (*continued on page 52*)

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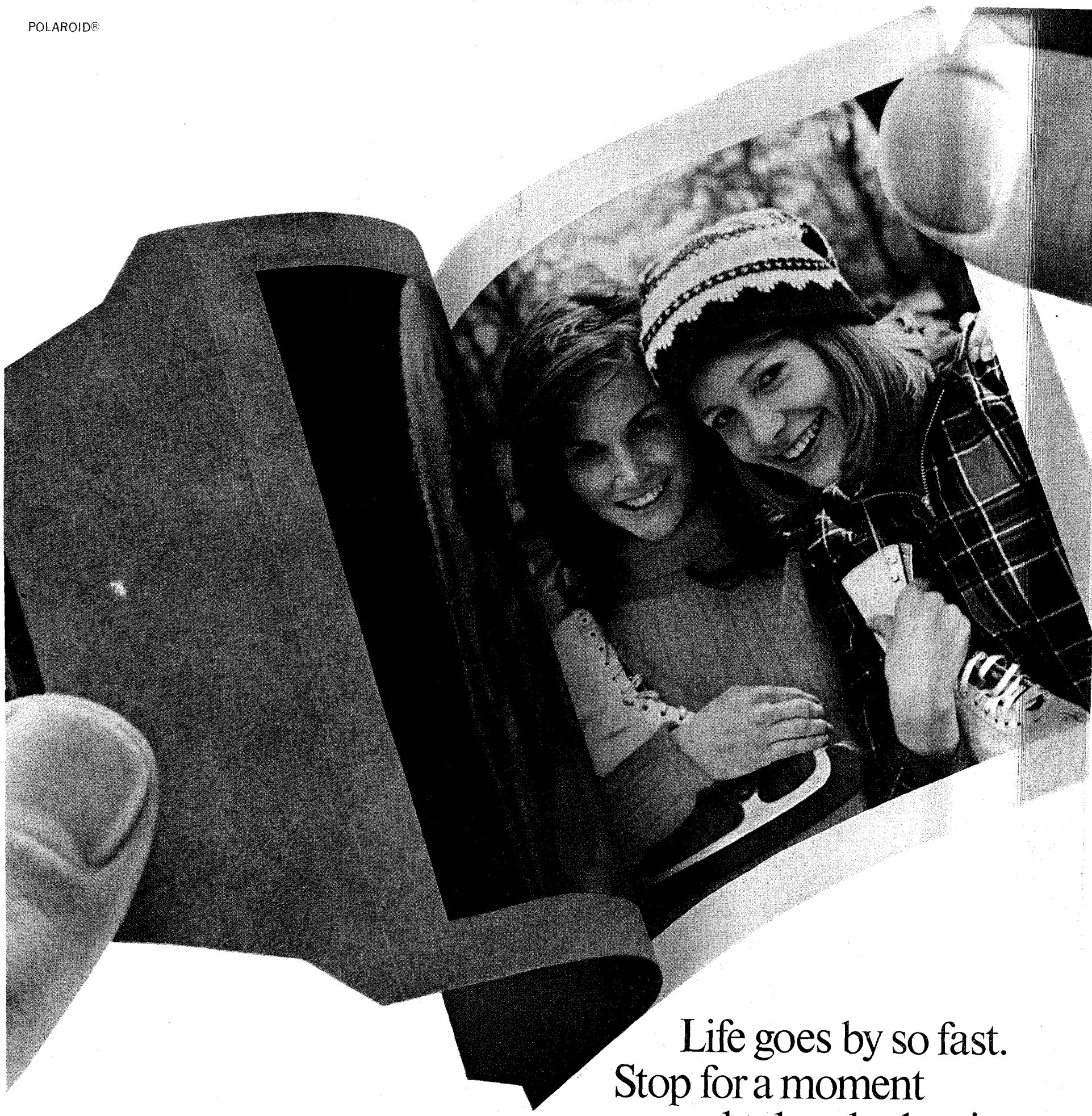
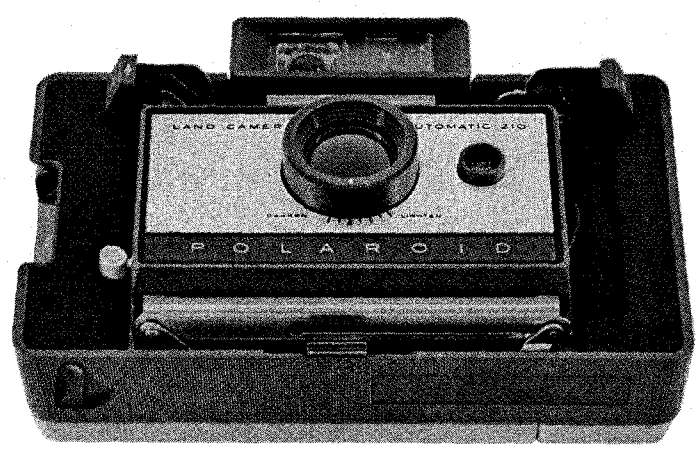
POLAROID®



Life goes by so fast.
Stop for a moment
and take a look at it.



(From under $50.)

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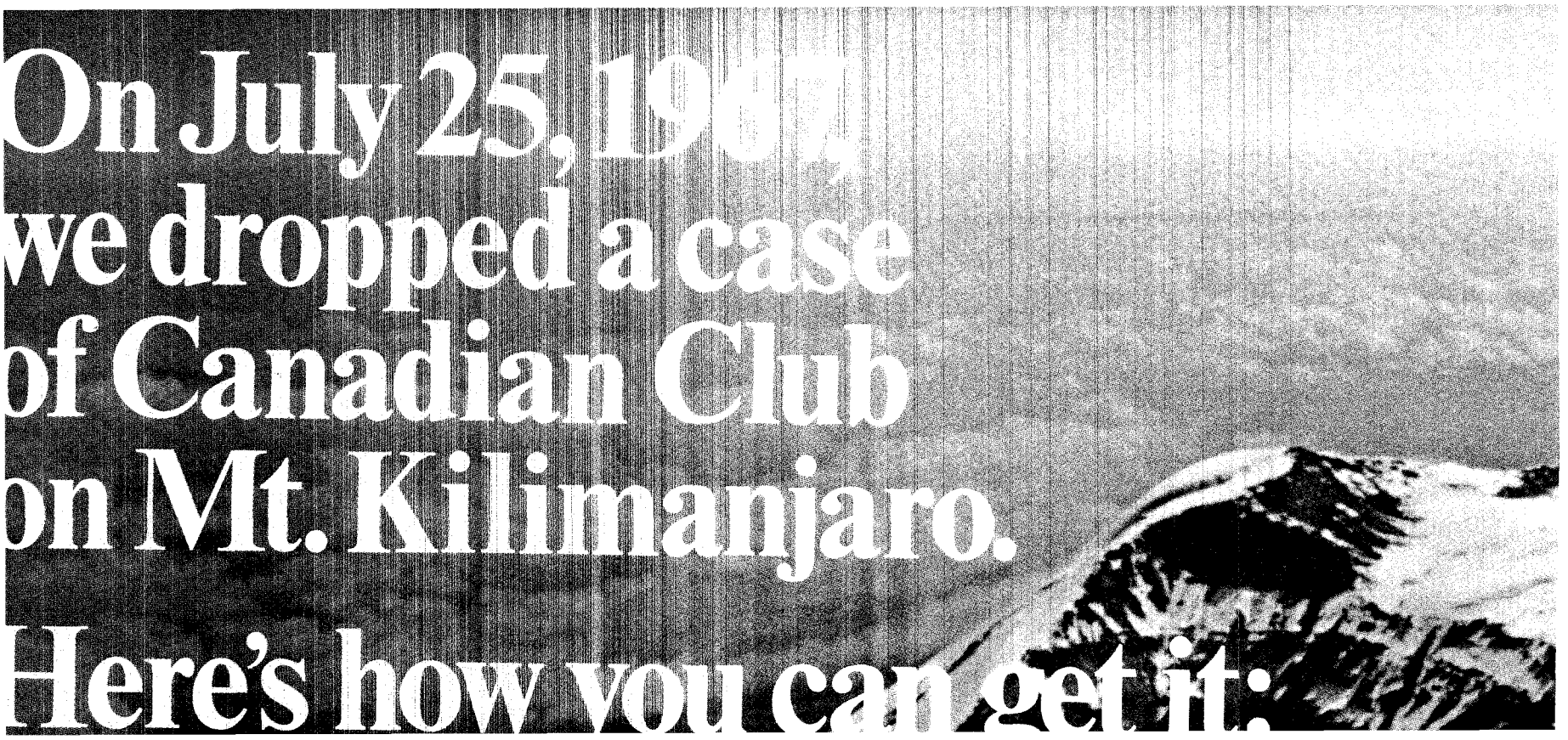

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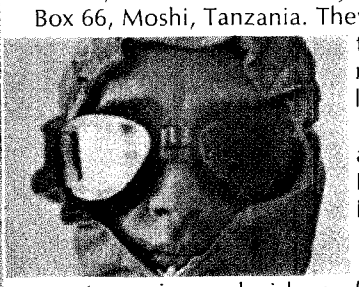
19,340 feet over East Equatorial Africa. Above tussock grass and banana farms. Above the Shira Plateau and Northern Moorlands. The glaciers and icefields of Kilimanjaro are hiding a case of Canadian Club.

It could be yours. But you'll need a lot more than boots, ropes, and ice axes. You'll need a sound heart, strong lungs, powerful legs, and luck—plenty of luck.

If you think you're up to the challenge, here's how to get started.

First, write to the Kilimanjaro Mountain Club, P.O. Box 66, Moshi, Tanzania. They'll send you the definitive guidebook to Kilimanjaro. Read it carefully. It could save your life.



Next, write to Odhiambo Okello, Kenya Embassy. And Michael Kamba, Tanzania Embassy. Both are in Washington, D.C. They'll grant you visas and wish you *bhati njema* (good luck).

When you land in Nairobi Airport, call 2033 and ask for your driver Khamisi. He'll be expecting you. And in twenty minutes flat, you'll be heading 240 miles southeast toward Kilimanjaro.

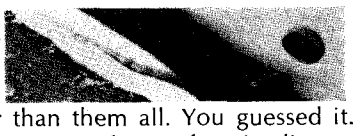
Riding on the Namanga Road, you'll pass straight through the Masai-Amboseli Game Reserve. And chances are, you'll see Masai warriors sipping *damu* (blood) from the neck of a live ox.

When you reach the Tanzanian village of Himo, Khamisi will turn left and start up the jungle slopes of a sleeping volcano—Kilimanjaro.

At 4,500 feet, you'll arrive at the Marangu Hotel. Khamisi will introduce you to your Wachagga guide Eliapenda. For 430 East African shillings (about $62), he'll provide you with equipment and four porters.

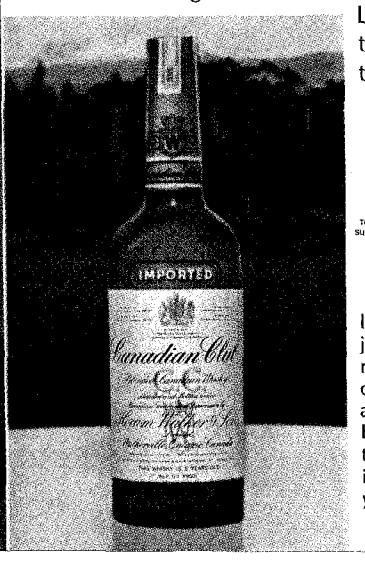
The first leg of your climb leads through the Giant Heath Forest to Mandara Hut (9,000 feet). You'll spend the night in a wooden bunk. Next morning, stare straight up at your real work—over 10,000 feet of sliding rock, hidden crevasses, and ice avalanches.

Maybe you'll never conquer Kilimanjaro. And our case will squat there, until it's discovered by a Hillary.



So you'll be glad to know there's another way to reach the whisky that's bold enough to be lighter than them all. You guessed it. Just reach over the counter of your favorite liquor store or tavern. And ask for Canadian Club.

Pour it straight and noble. Or smack on the rocks. Luckily, you don't have to go to the top to get to the bottom of it. ©1967



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

If you ever conquer Kilimanjaro, show William Rizikiriwa proof that you got our case. He's your bartender at Kilimanjaro's Marangu Hotel. And he's waiting to serve everyone drinks, in your honor. *Kwa afya yako* (to your health).

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ELECTION, U.S.A.

continued from page 48

the election, I went back to Minnesota.

I was met at the airport by the pretty blond secretary and sped into Minneapolis in a racy green sports car, and me a married man. Somewhere all around us, waiting for luggage, selling cigars in drugstores, were those voters who would decide the election in two days, but they were all incognito, and the empty Sunday streets seemed a rebuke to working worries. I ordered a hamburger and coffee at the hotel, opened up the Sunday paper, and read that a new *Tribune* poll had Rolvaag in front of LeVander, 50 percent to 46 percent.

From that point on, nothing seemed recognizable. There is a theory that the ads and actions of a campaign's last days are critical; the D.F.L. apparently subscribed to it, and so out of the West had come galloping the sales-tax issue. It had first been seen a week before as small ads in the corners of the papers. Now the ads had reached full-page size, and in large type they called out warnings about "the G.O.P. sales tax." Two thirds of the voters, according to surveys, opposed a sales tax, and LeVander was repeatedly saying that he opposed one, too, but he refused to say he would veto a sales-tax bill if the legislature passed one. "It's a very honest answer, and it's just costing us vote after vote," Doug said with resignation. "The D.F.L. was going crazy over the insurance issue until they hit on this." So the D.F.L. ads and TV specials raged on, and Hubert Humphrey stumped the state, and Doug Head was left standing in the shadows, trying to face the music, while 3,300 women telephoners urged Minnesotans to vote for him.

"Two years is a long time," he said that afternoon, as we watched the Vikings upset the Green Bay Packers on TV at his headquarters.

"One of the sad things about a campaign is that you change so few votes," he said afterward, as we crossed the empty street to his car. "About twenty guys like Jim Davis have worked every night and every weekend since July, all for 75,000 votes which will probably go elsewhere anyway. There's at least a fifty percent chance that if we'd done nothing, spent nothing, we'd have got just the same number of votes."

Then we drove to a final South St. Paul rally, where LeVander expressed confidence, and a woman wore an elephant suit, and a singing group belted out a tribute to the tune of *Yankee Doodle Dandy* which ended, *Ha-a-ruld Luh-Van-der!*" Afterward Doug and a couple of others stood around picking over the bones of the bad news. Nobody understood the poll, but everybody was depressed by it.

Monday morning we drove out to Mankato for a press conference, and I realized that some sort of monologue was raging in Doug's head when he suddenly said, apropos of nothing, "Hell, I had a public-relations guy last August. Actually we started in January. LeVander didn't get going until August. And even after all that we're nearly totally unknown." He drove on, past fields of dead cornstalks and plowed fields whose dark, almost black soil rose like sea swells all around.

"The first time I came down here campaigning," he said, pointing to a billboard with a Rolvaag sign on it, "that billboard had [Representative] Ancher Nelson on it. From the last election two years ago."

The Mankato reporters seemed tired, and the small press conference was aimless. Afterward we drove back to the Minneapolis airport to fly 200 miles to Sioux Falls, S. Dak., for the afternoon. "I don't think I'll look at that damn television till nine-thirty," Doug said. Then he asked me to drive and said, "Aw hell, don't worry," and took a nap.

On the plane he read in the afternoon papers that LeVander had called a press conference and promised to veto any sales-tax bill that didn't provide for a referendum by the voters.

"If he'd said that earlier," Doug said, "we'd have won this thing."

At the Sioux Falls airport Doug offered to share our cab; the other passenger took us out of our way, and Doug missed a scheduled TV taping by five minutes. He went to another TV station, where the interviewer asked him for comments on pornography, for a future program, plus the interview and a victory and a concession statement.

Getting ready, Doug noted that his hair was mussed. "Just like Bobby Kennedy," the interviewer said.

"Yeah, well," Doug said, getting out a comb, "he's got a little different, as the saying goes, image. And a little more, as the saying goes, money." He made the sales-tax and pornography tapes and then a statement beginning, "Well, I am very pleased at the outcome of the election."

"You don't want to do this other, do you?" the interviewer said.

"No, but give me a minute," Doug said, and walked off to one side.

"Well, naturally we are disappointed at the outcome of the election . . ." he began, a moment later. Then we went back to the first TV station.

As we were standing in the lobby, I looked up at a TV set high in one corner, which was showing *To Tell the Truth*, the show on which three people all claim to be the same person. One of the fake contestants was an old schoolmate of mine whom I hadn't seen in 23 years. It seemed a curious conjunction, no matter how you looked at it: Standing in a remote town you have never been in before, you encounter a man you have not seen in 23 years, and he is 1,500 miles away, pretending to be somebody else. And I wasn't even startled. "In a world in which the bizarre is commonplace," I thought, "no wonder nobody's interested in attorney generals."

Doug went in for his taping, then watched the result on a monitor. "Couldn't have done better myself," he said. "I talked to more people on this one shot than I have in two years of personal campaigning. Those two television stations together go into thirty thousand or forty thousand homes all over this state."

At the airport we discovered that the plane to Minneapolis was delayed almost two hours, so we went back to town for dinner. Back at the airport the plane could get only three engines going. So we climbed out and had more coffee and finally got off an hour later.

The stewardess turned out the lights, and Doug tilted his chair back. "How to lose with dignity—that's one of the hardest questions," he said after a moment. "We've run a good campaign, and if we lose, I want to lose with dignity."

I thought, there should be a bell, or a whistle, or a cannon shot, any one of the things that traditionally mark the end of dramas, games and races—there had been too much effort for it all to end without ceremony. But the nearest there was was the candidate, in a preposterously late plane, talking about losing with dignity.

At headquarters there was a new, hand-made sign: JOIN THE Y.R.L. LEARN ABOUT POLITICS—MAKE YOUR OPINIONS KNOWN—MEET NEW FRIENDS—HAVE FUN—HENNEP'N-ANOKA YOUNG REPUBLICANS. There was nobody there.

Doug wandered around and then the volunteer named Phyllis came in, and then Diane Robinson called, full of worry about a last-minute D.F.L. television show, and Doug reassured her for

"I wear dentures and I smoke a pack of cigarettes a day"
says Charles Fitzgerald, Airline Sales Manager
"So getting tobacco stain off my dentures is important. I've tried them all and nothing comes close to Polident® Powder."
People believe in Polident. Nothing gives you cleaner looking dentures, or fresher tasting breath. Any wonder more dentists surveyed recommend Polident than any other denture cleanser? And Polident costs a lot less to use.
And now get this denture bath free with economy size Polident.
It's a $1.98 value for 98¢...because this new denture bath is worth a dollar. The modern colorful design goes with any decor...and it fits neatly in any medicine cabinet. Buy economy size Polident and get this handsome denture bath free.
Offer limited...hurry.
FREE $1.00 VALUE Denture Bath
POLIDENT
effervescent powder

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20 minutes. Afterward he wrote down a quotation from Phyllis: "Lord give me the strength to change what I can change, the patience to accept what I cannot change, and the wisdom to know the difference," then talked for half an hour about how he should have put up billboards sooner and gone after Olson harder.

Driving me to my hotel, Doug asked what my prediction was. I said I thought he'd win. My reasoning was simply that, especially since his opponent had not run a strong campaign, so much work by so many Head people had to pay off. Doug said he thought he would lose by about 50,000 votes.

I was awakened by the phone at eight o'clock. "We've had some trouble," Doug's voice said tightly. "They've jammed our machines up in the thirteenth ward." There had been a voting-machine breakdown in a heavily Republican ward, and several hundred people had been unable to vote. He was going to a meeting about it, and then vote himself.

Afterward, in the car on the way to an informal lunch at a state senator's farm, Bill Whitbeck, one of Doug's advisers, read aloud the *Star*'s account of the breakdown. Halfway through, he suddenly stopped. "I haven't been able to read without my glasses for two years," he said. "Now isn't that amazing?"

During most of the drive Doug carried on a monologue, jumpy, far-ranging and continuous. He was like an engine that is suddenly thrown into neutral but keeps on racing wildly, as though looking for some way to get back in gear. After lunch Doug said he was too keyed up and asked me to drive to Republican headquarters, so he could thank whoever was there. Hardly anybody was there, but finally half a dozen people sat down and talked about the campaign and wrote down their predictions. Nobody picked any major Republicans to win, and most picked Doug to lose by 50,000. I picked him to win by 30,000, then changed it to 20,000, and then it was 5:30. Doug planned to spend the early evening alone, and, driving downtown, he said he thought he'd have supper and go to a movie. I got out of the car at my hotel, where the television crews were assembling their equipment in the Hall of Flags.

So, after two years, some 300 speeches, 50,000 miles of driving, 126 press releases, eight position papers, all on $60,000 (most of which had gone for TV ads), Head the Candidate went by himself to a movie. Afterward he went to his empty house, his parents being at his victory/defeat suite, and turned on the television set. It said he had 43 percent of the vote. A few minutes earlier it had said that Harold LeVander was the projected winner in the governorship election, but of course Doug didn't know that. He started up the stairs to write a concession speech, and halfway up the TV set said that LeVander was now the projected winner with 54 percent of the vote. So, halfway up the stairs, he turned around and came down again. Twenty minutes later he arrived at his suite.

"Looks like a long night," he said.

"Did you go to the flicks?" I asked.

"Absolutely."

"What'd you see?"

"Ann-Margret in *The Swinger!*" he said, beaming. Then he wound through the party—"Thanks, Phyllis, for all those hours"—"It couldn't have been done without you."—"You stuck through this a lot longer than I asked you to."—"Jimmy, thank you, boy."

At 10:50 the vote was Olson 134,000, Head 126,000, which meant he had a little better than 48 percent.

At 11:30 the returns showed Head 193,000, Olson 186,000. A yell went up, and suddenly Doug was standing in the bedroom, making a speech.

"I want to go downstairs," he said, "and because the elevators are tied up I may not be back for a while . . . I've always said that the striving was the great thing. . . . This campaign has been the most moving thing that ever happened to me. I just hope I can be half the attorney general you deserve." There

Will the portable radio you plan to buy play your favorite records?

If your answer to our question was "no," maybe you should change your plans.

Maybe you should plan to buy the Panasonic Swing-Way instead.

At first glance the Swing-Way is a beautifully designed black and silver FM/AM portable radio.

It fools you.

Because this Swing-Way is like something out of a James Bond movie.

You push a little button and out drops a 2-speed portable phonograph.

It has a special device called Panasonic Auto-Set.™ So when you set your record on the turntable it will automatically change to the correct record speed (45, 33⅓ r.p.m.) you're playing.

We made it Solid State—and that tells you it will last.

It has a 4" Dynamic speaker along with built-in FM/AM antennas and continuous tone control and that tells you it will sound great outdoors where a lot of other portables can't compete with birds and bees and surf sounds.

You'll have to admit that the Swing-Way is really quite an unusual set and you haven't even heard the most unusual part yet—that's the price. It's $79.95* (suggested list price). And that includes 6 Hi-Top Panasonic "D" batteries and an earphone jack.

The Swing-Way, Model SG-610, is worth checking into. And you can do that by going to any dealer who is authorized to carry the Panasonic line.

Ask if you can see the new Panasonic Swing-Way—or as we like to call it—The first portable radio that is capable of playing requests.

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200 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017
*CANADIAN PRICE HIGHER.

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was a big cheer, and then he pushed slowly out to the service elevator. "And the smile on the face of the tiger!" he recited, grinning, in the sudden calm. "Oh boy, we're gonna control the Senate, we're gonna control the House!" he said, hugging an assigned escort. "What scares me is that we're gonna be running the state!"

Then he was in the tumult of the Hall of Flags, working his way toward the stage. The master of ceremonies called out, "Let's have a great round of applause for the next attorney general, Doug Head!" There was a whoop, and Doug climbed up on the stage.

"We have taken a very narrow lead," he said. "Whether we agree with the idea of using computers for law enforcement, we still like the actual vote for elections, and we just hope we stay ahead." There was a great cheer. On a blown-up TV picture on a screen, Doug was duplicated, larger than life. Then he made his way to the back of the room, where he ran into a lady with MARY LOU O'LEARY on her name tag. "How's it going?" he asked.

"Oh, I lost," she said.

"Oh–h, *did* you?" Doug said solicitously, putting an arm around her. "You ran such a *good* campaign." Then he stepped into a tiny press room and was interviewed by a girl from a radio station. "Well I'm pleased and gratified to be leading at this hour," he said, "but . . ." He went back into the hall, and a pretty, wide-eyed girl came up and said, "Can I shake Doug Head's hand?" "You sure can," he said. "Hi," she said. "I *telephoned* for you." "That's nice," Doug said, after she'd gone. "Congratulations!" somebody called. "Congratulations!" "Thank you very much," Doug said. He was interviewed on two more radio stations, and then he stopped to talk to a white-haired man. "Listen," he said, "the early hands are the remembered and appreciated hands." Then a policeman was leading in LeVander and Robert Forsythe, the candidate for the Senate. LeVander said it was too soon to make any claims, and then Forsythe was introduced and said, "Well I'll tell you, we're coming, we're over that forty-percent mark now. . . . Right now it looks good. . . . We're still having fun, and we'll continue to watch the returns." He came down off the stage and said, "Hi, Doug. Congratulations. It was a great race," and then he was on his way, an almost certain loser. A slide screen showed Doug's lead at 226,000 to 209,000 and a radio reporter said into his microphone, "Doug, I believe this might be classed as an upset," and Doug said, "We've got our fingers crossed." Then he made his way out to the elevator. Upstairs he hugged one of his workers. "Joycey!" he shouted. "We did it, I think!"

At 1 A.M., NBC declared LeVander and Head elected, with Mondale beating out Forsythe for the Senate seat. "You're one of the greatest," Doug yelled at the wife of a volunteer. "Oh," she said, kissing him on the cheek, "you're just the sweetest thing." A wire-service photographer started popping pictures and asked him to keep talking. "It would be interesting for you to see the D.F.L. headquarters now," Doug said quietly to me. "The losers' headquarters looks a lot different. It would be a different look at the human phenomenon in all this." Then the state chairman came in, and Doug made a speech. "Let me tell you something," he said. "If we'd lost, who'd have got the blame?" A moment later he grabbed Bill Sands, who turned red. "If he'd ever like to run another campaign," Doug called out, "we'd sure like to have him around—Bill Sands!"

And so he laughed, snorted, roared, clapped people on the back, hugged men with one arm and women with two, expressed his gratitude, shook hands, kissed, cheered new returns, took off his coat, howled, hugged some more, expressed more gratitude, congratulated, got congratulated, and thus was swept into office. It was not much different in spirit from a celebration at the fraternity 15 years ago. At 5:30 some of us went off for breakfast while Doug caught an hour's sleep, and then, of all the crazy things, he got some coffee and went out in front of an office building to shake more hands. It was cold and gray, and nobody was cheering or congratulating, and there he stood in the ugly morn, shaking the hands of strangers as they went to work. "Hi, I'm Doug Head just elected attorney general," he said. "Can I say thank you? Hi, thank you, I'm Doug Head elected attorney general." Some people said, "Congratulations," but most looked at him suspiciously. A photographer, whom Bill Sands had called, came over and took pictures of Doug shaking hands inside by the elevator, and then Doug went outside and shook more hands while Bill stood there with a big Head sign. "You're very lucky to have a candidate who'll get up this early," Doug told him cheerfully. After another 20 minutes he called it quits, and Bill drove him home. On the way he saw that one of his billboard signs was already down, and an ad for a cocktail mix was in its place. It was eight o'clock, the morning after.

Doug Head's final margin of victory was 81,000 votes, or better than 53 percent, which was larger than that of any of the higher state candidates on either ticket. If one were to draw conclusions from that, one would say that organization pays, that an early start and hard work pay, that a personalized telephone campaign and dramatic TV ads make an effective combination, that the insurance issue worked, that the sales tax issue didn't, and that polls can be wrong. But all that seems of limited significance, because things may work differently next year. The real moral of the campaign I saw was that it takes a stupendous amount of work to get a handful of Americans to make up their fool minds.

The chief justification for a campaign, besides getting one candidate elected, is the enlightenment of the public, but the public doesn't want to be enlightened. It has enough troubles. Minnesotans are unusually well informed about their politics, but even in Minnesota there is an apathy in the air that is almost tangible. It is the puzzled look a man in a bar gives you when you ask to shake his hand and give him a pamphlet. It is the quizzical smile of the nice old lady in the bank, who is too polite to say that you must be crackers but not quick enough to hide the fact that she thinks it. It is the formal gaze of people in an auditorium who are about to be assaulted by 16 speakers in one evening—the diligent people who have buckled on their civic-

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mindedness for a night while their neighbors stayed home. It is in the faces of 90 percent of the people a candidate meets, and it says quite plainly, "Really now, isn't this a silly business to be mixed up in?"

So it all comes down to winning, and it is brutalizing. A politician has to win, or he goes out of business, and if he can't interest voters, the only choice is to manipulate them. So he spends his time working on his image, worrying about what reporters say about him, trying to get his picture taken, trying to look good. Those activities are not considered admirable. In the accepted view a man is what he is, and he doesn't worry about the consequences. The public's apathy makes that impossible in politics, and then the public gets wind that somebody is out to manipulate it, and the next time it meets a politician it lets him know, consciously or not, that it doesn't think too much of his line of work.

Of course the public is right. It is not dignified work. It is demeaning to have to cry, "Look at me!", and no man of sense, regardless of the thickness of his skin, can fail to feel demeaned by it. But it is largely the public's fault. We pay the politician to take care of all the dull or unattractive things we don't want to be bothered about, the roads and the schools and the drug addicts and the poor and the insurance laws and the rubbish in the streets, and when he comes around to talk about how to handle those things, we let him know we don't think much of his line of work. Whereas, we demand that he be keenly interested in ours. It is a one-sided transaction.

Recently, I talked to Doug Head, who was sworn in as attorney general in January. His mental-health bill has been passed by the legislature, and so has his bill making training mandatory for all policemen. In mid-March, Joe Haveson resigned as acting insurance commissioner; this summer he pleaded guilty to accepting a bribe and was given a one-year suspended sentence and a $1,000 fine. A full-time lawyer from the attorney general's staff took office in the insurance department last spring. He has since been appointed Insurance Commissioner and has married Diane Robinson. The Republican administration has introduced 35 insurance-reform bills, and 29 of them have passed. Doug himself is talking of "gearing down" after the legislative session is over, developing time for an occasional baseball game or symphony.

We both went to our 15th reunion at Yale, and he was notably more relaxed, but the last time we talked on the phone, last month, he was feeling the pressures of his job. "I'm not really as good an attorney general as I thought I'd be," he said. "Too much to do, not enough time. I guess one of the problems of maturity is learning to live with your own limitations." His work now has dignity. Furthermore, the next time up, he will be better-known. He will have had four years in an impressive office with an American flag in it, all very dignified. But the next time he runs, he will have to leave that dignified office and go out in the streets where he will meet old ladies, barbers and store owners who will let him know they don't think much of his line of work, and he will have to try to make a good impression on them. It will still be undignified and necessary.

So I came out of that campaign impressed at the work that's done, depressed by the manipulation that's required, gratified that there are people like Doug Head who are willing to do it, and angry at the public that makes it necessary. A politician is not automatically entitled to appreciation—he may get too much of that at times. He is simply entitled to interest, whether from a woman celebrating her Golden Anniversary who says, "I know the people will be safe with you in there," or—I finally realized—from a teamster who vows to tear him apart about workmen's compensation. Without that, a campaign really isn't worth the effort. If Doug Head had lost, he would have nothing to show for it. As things worked out, it was all just a prelude.

As for me, I was recently asked to take the minor political job of town committeeman where I live and, with Doug's campaign in mind, I felt obliged to accept, even though I would be working for the opposite party. And then the next thing I knew I'd become campaign manager for the local Democrats, who haven't elected anybody in our town since 1904. It's proving hard to get people interested, and even though we expect to win, it takes more time than it's worth. But I keep remembering Doug's answer when, outside the pickle factory, I asked whether it was worth it to invest so much time in speaking to 25 Rotarians. "No, it never is worth it," he said. "But what else would I be doing?" □

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THE GANGSTER

By John O'Hara

It was Prohibition, and a bright young man could cut himself in on millions—if he was tough enough. And Milo thought he was.

Milo Brady was supposed to have become a doctor, but when his father died he stayed home to run the saloon and he never went back to college. It was only going to be one year that he would be staying home. He and his mother would find a buyer with no trouble at all, everybody said. Brady's had an ideal location, where the men on their way home from the mill would drop in to cut the dust with a beer and on payday for the hard stuff. At night it became the neighborhood saloon, with a steady trade all evening long. Bartholomew Brady was a great big man who did not often have to come from behind his bar to keep order, but when an argument went beyond the talk stage and into the exchange of punches, Bart Brady knew exactly how to handle it. "Out!" he would say. "Do your fighting on the street, not in my place." And he was big enough and strong enough to enforce his orders. Consequently, he had the tacit support of the police and of the mill officials, the parish priest, and the neighborhood wives, and Prohibition did not close him down. His place remained so open, so unchanged, that he did not even remove the swinging doors. The beer was not always as good as it had been, but it was not as bad as in some other places. The whiskey was pretty bad as to taste, but no one ever went blind from it. His prices went up because his wet goods cost him more and various official palms had to be greased, but his customers always found the money to drink at Brady's. Bart Brady was a fine man who ran a decent, honest saloon, and when he died he was mourned by Catholic and Protestant alike. Every pew in St. Mary Star of the Sea Church was fully occupied for his funeral. No one had been given such a fine send-off since the death of the beloved Father John Mooney, St. Mary's pastor. Two touring cars full of floral offerings, not to mention the fact that Daley, the undertaker, had had to make a special trip to Boyertown for a casket large enough for the remains. Bart Brady was held in such high esteem that the Sons of Italy band showed up uninvited, and no one could remember a nonmilitary funeral that was attended by a band. It was not that the Italians had been Bart's customers. They liked him because he would not stand for their being bullied by his own people. "Stop pestering them Dagoes," he had said. "They're as good a Catholic as you are and maybe better." He was a strange man; he even had a good word for the Masons, and on that point he had had a falling-out with Father Mooney which was patched up before the priest died but not very long before.

He was indeed a strange man, Big Bart. Maybe once every two or three years he would leave the house and go to the bank and cash a good-sized check and he would be gone for as much as a week. When he came home he would pay a call on Father Mooney or a curate and sign the pledge, and for another year or two he would drink neither whiskey nor beer. If a customer invited him to have a drink he would take a cigar out of a box, hold it straight up, and put it in his vest pocket. Everybody in

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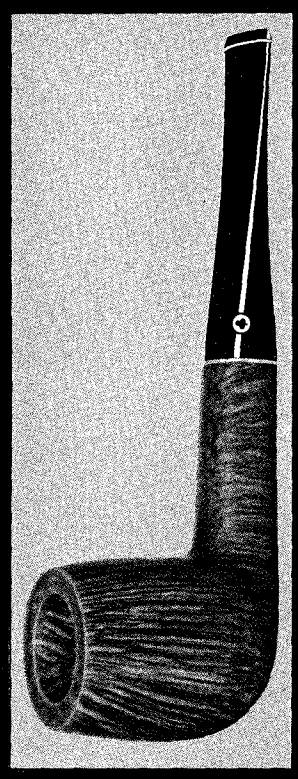

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the neighborhood knew that Bart's periodic absences were for the purpose of going on a brannigan, and some knew that he had once said that he went away—to Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Pittsburgh—because he was afraid of what he might do while drunk, and one of the things he might do was to kill a man with a punch.

The older customers could tell when Bart was just about due for a brannigan. He became, they said, short with people; absentminded, untalkative, very punctual about closing. Among themselves the customers would try to recall how long it had been since his last disappearance, and if two years had passed, he was due. After one particular absence he came home from Baltimore and the regulars observed that for a couple of months he rode the trolley car to and from the center of town several times a week, to be treated by a Protestant doctor for "strain." The regulars put two and two together and surmised what kind of strain it was that Bart would not let a Catholic doctor treat, but partly out of sympathy and partly out of fear they kept their guesses to themselves. No one wanted to be the man that Bart Brady killed with a punch, and no one had any wish to add to the discomfort of a man who had run into a bit of hard luck out of town. It could happen to anyone, and if you were a giant of a man and married to as cranky a little woman as Jenny Brady you ought to be entitled to go away once in a while.

For Jenny Brady the sun rose and set on their boy Milo, and it had always been that way. In a neighborhood where a couple with an only child were exceptional, Milo Brady attracted special notice because he was also bright and unusually well behaved. His good conduct could not all be explained away by the discipline of his parents. The nuns, for instance, and Father Mooney used him to run errands and do small chores; Slattery, the sexton of St. Mary's, had him shoveling snow before the six-thirty Mass. The boy was always somewhere in the vicinity of the church and convent, and all the way up to the eighth grade it was taken for granted that Milo Brady had a true vocation for the priesthood. Soon, they said, he would be off to St. Charles Borromeo in Overbrook, and St. Mary's parish would have another seminarian to its credit. But in eighth grade Milo got diphtheria and was taken to the hospital for a tracheotomy, and during the five long weeks he was a patient there he switched allegiance from Father Mooney to Dr. Malloy, from the nuns to the nurses, from the holy priesthood to the practice of medicine. "I want to be a doctor," he whispered to his father.

"What did he say? What did you say, Milo?" said Jenny Brady.

"He said he wanted to be a doctor," said Bart Brady.

"Ah, now, how can you be a doctor when you're as much as entered in the seminary?" said Jenny Brady.

'Don't make him talk," said Bart Brady. "It's a strain on his throat."

"Huh. Strain. Somebody here knows all about strains," said Jenny. "Milo-boy, what would you want to be a doctor for? You'll get over that idea when you're home again, safe and sound, and wait'll you see the new surplice Sister Mary Theodore crocheted for you. I tell you, it's a real work of art. A real work of art."

The boy shook his head. "I quit being an altar boy," he said.

His mother smiled. "Never mind, I'll speak to Father Mooney and you won't have to serve the six-thirty Mass any more." She looked about the room. "I think they must be spoiling you here, with all their attentions and the like of that. Be good to have you home again in your own bed and with your own things."

But when he was home again he put off going to see Sister Mary Theodore to thank her for the surplice, and Jenny caught him in a barefaced lie about going to call on Father Mooney. "Why didn't you go see Father Mooney as I told you to?" she said.

"I went and he wasn't there," said Milo.

"Milo Brady! He waited for you till suppertime. You be sure and tell that lie in confession." She turned to her husband. "This young lad deserves a good spanking. Will I get the strap?"

"You'll do no such thing. When I want to give him the strap I'll give it to him, but he's only two weeks out of hospital."

"Oh, encouraging him to tell a lie to his own mother," said Jenny.

The next and the worst setback for Jenny Brady came from Dr. Malloy, who came to see the convalescing boy every afternoon. "Did you give him the idea he wants to be a doctor?" said Jenny.

"No—and what if I did, Jenny?" said Dr. Malloy.

"We'd change doctors, that's what if you did. The child had a vocation for the priesthood till he went in that hospital."

"Well, I didn't take *that* out of him. Only about an inch of his windpipe. But I put a silver tube in to make up for it, and I explained that to him."

"Then it was you that gave him the idea," she said. "God will punish you, Doctor."

"Indeed He will, for a lot of things," said the doctor. "But who knows? The boy might have made a bad priest."

"How dare you?"

"I've known one or two," said Dr. Malloy. "They're subject to temptations, you know. Even Milo might be subject to them, and surely you'd rather see him a bad doctor than a bad priest. You know the old saying—*we* bury *our* mistakes."

"Doctor, you're only tormenting her," said Bart Brady.

"Not him, with his blasphemy," said Jenny.

"He saved the boy's life, remember that," said Bart Brady.

"And what's he done to his immortal soul?" said Jenny.

"I'm not here to talk about his immortal soul," said the doctor. "You take that up with Father Mooney. But if I were you, Bart, I'd send the boy away to school next year. Anyway, send him to Gibbsville High. Let him learn something about biology, and if he doesn't take to it, he can still go to the seminary. But I'd bet you five hundred dollars he'll end up studying medicine."

'What makes you think that?" said Bart Brady.

"Say it's a hunch," said the doctor. "The questions he asked, the interest he displayed. The last week he was there I took him through the surgical ward, and he remembered everything I told him. When he's a little older I'm going to let him watch me operate."

"Not as long as I have any say about it," said Jenny.

"All right, Jenny. Then he'll have to wait—unless Bart has *his* say."

"What if he fell over in a dead faint?" said Bart Brady.

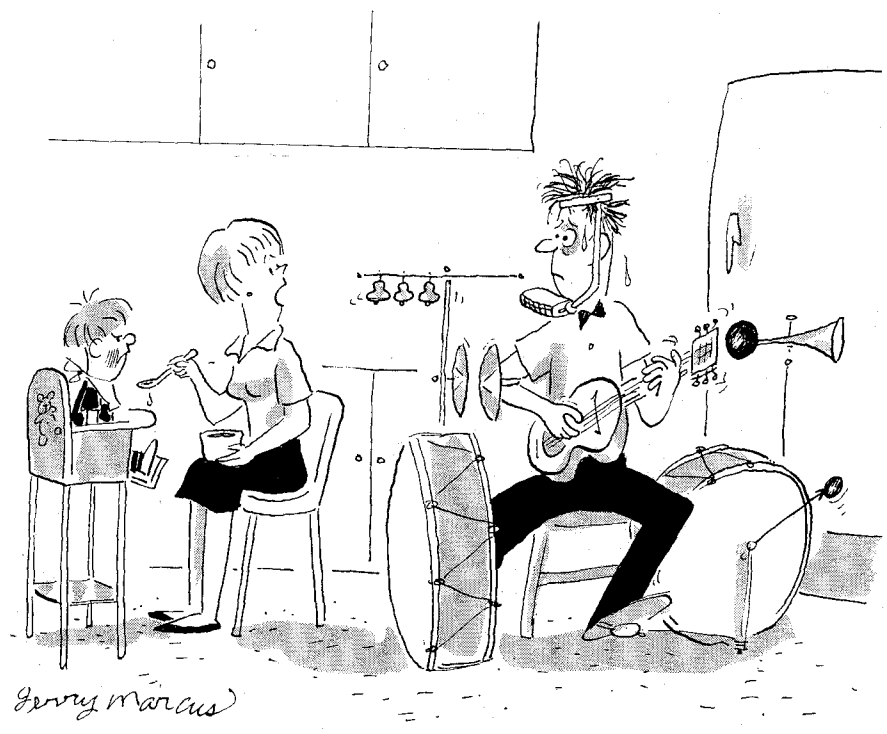
"That's what I did, at my first dissection," said the doctor.

"Did you, now? You keeled over, did you?" said Bart Brady.

"I did indeed, and two others with me."

"And that's what you want for my son," said Jenny.

"No. That's not what I want for your son, Jenny. I'd be hoping that the day would come when he'd be able to take a little piece of windpipe out of a child's throat that was strangling. That's all. That I can do. The immortal soul—maybe that's your long suit, my dear woman." He rose.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Try Tiger Rag *again—he seemed to do better with that."*

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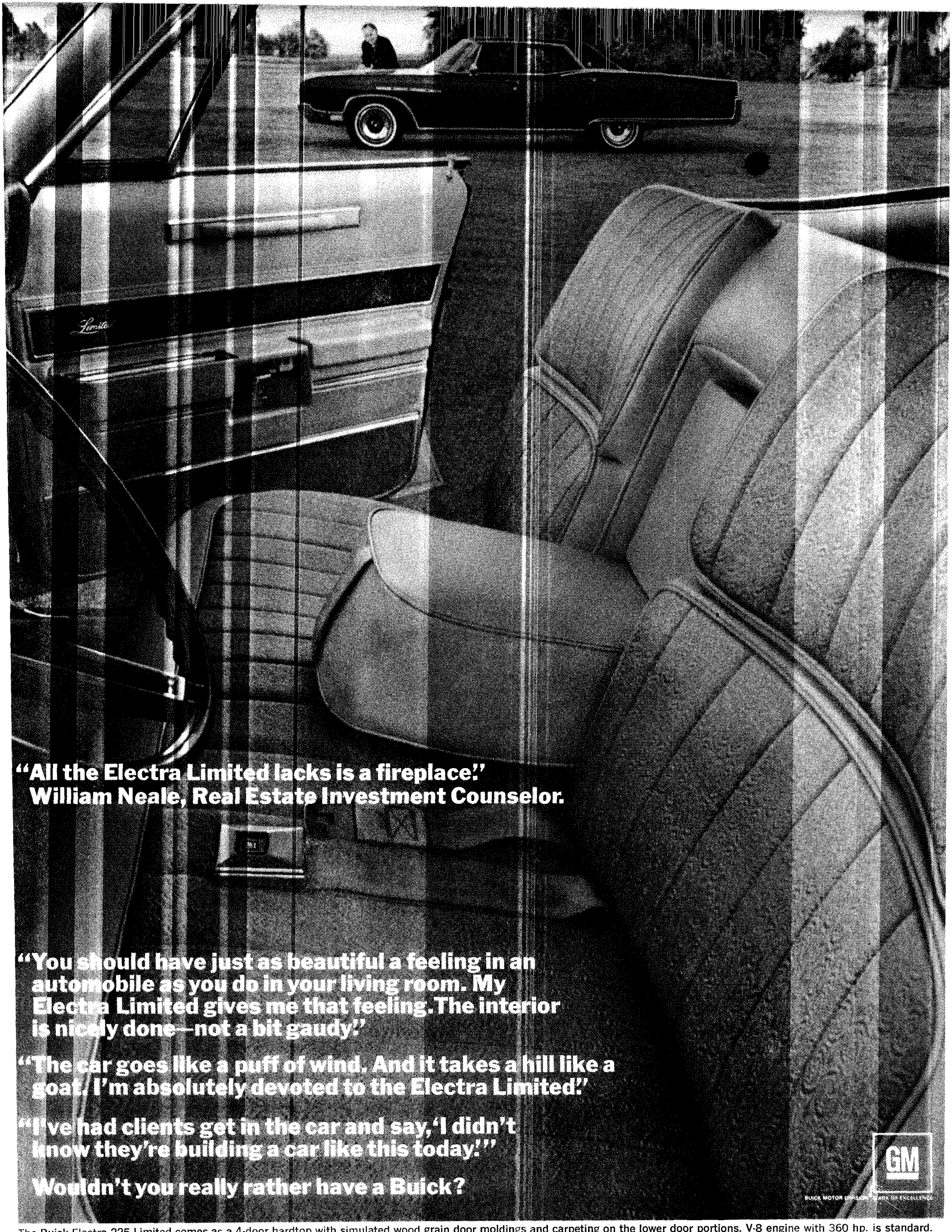
"All the Electra Limited lacks is a fireplace."
William Neale, Real Estate Investment Counselor.
"You should have just as beautiful a feeling in an automobile as you do in your living room. My Electra Limited gives me that feeling. The interior is nicely done—not a bit gaudy."
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The Buick Electra 225 Limited comes as a 4-door hardtop with simulated wood grain door moldings and carpeting on the lower door portions. V-8 engine with 360 hp. is standard. So is a full line of GM safety equipment, such as outside rear view mirror, energy absorbing steering column and seat belts with pushbutton buckles for all passenger positions.

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"Well, don't go away mad, Doctor," said Bart Brady. "Will I get you a temperance?"

"Got any root beer?"

"I do, and birch, and sass. Come along with me and we'll see what's cold," said Bart Brady. "I'll be glad of the company."

Within the year Dr. Malloy was dead, and Milo Brady was in the public high school, studying, among other things, botany. From botany he progressed to biology, to physics and chemistry, and to other things as well, and among those other things were dancing and an interest in girls. They were years of torment for Jenny Brady, seeing her son abandon his vocation and, even worse, questioning the very articles of faith that it was sinful to question. He would not always tell her the names of the girls he danced with at the public dances in the Armory. In his senior year at high school he failed to make his Easter duty of going to confession and communion sometime between the first Sunday of Lent and Trinity Sunday, a failure which meant automatic excommunication. "Don't forget, tomorrow's Trinity Sunday," she warned him. "Go to confession today." But the next morning, when she wakened him for Mass, he said he had neglected to go to confession and was therefore unable to go to communion. "Milo! You know what that means! I want you to go and ask Father Gifford to hear your confession today, and you can receive communion tomorrow."

"Oh, I can go to confession next Saturday," he said.

"I said today, not next Saturday. You've had since the beginning of Lent, and you kept putting it off. You're not to put it off another day. What if you were hit by a trolley? You wouldn't be in the state of grace."

"Mom, I won't go to Father Gifford today and that's all there is to it," he said.

She wept and carried on and threatened to report him to his father, an empty threat since they both knew Bart Brady had likewise neglected his Easter duty. She sulked for a few days, but when he came and asked her for money, she gave it to him. She always gave it to him, in amounts that had increased year by year. Bart Brady had at long last bought a car, a Velie touring car, but he had not learned to drive it, and it had become practically Milo's personal property. He would drive his parents to wherever they wanted to go, but the car was really Milo's, and every time he took it out he asked his mother for money to buy gasoline. In the summer he was out in the car nearly every night, going to the dances at the amusement parks and getting home at two or three o'clock in the morning. The young people who went with him were from other parts of town, not the society kids, but certainly not the children of the mill section. He was rather stubborn when she asked him who they were, but sometimes on his own he would mention some names, and they were the sons and daughters of carpenters and paperhangers and proprietors of small stores—Protestants, most of them. She would not say to him, or admit to herself, that she suspected they cared more for his car than for his friendship. Somehow she knew that that was not true. Nearly all the telephone calls to the Brady house were for Milo, and as many of them were girls' voices as boys'. "Is Milo there? Can I speak to Milo? Is this the Brady residence?" The voices told her that Milo was popular, genuinely so.

And in spite of the bad time he was giving her, Jenny was thankful that he was not a *bad boy*. He did not, for instance, drink. He had not started to smoke. And he did not have to be told to study. "Our James has the ability if we could only get him to apply himself," a mother would say. "All he cares about is baseball." Not so, Milo. He would bring his books home from school and after supper go to his bedroom and do all his homework, and along about nine o'clock the telephone would ring and it would be a classmate wanting to have Milo's help, in geometry, in French, and especially in the sciences. Milo's end of the telephone conversations was unintelligible to his mother, who had never reached hypotenuses and valences and periphrastics. That such words were present in the vocabulary of one member of her household was a matter of pride and anguish. She would turn down her radio, ostensibly to accommodate Milo, but only the better to eavesdrop. There were certain voices she came to recognize without identifying them. Girls. Certain girls. "Is Milo there?" And when these voices called and Milo went to the telephone Jenny would hear him say, "Where are you? Home?" And he would hang up and go downstairs to the barroom, where there was a phone booth. When he came back upstairs he would say, "Pop says I can have the car if it's okay with you. Will you let me have a couple dollars?" She could not refuse him. It was enough that for so many years she had refused his father until his father no longer came to her for anything but his meals.

For nearly twenty years she had been refusing his father, and she had never been able to accuse herself of that sin in the confessional. Twenty years of sacrilegious confessions, blackening her soul, with admissions of other sins but never a word about that one. Once, many years ago, Father Mooney had said through the grille, "And is that all, my child?" And she had almost confessed to the sin of rejecting her husband. But she could not, she could not. She could not say the words that would expose her soul to a priest who had heard the final confessions of condemned murderers. Priest or not, secret of the confessional or not, he was a man, only too unmistakably a man, with the heavy smell of his last cigar coming through the grille and the softened bass of his voice uttering the routine "Is that all, my child?" A near saint he may have been, Father Mooney, but he was as male as Dr. Malloy and Bart Brady himself, and it was the male that had made her blacken all her confessions.

By keeping him out of her bed she gave him the excuse to go away on his awful trips, but he would have found another excuse, and she refused to blame herself for appetites he had acquired long before she married him. By his own admission he had been with many women, that kind of women, since he was sixteen years of age. He had fallen in love with her, *he said*, but he had not fallen in love with *her;* he had been attracted by her purity after those earlier adventures with the sluts. He had married her because there was no other way for him to possess her and her purity, and having married her he had made it sinful for her to deny him and thus he had been the cause of the sinful, soul-blackening lies she had told in confession. "And is that all, my child?" the priest would say, and she would lie and say that that was all.

She was ever conscious of what other women were thinking, of the giant of a man he was and the tiny woman she was by comparison. She had seen other women look at Bart, their faces dumb while their evil thoughts took possession of them. They would gaze up at him with eager smiles that were supposed to be innocent friendliness, but always, as if by accident, they would get to touch him with their fingertips, with their elbows brushing against him. They would look at him and then look at her, as though measuring them.

The Day *After* Christmas

(or Where Have All the Gift Toys Gone?)

**'Twas the day after Christmas and down by the tree,
The toys that we'd bought were a plastic debris.**

**The stockings that hung by the chimney with care,
Now lay on the floor, each with one ugly tear.**

**The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While mama and I tried to clean up the shreds.**

**Johnny's slot racer no longer had track,
And David's six-shooter was marred by a crack.**

**But wait! In the corner! It just couldn't be!
One toy wasn't broken after the spree!**

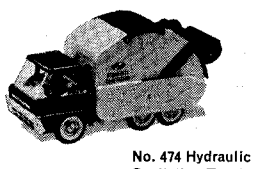
**I ran to that corner, shouting "What luck!
They haven't demolished their new Structo truck!"**

**All that rough handling! Still shiny and new!
I pinched myself to make sure it was true.**

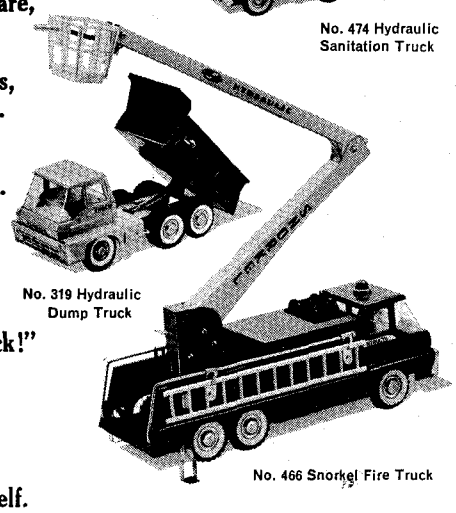
**"Must be the strong steel," I said to myself,
While I jumped up and down like a happy old elf.**

**Ma heard me exclaim as I took out the trash,
"From now on I know where I'm spending my cash."**

**The point of my story comes through loud and clear:
For a merrier Christmas, buy Structo this year.**

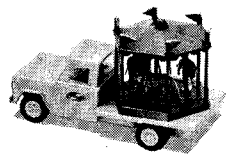


No. 474 Hydraulic Sanitation Truck



No. 319 Hydraulic Dump Truck

No. 466 Snorkel Fire Truck



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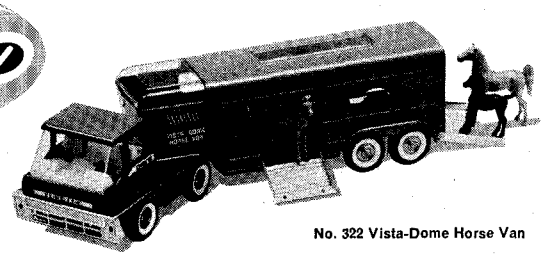

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They would linger after Mass, just to have a moment's chat with him. And they would look at her and wonder, wonder, wonder, terrified for her but wanting to experience the perils of making love to such a man. The men made jokes about the size of his feet and the amount of food he could put away, but the women made no jokes. The jokes they would make if they made them would not be funny; they would be too self-revealing. "Ach, and it's too bad little Milo don't have a little brother to play with, or a sister," they would say, tacking a question mark on to the end of the remark.

"Maybe some day he will," was Jenny's answer.

"The good Lord willing."

"The good Lord willing," Jenny would say. They never got anything out of Jenny Brady. No one did, except Milo, but he got everything out of her that was not a sin to give.

He came home from Villanova to go to his father's funeral. He went back to college to take his exams, but Lawyer McCaffrey suggested to him that he inquire about a scholarship for the next year. "There's not as much there as we thought there'd be," said Lawyer McCaffrey. "I'll talk to you again in June, after we've had a little more time, but meanwhile it won't do a bit of harm if you land yourself a scholarship. As it is, Milo, the automobile will have to go. I can tell you that right away. There may not be enough cash to pay the outstanding obligations. Luckily you're still a young fellow."

"I always thought Pop was pretty well fixed," said Milo.

"Hmm, well, we'll see," said Lawyer McCaffrey." He may have stashed away some money we didn't know about, but I doubt it. If I were you, m'boy, I'd count on less rather than more."

'You're holding something back from me, Mr. McCaffrey."

"Yes."

"What?"

"Well—all right, I'll give it to you straight. It'll save trouble later on," said the lawyer. "During the course of some conversation with your mother, I happened to mention to her how I noticed a big difference between what your father took in and what he deposited in the bank. To tell you the truth, Milo, I harbored the suspicion that maybe you were knocking down, helping yourself at the till. That was how it came out that you weren't the one, but your mother was. She said she didn't know how much, but five dollars here, ten dollars there. Whenever you wanted a little extra, she'd help herself."

"Didn't Pop know that?" said Milo.

"I guess he knew, but he never said anything to her."

"Maybe he thought I was stealing from him," said Milo.

"Hard to say what he thought, and we'll never know. He could certainly see the difference between what he wrote down for the day's receipts and what he deposited in the bank."

"Then he knew one of us was a thief, only he didn't know which one," said Milo.

"He didn't want to know."

"No, he didn't want to know," said Milo. "I wish he didn't think it was me. My mother had a right to the money, she was his wife. But I wish he would have asked me."

"It's possible he didn't care that much who took it," said the lawyer.

"He cared, all right. And so do I."

"Well, there you are, m'boy," said McCaffrey. "It all went in spending money for you. New suits. Your car. You got in the habit of asking her for money instead of him, and she could never say no to you."

"No, she didn't spend it on herself, that's certain."

"Well, you were the only boy in this part of town that got his suits from Jacob Reed's. The old saying, it's a poor family that can't afford one gentleman."

"That's not why she did it," said Milo.

"No? Then why?"

"I'm not exactly sure why, but I know that wasn't it," said Milo. "I guess I better forget about going back to college."

"Well, you're going to need a lot more than you have now if you want to go on studying medicine. You've got your premed, then medical school, then interning someplace. Be seven or eight years before you start earning anything. You might be able to do it if the place went on making money, but don't forget, Milo, you'll have to pay a man to run it. You'll have to pay a good man fifty dollars a week. You can get a bartender for less, but you won't only need a bartender."

"What if we sold the place?" said Milo.

McCaffrey shrugged his shoulders. "If you want to do that I'll see if I can find a buyer for you. But bear in mind.

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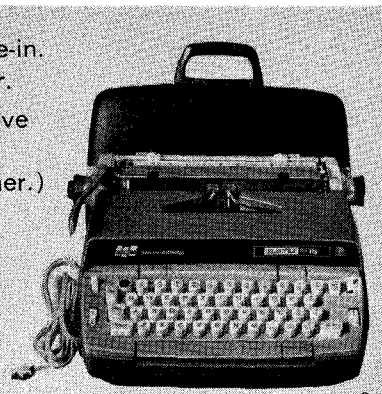

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boy, the interest off what you get from a sale won't support your mother."

'Then suppose I run it myself for a year and see what happens?"

"Do you know anything about running a saloon?"

"What I don't know I can learn," said Milo.

"How would you handle Saturday night? Bart Brady could keep order with a flick of the eyebrow. They'll take advantage of you, boy. And it does seem a pity you losing a year of your education, but I guess you have to give it a try. If it doesn't turn out right you still have your mother to support."

"It doesn't look so good, does it?"

"If I didn't have my own three to educate, I'd like to offer to help, but there's the one at Georgetown and the other at State, and next year the girl goes away to the Eastman Conservatory."

"She is? Noreen's going to study music?"

"Yes, a man from there listened to her play and she's been accepted for next year. Sixteen years of age, think of it. Our Noreen."

'Say, good for Noreen, good for her," said Milo.

"Thanks, boy. In case anything turns up, that I think'd make it possible for you to continue your studies—but don't count on it," said the lawyer. "I don't see anything on the horizon. They say look for the pot of gold behind the rainbow, but you had your rainbow—those fancy sweaters and gawlf stockings."

No good would come of talking to his mother, Milo knew. She would only lie to him, and when she finished lying she would weep and tell him she had stolen the money to please him. And when she finished with that she would very probably seek to justify herself by pointing out that if he had not abandoned his true vocation, he would not have learned to care so much for cars and dancing and expensive clothes. No good ever came of finding Jenny Brady in the wrong. Milo therefore stated to her his intention of running the saloon, and stated it with such firmness that she gave him no opposition. "There's just not enough money for me to do anything else," he said, and stared at her. She got the import of the stare.

Having grown up in the same house with the saloon, Milo was not ignorant of the mechanics of running one, and within a year of his taking over, Brady's had a character of its own that was not so different from its old character that the customers minded much. The new proprietor was a slender man, a dancing man, an educated man, and not a giant of a man who could fracture your skull with a blow of his fist, whose schooling had ended in the fourth grade. But Milo kept a blackjack under the bar, and on a couple of occasions he showed he had the spunk to use it. What he lacked in bulk, he made up for in meanness; he waded right in and went for the nose, and a blackjack blow on the nose is an ugly and effective attack. It also commanded more respect for Milo than if he had sent for the police, and Brady's remained an orderly place. Inside of two years, or just about the time he should have been a junior in college, he was invited to listen to a proposition by the liquor mob.

They were Irish. There were some Irish in the beer mob, but only for show; control of beer was in the hands of the Italians who had come in from Jersey City in the early days of Prohibition, brought in some New York Jews, and in a short time had the manufacturing and distribution of beer on a highly efficient basis. It was no great secret that the real power belonged to the beer mob and that the bootlegging of liquor was conceded to the Irish to keep them quiet. Paradoxically, the liquor mob were somewhat more respectable, but public opinion was more sympathetic to the workingman's beer. The men in the mines and the mills never threatened to strike if they were denied their whiskey. Even the farmers who voted dry were grateful for the availability of beer while opposing every threat of the return of liquor.

One Monday morning the collector for the liquor mob, a man named Rafferty, made his usual stop at Brady's and, after handing a receipt to Milo, said, "Jimmy O' wants to see you."

"What for? Isn't everything all right?" said Milo.

"As far as I know, everything's fine and dandy," said Rafferty.

"Then what does he want to see me for? I only ever met him three times in my life, and one of them was Dad's funeral."

"Go see him anyhow," said Rafferty.

"Did he say when?"

"Any time this afternoon. He'll be at the hotel," said Rafferty.

"Give me a hint, for God's sake," said Milo.

"I would if I could. You know that."

"You're a goddamn liar."

"I'll give you one hint," said Rafferty. "Don't bring your truncheon. You won't need it."

"Who'll I get to mind the place?"

"Hang up a sign. 'Closed till five.' It'll be worth it. It isn't that often that Jimmy O' sends for a fellow. If it's going to be trouble, Jimmy O's the kind of a man that goes and sees the fellow in person. You know that."

"I don't know that or very much else about him," said Milo.

At half-past two in the afternoon he called at the hotel where Jimmy O'Dowd kept a suite of rooms. It was the second-best hotel in town, owned by a renegade Catholic who was married to a cousin of Jimmy O's and herself a backslider. She acted as room clerk, and always stood behind the front desk.

"Well, now, if it isn't Milo Brady." she said.

"Hello, Mrs. Harris," said Milo. "I came to see Jimmy O'."

"You're expected," said Mary Harris. "It's the second floor front. You'll save time walking."

The parlor door of Jimmy O's suite was open, and Jimmy O' was sitting in a large plush chair in the far corner, where he could look out two windows and see everything that was going on in the neighborhood. At the moment he was reading the Philadelphia *North American*, an unlit cigar in his mouth and his spotless gray fedora on his head. At Milo's appearance he folded the newspaper and put it on his lap. "Young Brady, isn't it?" he said, taking off his glasses and putting them in a gunmetal case that sprang shut with a *plop*.

"That's me," said Milo.

"Sit down, boy. Will you have a cigar?" Jimmy O' held out a fistful of foil-wrapped cigars.

"No thanks, I don't smoke," said Milo.

"Don't start till you have to," said Jimmy O'. "And you don't drink, either, I'm told. But I hear you like the girls."

"I don't have any objection to them," said Milo.

"Well, they can get you into more trouble than cigars and booze put together, but every man to his taste," said Jimmy O'. "There's been a lot of favorable talk concerning how you took over your father's place. I hear those things, Milo. I get full reports."

"From Rafferty, I suppose," said Milo.

"Not only Rafferty. Others as well. You smashed some bohunk in the nose with your blackjack. I hear that took a lot of nerve, a man half again your size."

"It was that or he'd start wrecking my place. I paid the doctor bill, and we made it up. He's still a customer, the man."

"Uh-huh. And one of these nights he'll have one too many and try to kill you."

"If he does, he'll get a bullet where he got the blackjack," said Milo.

"Oh, my. You went and got a gun. Well, it's always nice to be ready."

"The gun was always there. It belonged to my father, a .32 revolver."

"It's oiled and all, I trust," said Jimmy O'. "If it was only sitting there all that time it gets gummy. If you ever have to use it, be sure and pull back the hammer before you pull the trigger."

"It's in workable condition," said Milo.

"And you'd use it if you had to?"

"If I had to."

"Yes, I believe you would." said Jimmy O'. "But that isn't why I sent for you. Firearms aren't the way I run my business. You can cause a man plenty of trouble without resort to firearms. You can get the same results with a pair of thick-soled shoes, and nobody has to go to the electric chair. I'm against *all* rough stuff, but that's not saying I'll let anybody walk all over me. Nobody walks all over Jimmy O'Dowd."

"Would anybody try?" said Milo.

"You're young, but you been in the business about two years, and you learn quick. Therefore you must of heard from time to time that I don't run my business, that I'm only fronting for certain other people, that they could run me out of business any time they felt like it. What's your candid opinion of that?"

"You mean do I believe it?"

"Yes," said Jimmy O'.

"Well, I only run a small saloon near the steel mill. I'm not up there with the big shots."

"Quit stalling and answer my question," said Jimmy O'.

"All right. Yes, I believe that."

"You think I'm just a second-rater?"

"No, now don't get me wrong, Mr. O'Dowd," said Milo.

"Well, what else do you think? You think them ginnies across the street are the boss of me?"

"Oh, listen, that's not what I think. The way I understand it, you're partners with them. You run the liquor end, and they run the beer."

"Well, there you're wrong. I wouldn't *be* partners with them. I wouldn't have anything to do with the whorehouses, or I could of been partners with them. As soon as they begun taking over the whorehouses, I got out. Whores are a necessity, they have them all over the world, whether it's Dublin or Cork or Allentown, Pa., or Gibbsville, Pa., or I don't care where it is. But that's money I don't take a cent of. So get it out of your head that I'm partners with those lads across the way. I got an aunt in the convent, a wonderful old lady up in her late seventies. I go see her three-four times a year and take my whole family

Fifty years ago in The Post

Warnings against the insidious enemy:

'The Underground,' by A. Curtis Roth, November 17, 1917

"Scientific spying is a Prussian product. It knows no ethics, owns no friendships and enjoys no code of honor. It delights to operate through degenerates, international highbinders and licentious women. It shrinks before no meanness or blackguardism to attain its ends, even callously conducting official houses of prostitution for the entrapment of the unwary. It is the most unlovely fruit of the appalling latter-day German logic of expediency."

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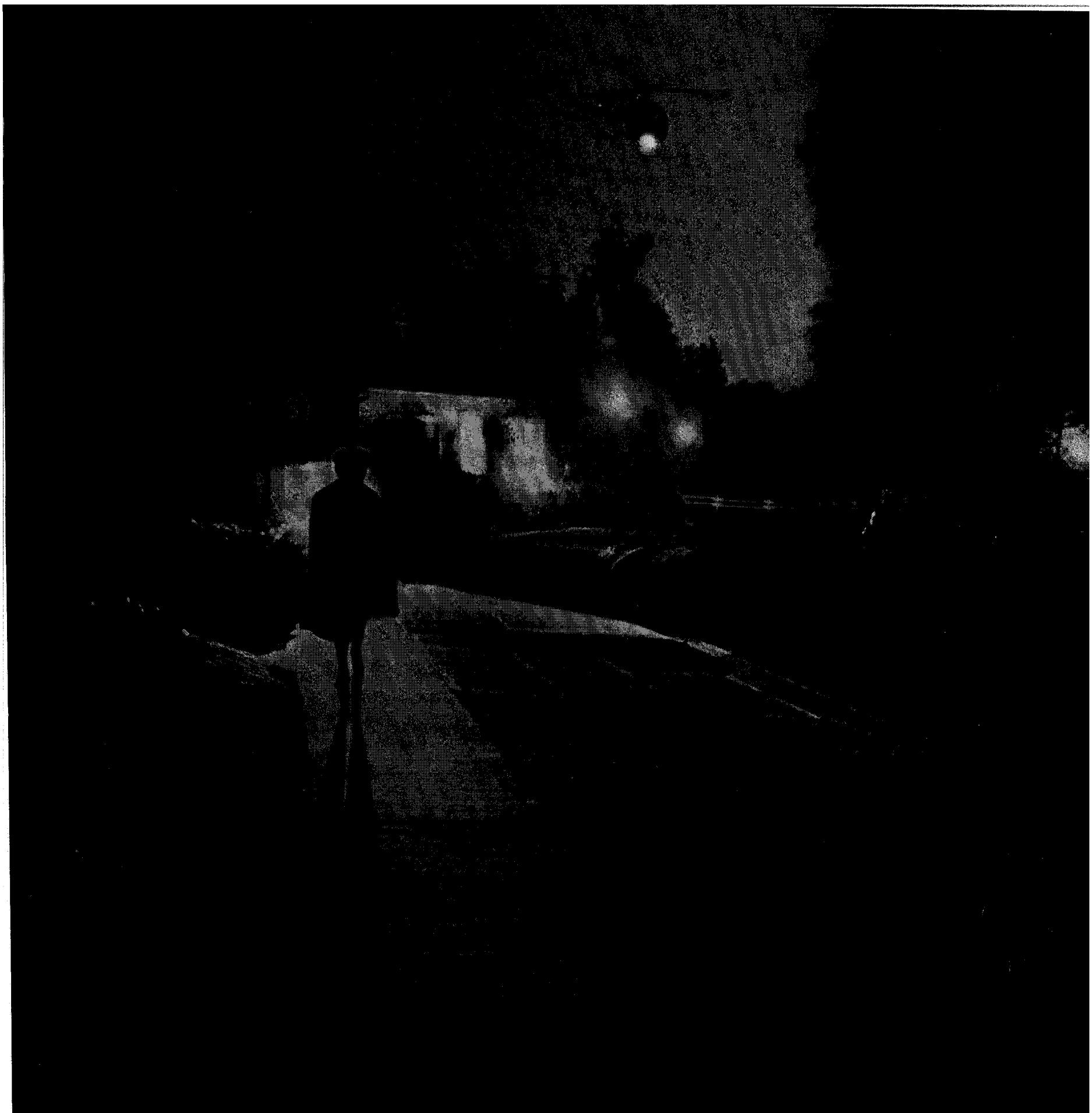

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America, America

"What ever possessed me to bring up Viet Nam at eleven last night?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

with me. How could I face her with money in my pocket that came from the whores?" He reached in his pocket and took out a roll of bills bound in a wide elastic band. "Do you see that? You'll notice they're all clean, fresh bills. Eight thousand dollars. Brand-new from the bank. I like my money clean, in more ways than one. Here." He put his thumb to his tongue and peeled off two one-hundred-dollar bills and handed them to Milo. "That's for your time, coming here to see me."

"Oh, I didn't ——"

"Take it, for God's sake," said Jimmy O'. He replaced the rubber band and put the bankroll back in his pocket. "All right, let's get down to business. I want you to come and work for me."

"Doing what?"

"Well, if I was still in the Army, you'd be my orderly. I'd make you a lance corporal. A dog robber was what we used to call them, out of spite and envy, because they ate officers' food and could stay out of the rain. That was in sunny France, in '18. What I want you for, I want a clean-cut-looking young fellow to go with me wherever I go ——"

"A bodyguard?"

"I got Tiny Devlin for a bodyguard, but he *looks* like a bodyguard. Every time I go anyplace the people all look at Tiny because of his size and that kisser, and that attracts attention. I want a clean-cut-looking young fellow like yourself that has plenty of guts but don't attract attention."

"But what happens to my business?"

"I'll put Tiny in there to run it, and that'll support your mother. You I'll pay a hundred and a half a week and expenses. You'll drive my car and go with me every place I go. Dick Harris will give you a room here at the hotel."

"I don't live at home?" said Milo.

"I hear you won't mind that much. Listen, boy, I know all about you. I wouldn't be putting my life in your hands—you're a very good automobile driver."

"That isn't what you started to say, Mr. O'Dowd," said Milo. "Do I carry a gun on this job?"

"Well, I very often have large sums of money with me. Yes, you'd be better off carrying a gun, some of the time," said Jimmy O'.

Milo did not speak. He got up and looked out the window and saw, across the street, three members of the beer mob come out of the Greek restaurant, carefully setting their identical gray fedoras at a jaunty angle, lighting cigars, and getting into a large Paige touring car. Jimmy O', who could see them without rising, said, "They're not our kind, Milo."

"No, I guess they're not," said Milo.

Now a younger man in a powder-blue suit with a long, soft roll to the lapel and eighteen-inch bottoms on the trousers and a brown Homburg came out of the restaurant, and got in the Paige. "That's one I never saw before," said Milo.

"He's one of them's younger brother," said Jimmy O'. "Studying to be a doctor in Philly."

"I came near doing that," said Milo. "I wanted to be a doctor since I was thirteen."

"So I understand," said Jimmy O'. "Well, there was a time in my life I wanted to be another John McCormack, only my voice changed and that ended that. We all start out wanting one thing and end up something else. Lawyer McCaffrey had his heart set on being an actor. He used to give recitations. 'You are saved by God's might,' cried the guard with delight, 'for the sign of the cross is the password tonight.' Are you acquainted with that poem?"

"No," said Milo.

"It was one of Mac's recitations in school. He used to deliver it with gestures and all, act it out till you wanted to cheer at the end. It's a poem about this fellow that escaped from the redcoats in the Revolutionary War, only when he got to the Continental lines he didn't know the password and they were going to shoot him as a spy. But the guard gave him one minute to say his prayers, and he went down on his knees and blessed himself. 'You are saved by God's might,' cried the guard with delight, 'for the sign of the cross is the password tonight.' That's how it went. Mac was a born actor. But between you and me and the bedpost, he's better off what he is. Two boys graduated from college and a daughter a promising pianist. 'Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call me chief ——'"

"That one I do know," said Milo.

"One of Mac's recitations. Friday afternoon in the auditorium. And I'd sing *Danny Boy* or *The Dear Little Shamrock*. Oh, those were the days before we got a little sense in us, before we got rid of our foolish ambitions."

"You think wanting to be a doctor was a foolish ambition on my part?" said Milo.

"Bein's you didn't have the money for it, it was."

"I guess so," said Milo. "It'd take a lot."

"How much?" said Jimmy O'.

"Oh, I guess ten thousand at least," said Milo.

"Your dad could of raised that, if he lived. But it's a good thing he didn't or now you'd be paying that off and you still wouldn't be a doctor. The good Lord moves in mysterious ways, His something to perform."

"You know, I never thought of it that way at all," said Milo.

"Oh, sure. I wanted sergeant so bad I could taste it, but Joe Mulcahy got sergeant and two nights later he was deader than a mackerel, trying to bring back a prisoner for interrogation. You come and work for me and you'll be living as good as any doctor in town."

"A hundred and fifty dollars a week is a lot of money," said Milo. "You'll want me to earn it."

"Only the once," said Jimmy O'.

"Only the once, eh?" said Milo.

"And maybe not that. There won't be any gang wars around here, Milo. We don't have gangs. It's only between me and them. But I put you down as the kind of a man that once you start taking my money, if I ever need you, you'll be there. Gang wars you read about in the paper. Chicago. New York. Detroit. St. Louis. Here we say the beer mob and the liquor mob, but the liquor mob is me, James Aloysius O'Dowd, five guys driving my trucks, four guys at my warehouse, an old man that used to work in the chemical laboratory at the coal company. Tiny Devine. That's my whole operation. Across the street, they got a hundred men working for them, maybe more. During the summer, the latter part of August, around Labor Day, somewhere around there, a friend of mine I used to know in the Army gave me the tip that there was something funny going on. He runs a little speakeasy way the hell down Canal Street, never good for more than a case of booze a week. Twenty-four dollars a week, and very slow pay at that. A guy come in his place one day and told him I was moving to Florida, retiring. He knew better, because I stop and say hello to him every Sunday at the eleven-o'clock Mass. A couple days later I get the same identical story from a couple more customers, that I was retiring and moving to Florida. Who'd want to start a rumor like that? And why? Well, it didn't take much brains to figure that one out. It was the ginnies across the street. Six of my customers stopped ordering. The next move I figured would be rough stuff with my drivers. But that's where they crossed me. My drivers went around the same as usual, delivered two cases to two-case customers, five cases to five-case customers, and Monday when Rafferty showed up to make his collections, he got paid as usual. What the hell was going on?, I said to myself. So I went over across the street and sat down and had a cup of coffee with Ed Charney. He said, what was eating me?, and I told him, I said I wanted to know what was the big idea starting those rumors and the rest of it. He said he didn't know a damn thing about it, and ordinarily I don't believe him, but this time I did. He said he'd try and find out and let me know in an hour. He did. He came over here himself. all alone, and gave me the story. He got a new guy working for him by the name of Williams, married to a cousin of his wife. Williams is from Jersey City. He has big ideas, too big. He decided to show Charney how easy it would be for anybody to take over my business. That was all there was to it, barring the fact that Williams wanted to be the one that took over. 'Well, I'm not going to let him,' I said to Charney. And Charney said, 'No, I'm not going to let him either. He's on his way back to Jersey City tonight.' But then Charney said it started him thinking and maybe it'd be a good idea if I did retire and move to Florida. Sooner or later he was going to buy me out anyhow, and he didn't want to wait till my price got too big. I said I had no intention of retiring, and Charney said the only way to keep the peace around here was if he bought me out before somebody like Williams came along and took my business away from me. Williams is a believer in rough stuff, and Charney is against it. The only thing Charney don't absolutely control is booze. 'You're greedy, Ed,' I told him. 'Yes, I'm greedy,' he said. 'But it's the only way to operate. If I let you operate independent, others will get the same idea and the next big thing is going to be the numbers racket.' If he lets me operate independent selling booze, the numbers guys will want to be independent, and that'll never be. The mobs all over the country are operating numbers. The profits are over ninety percent. It isn't like beer or booze, where you have to make the stuff and deliver it. In the numbers all you need is a few little pieces of paper and a few

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bucks to the winners. One man is your salesman for a thousand customers, and you have to take care of the cops and the politicians, but nowheres near the bastards you have to take care of selling beer and booze. So the next thing you're going to hear about around here is the numbers, with Ed Charney running it."

"But what about you and liquor?"

"Well, I said to him, 'Ed, I'll get out if you guarantee me the same income I got now for the next ten years. Otherwise, why should I retire?'

"'What's your income now?' he said, and I told him. I gave it a little boost, but not much. But I could tell from the expression on his face that it was no deal," said Jimmy O'. "He said he'd have to think it over, and I told him to take ten years to think it over. That was when he got a little nasty. He accused me of being greedy, so I said to him he wouldn't get anywhere calling me names, and as far as that goes, I said I only had his word for it that Williams was operating on his own. How did I know that Williams wasn't doing exactly what Charney told him to do. 'You calling me a liar?' he said. And I said I wasn't exactly calling him anything—yet. Then he got tough. 'Jimmy,' he said, 'I was always against the muscle. You start using the muscle and it gets to be hard to stop. But if one man gets in my way, maybe the only way to push him out of the way is a little muscle.' So I said to him, 'Ed, would you knock me off?' And he said, 'Well, muscle is muscle. You use as much as you have to to make sure.' Then he walked out, and I been sitting here these last couple of months, you might say wrestling with my problem. Never another word from Charney, but every time I see a new face across the street I make sure and find out who it is. The young fellow studying to be a doctor was one, but he's legitimate. One thing I don't like about sitting here, I began thinking what if I used a little muscle on Charney? When a man threatens you, you're half dead if you're not ready to do the same thing to him. And I'm ready. I got this thing hanging over me now, Milo, and I keep thinking to myself, with him out of the way I could walk in there the same day and tell them others, 'All right, boys, go on back to Jersey City. From now on it's me.' That's if I had a good right-hand man. It'd have to be somebody my own kind. But there's millions in it, boy."

"Millions?" said Milo.

"Millions," said Jimmy O'. "You know what a million dollars a year is? It's under twenty thousand a week. Charney don't handle that much in a year, but I'm damn sure he handles it in two years."

"It's a hell of a lot of money. But how long would I be around to enjoy it?"

"How long do you want to be? You could of died for coffee and cakes the night you broke that bohunk's nose. The Army used to pay me thirty-three a month, and my wife would of got ten gees insurance. I'm not asking you to go over there and put a slug in Ed Charney. But he made a threat to me, and I have to be ready. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, they say."

"My mother wanted me to be a priest, and here I am talking to another Catholic about ——"

"You better not say it," said Jimmy O'.

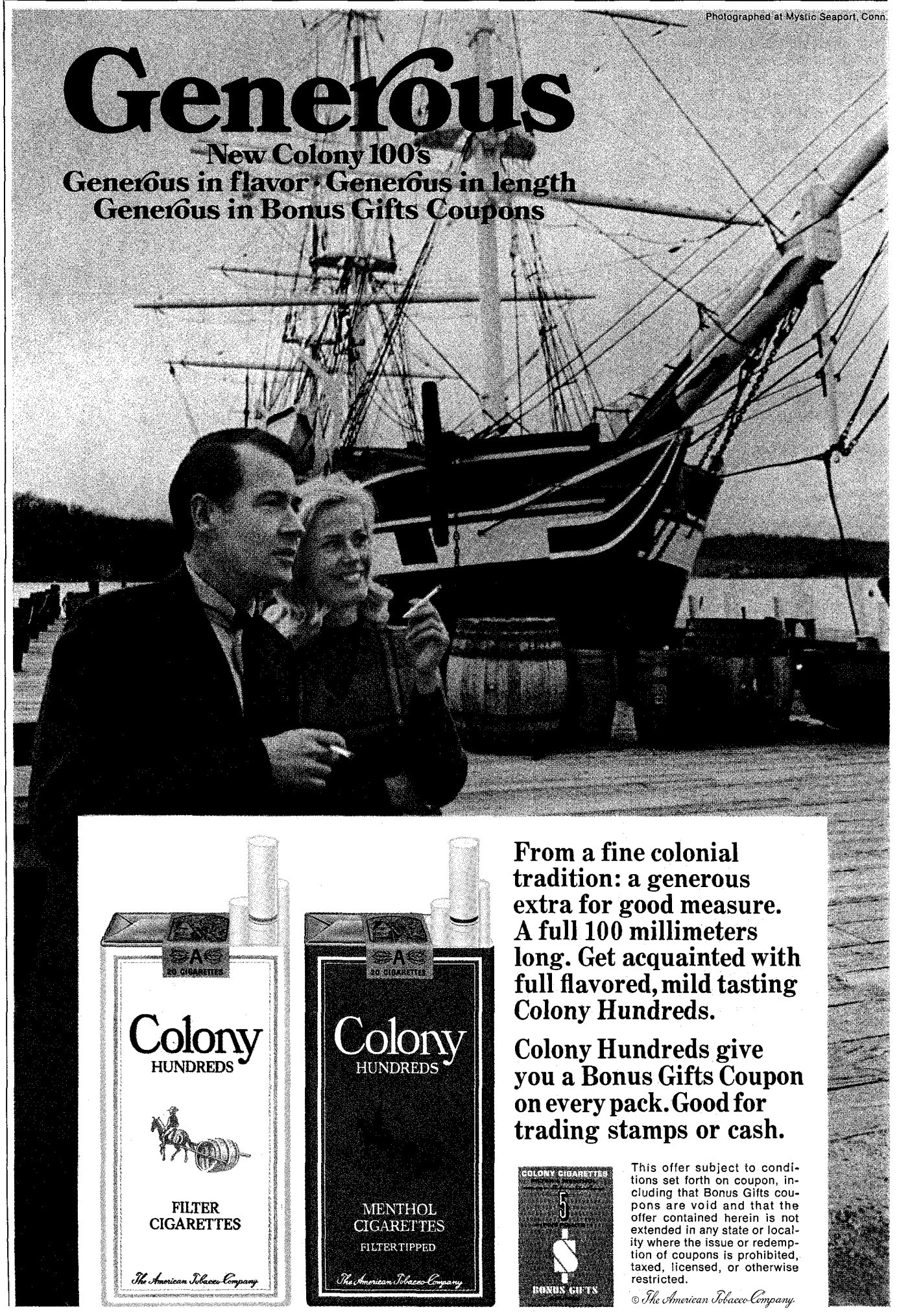
"Why not say it, Mr. O'Dowd? If I go to work for you, it's what I'll always be thinking. You want me to be ready to kill a man. Why me?"

Jimmy O' again took out the roll of bills. "You see this? I could go in any number of poolrooms and find any number of young punks that would kill a man for eight thousand dollars. If that was all I wanted, I could get it done. I could probably go to Jersey City, New Jersey, and get a guy to do it for less. But I never said anything to you about a cold-blooded murder. I don't want to be going around with that kind of a fellow. On the other hand, I want a young fellow that if trouble starts, I can depend on him. Somebody my own kind that won't kiyoodle out on me if the trouble starts. Them fellows across the street, I know Ed Charney inside out, and when he gets an idea he worries over it, worries over it, like a dog with a bone, and I'm the bone he's been worr'ing over for these last three months. When he gets an idea, he won't give up on it, and sitting right there where you are now, he got the idea that somehow or other James Aloysius O'Dowd should have a solemn high Mass of requiem said over him."

"Why are you so sure?"

"I'm so sure that if I was to die of the pneumonia I'd know Ed Charney was behind it."

Milo smiled. "Pneumonia, maybe.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The next time he has a cold don't let him blow his breath in your face. But the only rough stuff I ever heard of him in connection with was when they had that thing about swiping a truckload of beer in one of the patches. Some fire company helped themselves to beer for a picnic or something. It was in one of the patches near Taqua."

"You got the story all wrong, Milo, but it'd take too long to put you straight on it. Suffice it to say, the guy that hijacked the truck went off the road in a skidding accident—a whole year later. Anybody can have a skidding accident, right? If it happens a whole year after the party stole a truckload of beer off of Ed Charney, who's going to connect up the two incidents?"

"Well, it was always hazy in my mind," said Milo.

"In everybody's mind. But that's what I mean about Ed Charney. When he gets an idea he won't give up on it," said Jimmy O'. "That's also about how much you can depend on Ed and his talk about him not liking rough stuff. Ed was in the Army, too. Not the 28th Division. He was in the 42nd. But he saw action, and us fellows that saw action, we never want to see it again, but you're not as afraid as you were the first time."

"Well, I was never in the Army, Mr. O'Dowd," said Milo. "I don't know where you got the idea that I could kill a man. Just because I went after a drunk in my saloon."

"A big drunk, a tough drunk. The toughest guy in your neighborhood, so I'm told. You had to come from behind the bar with your blackjack in your hand and go right up and slug him, half again your size. I got the story from witnesses, Milo. It wasn't like hitting a guy back that hit you first. You went right after him. And I understand you did the same thing with a couple others, not as big. When I heard about it I said to myself, 'Here's the young fellow I been looking for.' And you're not ascared of me."

"Should I be?"

"Not exactly. But a lot of men twice your age come in here and they don't have your self-confidence. They act like they were afraid I was gonna take their business away from them. Not you. You speak right up, you say what you think. I like that. I know I can depend on you."

"Mr. O'Dowd, as far as I know I'm the youngest saloonkeeper in the county."

"Yeah, I wouldn't doubt that for a minute," said Jimmy O'. "You are, in years."

"I didn't start out wanting to be a saloonkeeper. My mother had me all cut out for a priest, and *I* wanted to be a doctor," said Milo.

"Go on," said Jimmy O'.

"But inside of the fifteen minutes I've been here you convinced me of my true vocation."

"And what is that, Milo?"

"You convinced me that I ought to be a gangster."

"A gangster? Oh, come now, Milo. You been reading too many newspapers."

"No, that doesn't have anything to do with it. You're a rich man, and you got that way partly by being a good judge of character. And I think you judged my character pretty well. You figured out that I like money, and I do. That's one thing you figured out. The other thing is that I'd do damn near anything to get it."

"Ah, then you'll come to work for me?" said Jimmy O'.

"Yes, I'll come to work for you."

"That's the way to talk, Milo."

"But wait a minute, Mr. O'Dowd. I didn't finish talking," said Milo. He reached in his pocket and took out the two one-hundred-dollar bills and handed them to Jimmy O'. "I'm giving these back to you."

"I gave them to you," said Jimmy O'.

"And I'm giving them back," said Milo. He held out his hand. "You have eight thousand on you. Give me four."

"Those kind of jokes I'm not partial to, son," said Jimmy O'.

"Me either," said Milo. He kept his hand extended.

"I'd kill you first," said Jimmy O'. "You mean cut you in for half of my business? Before I did that I'd kill you."

"Mr. O'Dowd, you as much as offered me a partnership a minute or two ago. You said there was millions in Ed Charney's business. What was I supposed to think? I understood you to mean that I'd be your partner. If you didn't mean that, you were stringing me along."

"I wasn't stringing you along, young fellow. But you're very hasty."

"Yes, I guess I am. But I'm not the same guy that came in here fifteen minutes ago. I know a lot more about you and a lot more about myself. As soon as you said 'millions' I suddenly began to realize that Ed Charney was nothing but a big fat Italian from Jersey City. Why should he have it all?"

"Go on home, young fellow. Go on back to your little saloon."

"No, I can't do that, Mr. O'Dowd. Not any more. If I go out of here, I go across the street."

"Is that what you are? You'd turn on your own kind like that? We'll see about that," said Jimmy O'. He reached for the telephone and lifted the receiver. "Six four six four," he said. "Hello, Ed? This is Jimmy O'. Oh, I'm pretty good, Ed. Say, there's a young fellow by the name of Milo Brady. Brady. That's the one. Big Bart Brady's kid. I don't know what the hell's got into him, but all of a sudden he come storming in here and wanted to be my partner. My partner. In my business. He's sick in the head, Ed. I threw him out, but I wanted to tip you off. You're next on who he wants to be partners with. Oh, that's all right, Ed. These young guys. See you around." Jimmy O' slowly, carefully replaced the receiver.

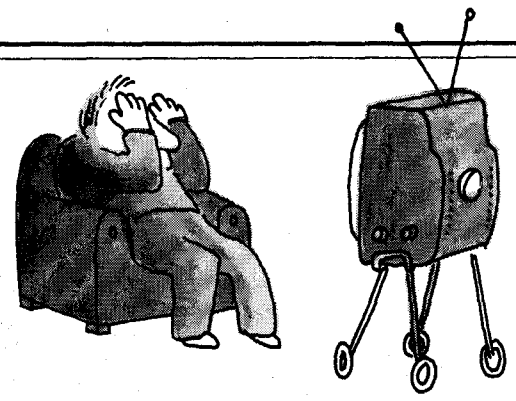
"So you threw me out, eh?" said Milo.

"I could if I had to," said Jimmy O'. He picked up the two hundred-dollar bills that lay before him and put them in his pocket. "But if I's you, young fellow, I'd stay away from Ed Charney. Him and his buddies'll kick you to pieces. Even a year from now they'll kick you to pieces." He pointed to the folded newspaper at his side. "You know what? I think the Pirates are gonna win the pennant," he said. "It'll be the Pirates and the Senators." He stared hard at Milo Brady. □

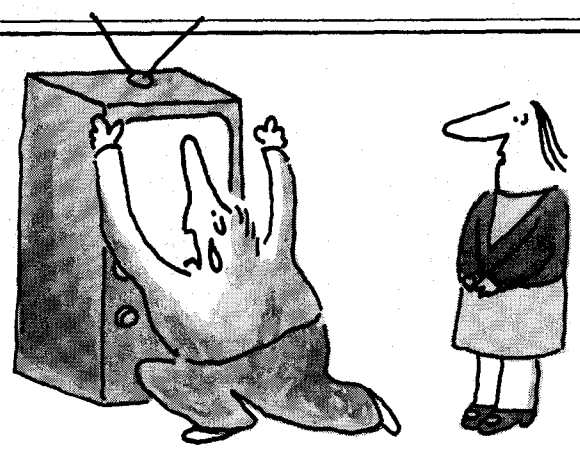
MY KIND OF PEOPLE by Barsotti

SATURDAY'S CHILD

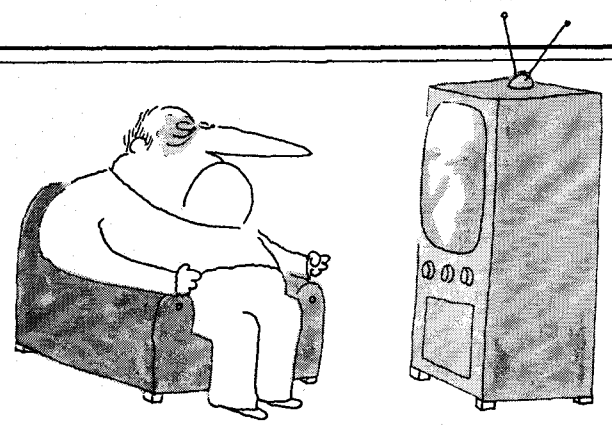
"It's a date then? You'll speak to me in January right after the Rose Bowl?"



"And now through the magic of instant replay . . ."



"For a subway alumnus you certainly do get involved."



"My philosophy as a coach has always been that 'it matters not if you win or lose, but how you play the game' and I'm sure our fans everywhere would be quick to agree."

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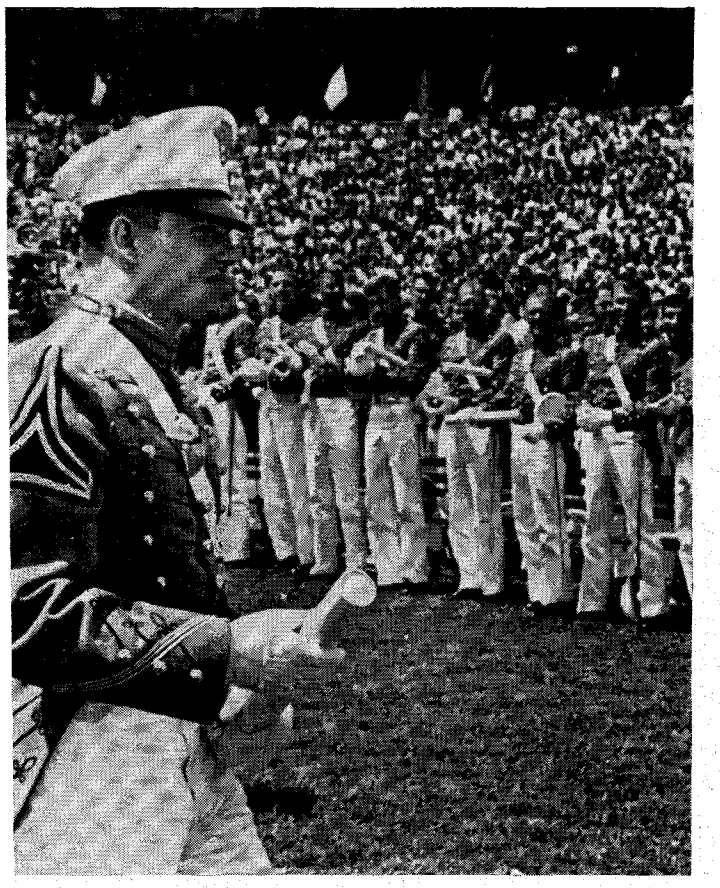
'WELL, MA, I'M STILL HERE'

One man's desperate fight to finish last in his class at West Point.

by Harold H. Martin



The ancient ritual of a West Point graduation had gone on for about an hour when the last cadet rose from the last seat in the last row—the 583rd man in a class of 583. Brass buttons gleaming on his gray-blue blouse, dress sword jingling at his side, Richard William Anastasi, of Woodbury, N.J., marched to the canopied platform to receive the diploma which, in many a despairing moment, he had been convinced he would never earn. As he returned to his seat, his classmates paid him the tribute that for more than 160 years the cadets have accorded the goat of the graduating class. They rose and waved their white hats in the air, and cheered him till the leaves shook on the trees surrounding Michie Stadium.

Now another class has taken the oath, and another man, unknown as yet even to himself, has set out upon the rocky road to the bottom of the class. The cheers he will hear four years from now may be the last he will receive, for few of the men who earned this accolade in the past knew many triumphs afterward.

One of the academy's most famous goats was Gen. George Pickett, class of 1846, who gained a tragic immortality by his heroic but futile onslaught against the Union lines at Gettysburg. Another was George Armstrong Custer, of the class of 1861, who led his regiment into an Indian ambush at the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

The class leaders have gone on to devise new weapons and tactics, build bridges and dams, command armies. When they retire they become college presidents or executives of mammoth corporations. The goats are automatically put into the combat forces, and many of them promptly get themselves shot. In interludes of peace, they retire as aging lieutenants, captains and majors. And instead of becoming college presidents and corporation executives, they become schoolteachers, farmers, insurance agents.

The goat's career as a cadet is distinguished by a dogged determination to hang on. "You've got to love it, or you're dead," said Lieutenant Anastasi. "Ever since he was nine years old, he had been determined to go to West Point," his mother said. "He'd march up and down the room playing soldier. 'Look, Ma,' he'd say, 'this is how I'll march when I'm a cadet.'"

When he finally reached the Point, after a splendid career as a defensive center on the Woodbury High football team, he discovered that there was more to playing soldier than uniforms and marching. "I remember his first letter," his mother said. "It started, 'Well, Mama, it's been a week and I'm still here.' That's the way all his letters started—like he was always surprised he was still there."

Beast Barracks, the first eight weeks of pressure and harassment designed to weed out the weaklings fast, didn't worry him. He liked the discipline and the drill, the firing on the rifle range—the hurry, hurry, hurry.

Though he quickly fell into the pattern of a "Spoony," or spit-and-polish cadet, he soon discovered that in classes and athletics it would be difficult to survive. "You wouldn't believe the intelligence some of those guys had," he said. "Computers for brains. Click, click, click, out comes the right answer. . . . It wasn't that I couldn't learn. I just couldn't learn fast enough. By the time the light dawned on me, everybody had gone on to something else."

Soon after the start of his Plebe year, he found himself in academic trouble. West Point grades by a system in which a score of 3 is perfect. The student who makes 2 in a subject is "pro," or proficient, meaning he is passing; a student with a grade of 1.999 is "D," or deficient. Anastasi quickly "went D" in math and Spanish.

To this misfortune he soon added physical injury. Having to eat at attention during Beast Barracks had interfered with his nourishment. He went down to 190 pounds from his high-school playing weight of 210, and he began losing sleep, sitting up late over his books.

"In the first Plebe scrimmage," he said, "this big fullback came through the line, and I said, 'Big boy, I'm going to sting you.' But he went right on over me and they had to operate to put the cartilage back in place in my left knee."

Out for the rest of the Plebe season, he was able to pull up his academic standing. By the time spring training began, he was feeling fit again. He lasted a week. This time it was the right knee. "Tore the ligament right off the bone," he said. The second injury, which put him in the hospital for six weeks, again gave him a chance to catch up in his studies. He finished Plebe year 44th from the bottom of his class, with a point average of 2.2.

He went back for his Yearling year still hopeful that someday he would hear thousands cheer as he intercepted a Navy pass and ran it back for a touchdown. It didn't work that way. "I made the JV—the junior varsity. We scrimmaged against the varsity, went on a couple of trips and had a good time. But I had started hurting in academics again. By the time spring training came around, I was way down in chemistry, math and physics. That was my lowest point, I guess, the end of the second semester of my Yearling year.

"I studied till I thought I'd go blind. But as soon as I got the chemistry up, I'd slip back in physics, and when I got the physics up I'd slip back in math. Finally I figured if I couldn't get it in an hour or so of studying, I'd try to pick it up in class. So I started getting some sleep, and my grades began to come up. I don't know how I did it, but I finished Yearling year with a 2.18."

His Cow, or junior year, turned out to be a near disaster. In Yearling year, when sorely beset, he had found solace in the company of a young lady from Newburgh, who came up to dances on those rare weekends when he was up in his studies and eligible to take part in social events. This was the first great love of his life and he was totally unprepared for the shock when the romance fell apart and his girl began coming to the dances as another cadet's drag. "I was so broken up over that for a while that my grades went flooie." He finished the year last in the class.

Anastasi began his First Class year by falling flat on his face. "I guess I was trying too hard," he said. "Anyway, for the first two weeks I couldn't do anything right and I started failing ordnance engineering. After you have been there three years, though, you don't get real panicky any more. So I studied hard, and on the exam I picked up enough to pass."

Anastasi, whose heartbreak of the year before had healed, got on the phone to Manhattan to tell a friendly airline stewardess that he was coming to town to celebrate. While he packed, whistling, the heavens fell. He was notified that he had blown the final exam in history of the military art. The re-exam was set for Saturday. Sadly he called the stewardess and told her that their date was off.

For five hours on Friday afternoon his roommate and two other cadets pounded the history of the military art into his skull. Saturday afternoon when he went into the exam, he was 37 tenths under passing. When he finished, he was 76 tenths over. At the end of the semester he was still last man in the class, but he knew, barring some tragedy, he was going to graduate.

Then it looked as if the unforeseen tragedy had struck. In his junior year in high school he had injured his left wrist. He thought at the time it was merely a sprain, but now an X-ray examination showed that he had broken the navicular bone, a hairline crack that had never properly healed. Unless this could be repaired by a risky operation involving a bone graft, he could not be commissioned in one of the combat forces. Four months before he was to graduate, the arm was operated on. The graft "took" and the arm began to heal.

As the last man in the class, he was ranked automatically into the infantry and, along with 150 other members of the class, he immediately volunteered for Vietnam. But the doctors knew his injured wrist, though healing, would not stand the strain. He was switched to the artillery and assigned to a rocket site in Germany. "But I'll get to Vietnam yet," says Lieutenant Anastasi. "I've got to. I've got to see what I'm made of." □

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The Tobacco Institute believes every thoughtful adult American will want to read every word of this front-page editorial in BARRON'S– one of America's most responsible publications.

BARRON'S

35 CENTS — *National Business and Financial Weekly* — OCTOBER 2, 1967

Dangerous Lengths

The Federal Crusade Against Smoking Has Gone Too Far

"OUTDOOR activity of an athletic nature, engaged in by youthful, fit and personable appearing models, serves as a positive backdrop to many cigaret advertisements. This activity also suggests that the smoking depicted in the foreground, if not conducive to rousingly good health, is certainly not incompatible with it. The most prevalent outdoor activity in current cigaret advertising is sailboating (Tareyton, Pall Mall, Parliament and Viceroy filters). To a lesser extent, fishing (Viceroy filters and Camel menthols), tennis (Chesterfield filters), hunting (Camel filters), golf and outdoor cooking (Viceroy filters), and bowling and 'sandbathing' (Winston filters) are all 'in.' . . .

"Some cigaret advertising transcends mere image association and projects its own separate and unique world. Examples include 'Salem Country,' a land in which romantic couples romp and preen through shifting, sylvan settings; the 'Night People,' whose post evening encounters can lead to smoking Parliament filters; and 'Marlboro Country,' where there daily unfolds the simple male heroic virtues of the 'Old West.' Worry over health has been banished from these Shangri-las."

While Barron's tends to disapprove of bureaucracy and all its works, the foregoing passages, taken from a recent Federal Trade Commission Report to Congress, unmistakably smack of talent. If the authors ever decide to seek gainful employment, we urge them to try Madison Avenue. Meanwhile, however, they and their fellow officials in the Federal Communications Commission and the National Interagency Council on Smoking and Health, along with kindred souls on Capitol Hill, are still doing business at the same old doctrinaire stand. Senator Robert F. Kennedy (D., N.Y.) is pushing a bill to tax cigarets according to their tar and nicotine content. The FCC has just reaffirmed a ruling which holds that in order to compete with the blandishments cited above, television broadcasters must give the foes of smoking air time free of charge if not exactly equal. FTC, in turn, relentlessly presses a campaign to force the industry to warn its customers: "Cigaret smoking is dangerous to health and may cause death from cancer and other diseases." Someday it aims to ban all cigaret advertising.

What began a few years ago as a seemingly well-intentioned, if disturbing, effort to brainwash the citizenry into kicking the habit thus has spiraled into a crusade as menacing and ugly as Prohibition. At the time (Barron's, January 18, 1965), regarding the gross exaggerations of Emerson Foote, who headed the movement, we accused the Public Health Service of "placing the strident claims of the pitchman ahead of the unobtrusive quest for truth." Nothing that PHS has said or done since has changed our view. On the contrary, the anti-smoking forces, putting their worst foot forward, lately have sought to escalate from persuasion to coercion. As inveterate non-smokers, we freely concede that cigarets do one no good. As to the body, politic, however, the unchecked arrogance of bureaucracy is invariably fatal. When the choice lies between living dangerously or toeing the party line, we (like most Americans, evidently) would rather fight than switch.

Since publication in 1964 of "Smoking and Health," which through a kind of guilt by statistical association, condemned the use of cigarets (but not cigars or pipes), officialdom has done its best to pick a fight. Armed with such dubious "proof," the Federal Trade Commission promptly sought to foist its own uncompromising slogans on the industry, a move which led a more tolerant Congress to pass the Federal Cigaret Labeling and Advertising Act. The law, which allowed manufacturers to put a milder warning on each pack of cigarets, has merely goaded the anti-smoking zealots to greater lengths. Thus, Senator Robert Kennedy, who yields to no man in his hot pursuit of demagoguery, has introduced a bill that would tax cigarets on the basis of their tar and nicotine content, as measured by the FTC in a laboratory newly equipped with a federal smoking machine. The FCC has gone much further. Last June, upon a complaint by a crusading young lawyer (strange how the breed has multiplied of late), the agency abruptly decided that the so-called fairness doctrine applied not only to the public debate of controversial issues but also to advertising. Specifically, it decreed that cigaret foes were entitled to free air time to criticize Winston's grammar, burn their Lark packs and otherwise lose their Kool. Two weeks ago, the agency unanimously reaffirmed its ruling.

"Oh what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive." From the outset, as a few bold scientific spirits insisted, "Smoking and Health" failed to prove that cigarets cause lung cancer or any other of the many ills to which the flesh is heir. With the passage of time, its findings have grown increasingly suspect. Last year Barron's cited the critique of Professor K. A. Brownlee of the University of Chicago, who faulted the Surgeon-General's Report for inadequate and possibly biased sampling methods, as well as for the arbitrary dismissal of conflicting views. This year the medicine men have undercut their own dogma. For, contrary to their previous findings, which exonerated nicotine as a health hazard, the witch doctors, in a remarkable if little-noted change of mind, are now pointing the finger of suspicion at it. Meanwhile, the Johnson Administration, which never gave the anti-smoking campaign its seal of approval, quietly continues to support the price of the filthy weed with taxpayers' money, and, for the benefit of foreigners, who presumably neither know better nor care, to extol the virtues of U.S. tobacco.

From a dubious premise, the Federal Communications Commission has proceeded grandly to an absurd conclusion. Since the licensee "is presenting commercials urging the consumption of a product whose normal use has been found by the government to represent a serious potential hazard to public health," the public interest requires him "to devote a significant amount of time to informing his listeners of the other side of the matter—that however enjoyable smoking may be, it represents a habit which may cause or contribute to the death of the user." In so ruling the FCC denied that it was setting a dangerous precedent. However, Commissioner Loevinger, the only member with any qualms whatever, offered effective rebuttal. "No matter what the Commission now says about the distinction between cigaret advertising and other types, it is establishing the principle that the Fairness Doctrine applies to commercial advertising, as distinguished from paid political broadcasting. The Commission will be hard pressed to find a rational basis for holding that cigarets differ from all other hazards to life and health."

The agency also doubtless will have trouble defending its stand in the courts (to which the broadcasting industry has appealed). On this score Mr. Loevinger again gives eloquent testimony. "Because the result seems to me to be socially and morally right," he averred, he was willing—albeit with "great doubt and reluctance"—to go along with the rest. However, he added significantly, "I have doubts that the action is procedurally and substantively consistent with controlling legal rules. I am reluctant because of concern that this action may represent a subjugation of judgment to sentiment." Mr. Loevinger may have his qualms, but for him, as well as for his colleagues, the end plainly justifies the means.

This is the classic rationale of tyranny, the perennial cry of the mob. The public interest, as we have said before, covers a multitude of sins, from the venial to the deadly. Smoking may be a minor issue, but contempt for due process of law looms large. Cigaret advertising, however disagreeable, constitutes an exercise in freedom of speech. Big Brother doesn't take over all at once, he closes in step by step. Here's a chance to draw the line.

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'MY ADVENTURES AS AN IDEALIST'

'I want to be Rockefeller!' he cried. 'I want to be Greta Garbo's lover!' And for five hundred dollars, I must make his foolish dreams come true.

BY ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

Translated by Aliza Shevrin and Elizabeth Shub

I knocked on Sigmund Seltzer's bachelor-apartment door in the Hotel Warsaw, and a voice called out, "*Bitte! Entrez!* Come in!" I opened the door and saw a short, heavy-set man wearing a white suit, a Panama hat, yellow shoes, a pink shirt, and a tie with gold threads running through it. It was tacked down by a pearl stickpin. A cigar was clamped between his teeth. It was hard to tell whether he had just come in or was about to leave. A mandolin had been hung on one of the walls. Beneath it, on a table, lay several photograph albums. Placed around the room were numerous snapshots of Sigmund Seltzer with different groups of people. I thought I recognized the faces of several movie stars. He rolled his cigar artfully between thumb and forefinger and inquired: "Are you the Yiddish translator?"

"Yes."

"Well, sit down. Make yourself at home. I can't, as they say, stand formalities. You're either a friend or not, and if not, to hell with you. Would you like something to drink? Whiskey? Cognac? Sherry? Coke?"

"No, thanks."

"Something to eat?"

"I've just had lunch."

"My grandmother used to say, 'The intestine is bottomless!' Food's a necessity, and a glass of schnapps never hurt anyone. Do you know German?"

"I translated *The Magic Mountain* into Yiddish."

"What kind of mountain is that?"

"That's the title of a novel by Thomas Mann."

"I have no time for reading. Here is my book, *My Adventures as an Idealist*. It's my life story. Translate it from the German. It's been published in so many languages that now I want it to appear in my mother tongue, Yiddish. I want my parents to be proud of me. I'll send everyone in my family a copy. And I'll sell a few hundred books as well. I have a million friends. My grandmother used to say, 'Money is mud, but friends come in handy.' "

"You had a wise grandmother."

"Ninety-eight when she died. She wanted to make it to a hundred. Don't we all! I want to be Rockefeller! I want to be Greta Garbo's lover! But who can tell? If the movie they make from my book is a hit, anything can happen. The fact is I have to fly out to Hollywood this week to talk with the producer about it. How much do you want for the job? Name a figure in round numbers."

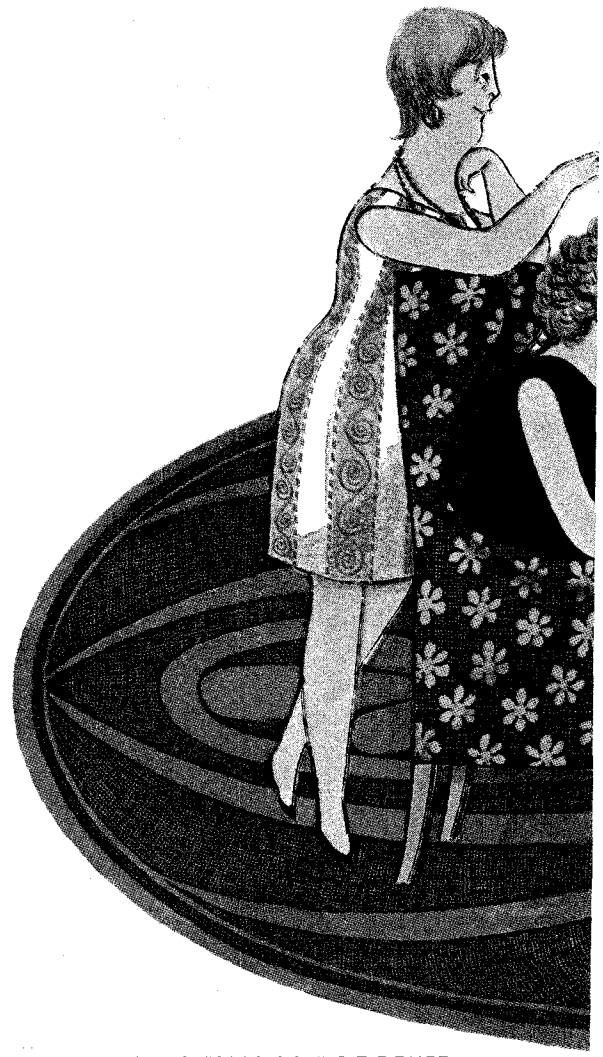
"Five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred? Okay, I won't bargain with you. In Paris I could have had it done for less, but I have to go to Hollywood. Turn the book into something worth reading. Put everything into it: a man's life, his thoughts, his soul. A book has to tug at the heartstrings. If it doesn't, it's a waste of time to read it. Do you understand me or not? In our business you can't afford to be a dope."

For a while I leafed through the book, saying nothing. Then I asked him in what language he had written it originally.

Sigmund Seltzer removed his hat. I could see now that he had a wide forehead with a jagged scar across the middle and thick, black, curly hair that glistened with pomade. I examined his features more closely. His cheeks had the blue shadow of men who look unshaven no matter how often they shave. His lips were full, and he had a broad nose with large nostrils. His dark, smiling eyes radiated congeniality. I noticed that he wore two rings on his fingers—one set with a ruby, the other with a diamond. He hesitated before replying.

"What difference does it make what language I wrote it in? I gave you the German version, and you translate from that. I hate long discussions. Either yes or no. A lot has happened in the world since



ILLUSTRATED BY N. M. BODECKER

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My manuscript described him as a leader of government, a heroic pioneer, a romantic adventurer.

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the book was first published in 1932. That bastard, Hitler, took over Germany. Mussolini, that swine, gobbled up—what's the name of that place again?—oh yes, Ethiopia. Franco, that gangster, forced Fascism on Spain. You'll have to put all of that in the book so the reader will know what it's all about. Bring it up to date. Do you understand? Since the book will be in Yiddish, our struggle in Palestine, with all our strivings and hopes, should be included. I, Sigmund Seltzer, don't frighten easily. We'll tell the British to get the hell out of there. They made a Balfour Declaration, let them go back to London where they came from and leave the Jews alone. We'll know how to deal with the Arabs! Make it clear, and make it read smoothly, with class. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, I understand."

"Good. I'll give you an advance of one hundred dollars. Where is my checkbook?"

He set his cigar down on an ashtray and took a checkbook and gold fountain pen out of his breast pocket. Then he said, "Don't worry—my check is good. I've only been in America four weeks, but all the publishers are after me. *My Adventures* was sold in hundreds of thousands of copies in Europe. This pen here was presented to me in Paris at a banquet in my honor. You can't get another pen like it anywhere. The factory that made it went out of business. It's pure gold. Just take a look at the jeweler's mark. Fourteen carats! Have you ever been to Paris?"

"For a few days."

"A lively town. There's no city like it in the whole world. Once Bucharest was worth something. They called it the second Paris. But the war changed all that. Two things I love about Paris: the little rolls they bake there—brioches—and the women."

"Do you speak French?" I asked, just to make conversation.

"What language don't I speak! How much does one really have to know? A wink is enough language between a man and a woman. Just one look, and she knows exactly what you want. You call a cab and, before you know it, she's sitting next to you. Look, when you have a pocket full of francs, you can be deaf and dumb. You give the driver a little something, and he's your best friend. It's the same way in hotels and wherever you go. Here in America they say, 'Money talks.' It's true. When I come to a strange country, the first thing I do is learn how to count. Then I go into a restaurant and study the menu, because if your belly is empty, nothing else is important. The rest, my friend, comes with time. In Paris, I got to know the top writers. They gave me letters of recommendation and anything else I asked for. They posed for pictures with me. Look at this album—with the greatest! That's me, there. If someone is my friend, it's all the way. We eat together; we drink together. Money is no object. I meet their wives; they meet my relatives. I have relatives in France, too. One is a professor at the Sorbonne—the top man! All the other professors hang around him and drink in his words as if he were holy. What he says goes, and no one argues with him. A cousin of mine opened a small store in Paris a few years ago, and today he has a business that caters to the wealthiest people. He sells everything from diapers to automobiles. Rothschild is a steady customer of his. The President's wife shops there. When my family heard that I had written a book, they were really proud of me. Actually, this pen was given to me by my cousin."

Seltzer carefully drew a chair up to the table. He tested the pen point with the manicured fingernail of his left thumb, and said, "When Sigmund Seltzer gives someone a check, everything has to be perfect." He stuck out the tip of his tongue while slowly forming the letters and numbers. The script looked like hen tracks. As soon as I saw his signature, I knew the truth: This man could not have written any book in any language. It was the signature of one who barely knew the alphabet.

There was no sense in sticking to the German text. The real author of this fictitious autobiography, whom Seltzer had hired as a ghost writer, had thought up a life story that might have appealed to a German reader but never to a Yiddish one. The sentences were long, and the style turgid and full of the clichés and banalities characteristic of certain types of European hack writers when they write about Jews. All the men in the book had high foreheads and long earlocks. The fathers all had white beards and were victims of pogroms. All that they required was that their children recite Kaddish and light memorial candles after their death. The young women were all dark beauties pursued by gentile millionaires. They, however, were really in love with Yeshiva boys or young Zionists.

I had to make up some other kind of drivel. I questioned Sigmund Seltzer about his origins and his youth, but for some reason he was reluctant to tell me anything. His answer to every question was the same: Just make it interesting, so that it can be turned into a radio sketch or a play. With that in mind, I gave the hero a father who was a lumber dealer in Lithuania, made the hero himself a musical prodigy, later drew him into the revolutionary movement, deposited him in a Warsaw prison, and then allowed him to escape with the aid of the jailkeeper's daughter. I didn't like this kind of work, but as a Yiddish free-lancer I had little choice. Months passed and not a word of mine appeared in the Yiddish press. My four dollars a week rent were a constant source of worry to me.

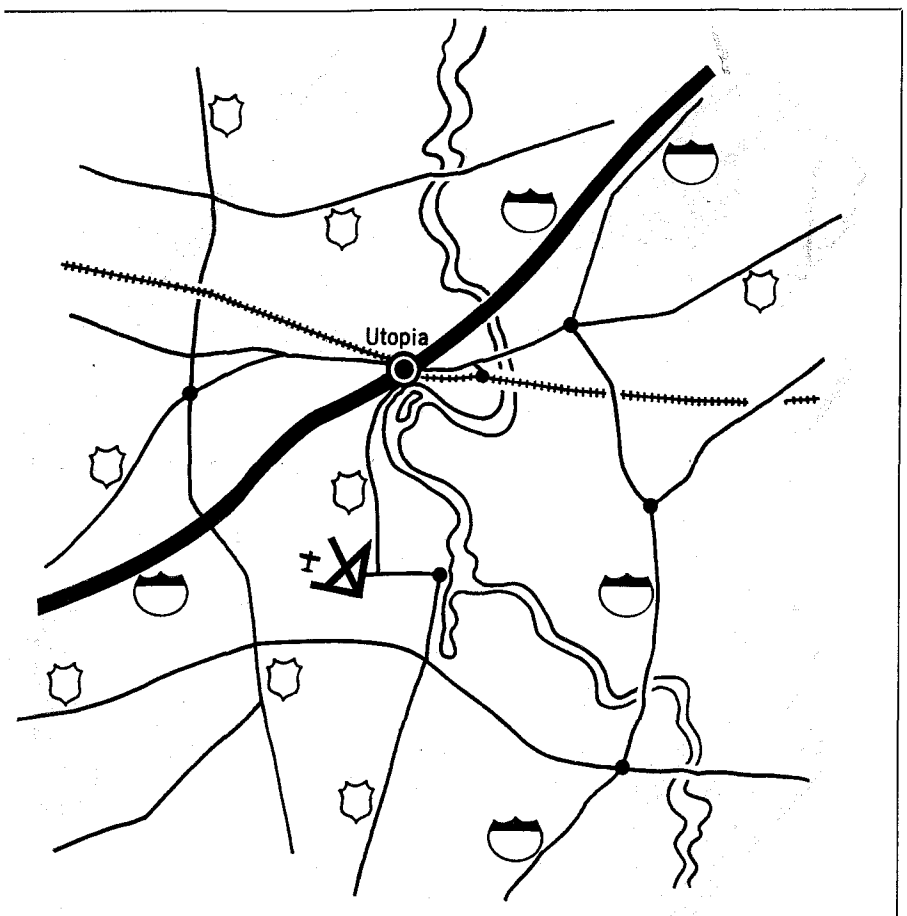
Sigmund Seltzer requested that I read him each chapter as I finished it. I was always astounded by his reaction: He seemed actually to believe the lies I was concocting about him. He would shake his head and become serious, even sad. Lost in thought, he would twist his cigar between his lips and blow smoke rings. Sometimes he would even ask me to add a few words, or elaborate on a description.

It often seemed to me that in some mysterious way I was reminding him of things he had partially forgotten. At times his round face took on the eager, yet pouting, expression of a mischievous child who was being told a story before bedtime. He would yawn, smile, rub his eyes.

Occasionally he would doze off, but only briefly, for the telephone was constantly ringing. It might be his New York agent, Seymour Katz, or someone calling from Hollywood. Once it was a woman named Sylvia, asking him where he had spent the previous night. Sigmund Seltzer reproached her, "Sylvia, darling, it's all business, business. You know you're dearest to my heart. I have one God and one Sylvia."

And he would press his middle finger into his breast as if Sylvia could see him. He hung up and said, "Cheats, every single one of them." And he relit his cigar.

Events developed rapidly and dramatically. There were times when I suspected that Sigmund Seltzer was acting out the imagined adventures of my Yiddish hero. He had given me another hundred-dollar check, but it was returned uncashed by the bank. This was bad news for me, because I was counting on the money to pay my rent. I telephoned him at his hotel and was told that he had moved out. A few weeks later I received a telegram inviting me to his wedding. He was marry-



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It's easier to find your own Utopia when you let Snelling and Snelling help you find a better job.

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ing that same Sylvia. Her last name was Moscowitz.

I arrived downtown at the Hotel Delancy, a place where Orthodox weddings, bar mitzvahs, and rabbinical meetings were often held. I met the bride, her mother, her brother, and several friends. Seymour Katz, Sigmund Seltzer's agent, a tiny man holding a long cigar, was deeply engrossed in a whispered conversation with a huge rabbi who looked like a professional boxer. Sylvia, the bride, had a crooked nose like a broken beak. Her hair was dyed a carrot color and was elaborately combed in curls and ringlets. She smiled at me, and the smile was both friendly and derisive. Her yellow eyes were heavily made up. A set of porcelain teeth gleamed between bright-red lips. It was impossible to tell whether she was thirty or fifty. Her hands were wrinkled, the fingernails long, crimson, and sharp. As soon as I approached her, I was seized by a fit of sneezing.

Her mother's head was narrow at the top and ended in a broad chin. Her bosom protruded like a balcony. On her swollen, sick feet, she wore a pair of misshapen shoes trimmed with rhinestone buckles. Her stockinged legs looked like two overstuffed sausages. She apparently suffered from asthma because, as she accepted congratulations from well-wishers and thanked them, she would gulp pills and wheeze. Sigmund Seltzer, wearing a set of tails with a white boutonniere in his lapel, shouted in her ear as if she were deaf: "Mama, this is my Yiddish translator!"

It was a hot day, but Sigmund Seltzer insisted that I eat everything served at the banquet after the marriage ceremony: the chopped liver, the soup with dumplings, the roast beef with stuffed derma, and, for dessert, the egg cookies and honeycake his mother-in-law had baked herself.

Sylvia's brother, Sidney Breitman, informed me that he was in the real-estate business. At dinner he regaled us with tales of the 1929 Wall Street crash. He described the suicides and how cheap it had been to buy houses and property if one had any cash at all. He advised Sigmund not to save the money he would make in Hollywood with the sale of his book but to invest it in the construction business. He said, "Build a bungalow somewhere. The rest will take care of itself."

"My talent is in writing books," Sigmund Seltzer answered. "You can't do that in your spare time."

I was too embarrassed to tell the groom that his last check had bounced. In fact, I had even bought him a gift. He told me he and Sylvia were going away on their honeymoon. He mentioned a town and a hotel in the Catskill Mountains and said he would call me as soon as he returned to New York.

Two months passed, and I heard nothing from him. Then one day someone knocked at the door of my furnished room. Even before I had a chance to answer, Sigmund Seltzer entered, unshaven, wearing a soiled suit and a crumpled shirt, and holding in his mouth a cigar stub that was so short it was hard to see how he didn't burn his lips. The scar on his forehead looked more prominent than usual. Without rising to greet him, I asked, "What's happened to you?"

With his right hand, he brushed off his left sleeve. "It's all over."

"It didn't work out?"

"A bloodsucker."

"What did she want?"

"What do they all want? Your money."

He sat down heavily in an armchair from which the stuffing and springs protruded and said, "I came to her with an open heart, but all she cared about was my money. When we arrived at our hotel in the Catskills, I wanted to do right by her, but she sat on a chair, her legs crossed, smoking one cigarette after the other, and just wanted to stick her nose into my business. She insisted that I put all my money in her name. A bankbook is a person's best friend, she said. I met a cousin of hers in the casino the next day, and he told me the whole story. She'd already had three husbands and ruined them all. Lovers, too—a butcher and a sewing-machine salesman. She sold her body, that's all. The mother was no better. The brother was a fake. That's the long and short of it. I told her: Look, sister, this time you've got the wrong party. If you don't like it, you know what you can do."

"You're getting a divorce?"

"If she wants a divorce, let *her* get it. You have to go to Reno for a divorce here."

Not long after his marriage failed, the film deal fell through, too. The contract had been drawn up and was ready to be signed. Without warning, the producers backed out.

After Sigmund's first check had bounced, I stopped "translating" his book, and I was relieved that the agreement between us was over. But Sigmund Seltzer hadn't given up. He found a job as an insurance agent and started paying me in five- and ten-dollar bills, or whatever he could scrape together. No matter how many times I moved from one furnished room to another, he ferreted me out. Each time I would ask him how things were, and he would tell me everything. He had gone into partnership with a peddler who had a route in Staten Island. He had become part owner of a factory that manufactured women's hair nets. I don't know how, but he managed to strike up friendships with rabbis, writers, and Yiddish actors. Every time he visited me, he offered me tickets to some affair to which I didn't want to go. His clothes became more and more bedraggled, but, nevertheless, he still wore a broad-brimmed hat and fancy ties. From his overstuffed briefcase he would bring forth catalogues, photographs of famous people, letters of recommendation to publishers, rejection slips from editors. Several times he showed me pictures of women.

He would sit in my only chair—the kind always to be found in furnished rooms—smoking a cigar and listening to the new chapters I had written. I had long ago thrown away the German "original" and had half forgotten the episodes of previous chapters I had written and had given to Seltzer. All I had now was a list of names of imaginary relatives and friends from his past, which I had jotted down in a notebook.

I hoped that even Sigmund Seltzer would see how contrived and disjointed the plot was and would leave me in peace. But he found no fault with my writing. He listened eagerly to all my stories about him—his heroic deeds, his romantic adventures. He

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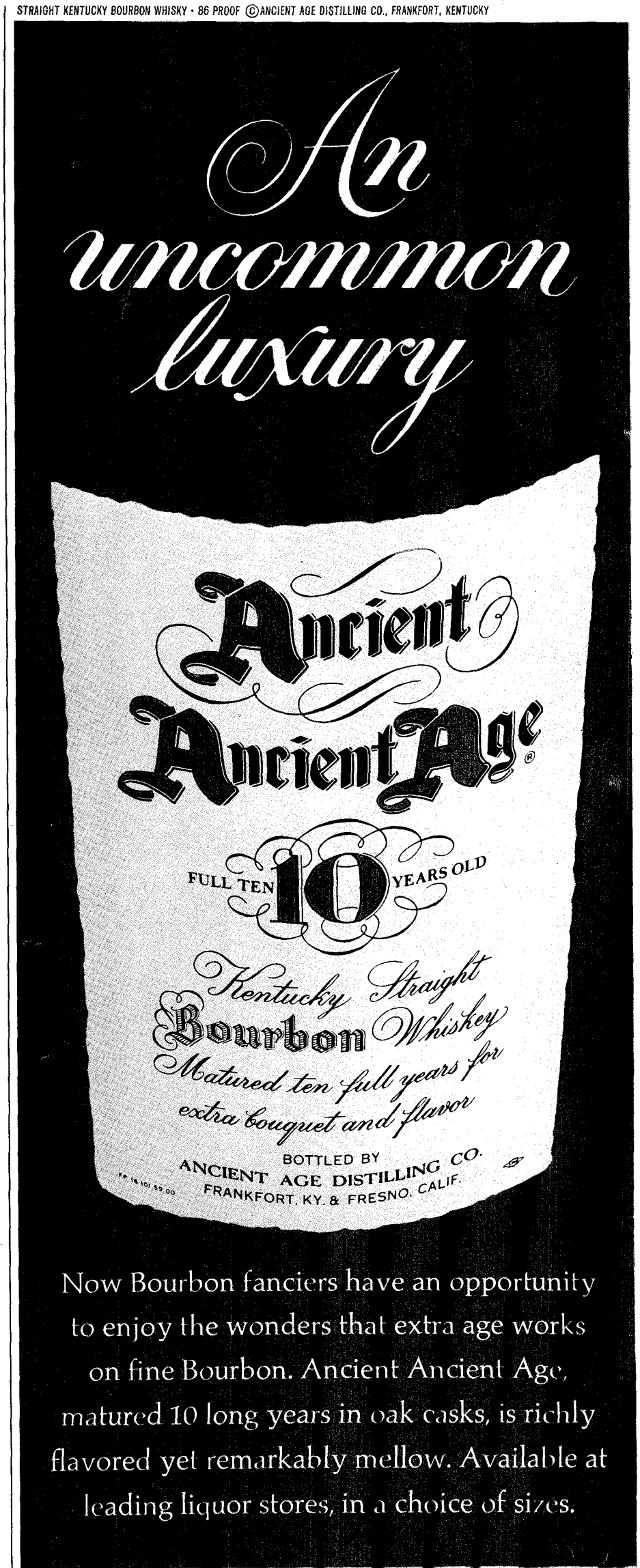

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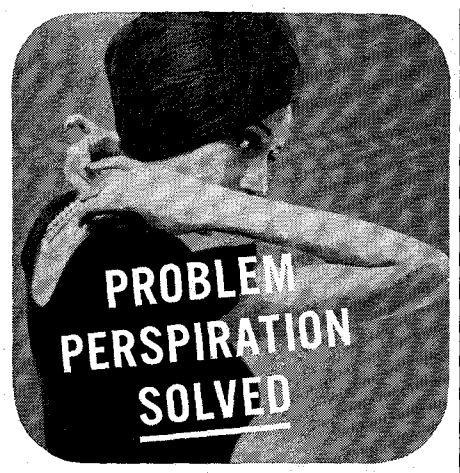

even for thousands who perspire heavily

A new-type formula has been found to keep underarms absolutely dry – even for thousands who perspire heavily. After decades of common "deodorants," it took a chemical invention to make this truly effective protection possible – with the same safety to clothing – the same skin mildness as popular "deodorants." Called Mitchum Anti-Perspirant, it is the product of a trustworthy 52-year-old laboratory. By the thousands, women with problem perspiration are finding the protection they need – and never could find before. And fully effective as a deodorant, too, of course. If you perspire more than average–even heavily–get the positive protection of Mitchum Anti-Perspirant. Liquid or cream. Ea. $3.00. Available in Canada.

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Liquid or Cream

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nodded his head in agreement to the many ideas I attributed to him, to the words I put in his mouth. In one episode I described him as a revolutionary leader in Kharkov; in another, as a pacifist who would rather die than fight at the front; then, in turn, as a Palestine pioneer building the Jewish homeland, and as a fighter in the defense against the Ukrainian pogroms. I had already written over two hundred pages for him, but still had received only part of the amount he had promised me. The whole affair had become a nuisance to me, but somehow my efforts to make an end to it were halfhearted. I felt I could not let this pathetic creature down. Each time he saw me he would heft the manuscript in his hand and say, "Wait, you'll see, the two of us will make a lot of money. Sigmund Seltzer isn't dead yet!"

At about this time I got a job with a newspaper and could do without the few dollars Sigmund Seltzer contributed in curled-up bills and sometimes even in change. The story of his life had become so intricate, so melodramatic and contradictory, that I began to feel that I was swindling him and betraying his confidence. Again and again I decided to end this nonsense, but Sigmund Seltzer kept after me. No matter where I hid from him, he found me. Sometimes months would pass, and I would think he had disappeared for good. Then suddenly I would receive a telephone call or a telegram from him.

Years passed. I had published a few books and made somewhat of a name for myself. Nevertheless, Sigmund Seltzer still introduced me as his translator.

Sylvia had divorced Seltzer, and he had married again. He invited me to his new apartment one evening and introduced me to his wife. She looked astoundingly like the first one: the same crooked nose, the same oily smile, the same yellow eyes. She even dyed her hair the same carrot color. Other than that, she was a bit shorter and had broader hips and heavier legs. She owned a ladies'-wear shop and had raised a son from a former marriage. The second Mrs. Seltzer clasped my hand in hers and cried, "Any friend of Sigmund's is a friend of mine!"

And she made me swear a holy vow that I would come again some Friday evening for gefüllte fish and soup with dumplings, the likes of which were not to be found anywhere else in the United States.

After many excuses and broken dates, I finally did visit them one Friday evening. She kissed me and called me by my first name. She had also invited a calendar publisher, a Yiddish actor who was looking for a play, a cantor who was also a songwriter, and an owner of a kosher delicatessen store, in addition to a full household of uncles, aunts, and cousins, including a relative who was a doctor at Montefiore Hospital. They all requested that I read an excerpt from Sigmund Seltzer's manuscript, which he had had bound in leather. On the cover, engraved in gold letters, was the title, *My Adventures as an Idealist.* Below were the words, "The Autobiography of My Own Life by Sigmund Seltzer," and, underneath, the translator's by-line.

The group crowded around me as I looked for an appropriate passage. After I finished the reading, there was applause. Sigmund Seltzer embraced me and kissed me on both cheeks in the French manner. The aunts pressed me to their bosoms. One laughed enthusiastically, a second wiped away tears. The cantor put on a skullcap, which sat like a potlid on his thick head of hair, and sang Rosh Hashana prayers, and arias from operas. Sigmund accompanied him on the mandolin.

As I stood on the lonely subway platform at a quarter to two in the morning, half frozen, with a heavy stomach and an ache in my temples, I vowed that the very next day I would send Sigmund Seltzer a check for the money I had received from him and a letter telling him to stop plaguing me with our ridiculous opus. But somehow, as always, I didn't quite have the courage to shatter Sigmund Seltzer's grand illusion. I found myself again at work on the unbelievable manuscript.

When I reached page five hundred, I notified Sigmund Seltzer that his autobiography was completed. He still owed me money but explained that he was a little hard pressed at the present. I assured him that as long as he had no publisher I could wait.

I thought that everything between us was finished at last. However, his family and friends—rabbis, cantors, and insurance agents—arranged a banquet in his honor, and I was requested to say a few words. Sigmund Seltzer also asked me for a letter of introduction to a book publisher.

One day he informed me that he had found a publisher. The editor had corrected the manuscript and had arranged for it to be retyped. When I looked through it, I was stunned. Sigmund Seltzer had fallen into Communist hands. But the editor, after having filled the book with Communist propaganda, for some reason changed his mind in the end about publishing it.

More years passed, but Sigmund Seltzer neither succeeded in getting the book published nor would he give it up. I don't know to this day why the Communists lost interest in it. Perhaps some higher-up in the Party found traces of Trotskyism in it, or some other deviation. It was the time of the purges and what was kosher one day became counterrevolutionary the next day.

I had spent two years abroad, but no sooner had I returned home than I received a telephone call from Sigmund Seltzer. He had found an editor who had deleted the Communist propaganda and translated the book from Yiddish into English. He asked me to add an epilogue in which I was to describe the founding of the Jewish state and the war with the Arabs, as well as the effect on the world of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's death. Sigmund Seltzer had sent copies of the manuscript to Mrs. Roosevelt, Governor Lehman of New York, Eddie Cantor, and many other personalities and had received thank-you notes from them, which to him was a sign of high recognition.

I raised my voice at him and swore that I wouldn't so much as touch the book, but he won me over again. We were sitting in a restaurant. He tugged at my sleeve, offered me the salt shaker, pushed the sugar bowl and ashtray toward me. He summoned the waiter to refill my glass of water and reminded me of the time when I didn't have a cent and his hundred dollars had kept me from starvation. He told me how proud his relatives were of me and how they read everything I wrote. His wife, Florence, had had a photograph of me standing with her husband enlarged. The picture hung in their bedroom. She had pasted other snapshots of me, as well as clippings, into a scrapbook. He had brought me a cigar holder as a gift.

I noticed that he was graying at the temples. He bemoaned the fact that his partner had swindled him, and complained of a kidney ailment. He mopped the perspiration from his brow with a soiled handkerchief and insisted, "What else do I have but this book? As long as I have any life in me, I'll work to see it in print."

I put aside my own work and began writing about the founding of the Israeli state, the war with the Arabs, Roosevelt's death, and even the Korean war. Sigmund Seltzer again found a publisher—one of those vanity presses that publish for a fee—to bring out the book in English. The editorial changes had been so extensive that I hardly recognized my own creation. Many pages were altogether new. Even the names of the protagonists had been changed.

The manuscript had been collecting dust in my place for some time, when one day I received a call from Sigmund Seltzer. "Is everything written up?" he wanted to know.

"More or less."

"Put in something about how women can't be trusted."

"The whole book is full of it."

"Put down that women are egotistical. A woman doesn't give a damn what happens to her husband. He works his head off for her, but as soon as he leaves the house, in comes a parasite ——"

"What is this all about?"

"I'm not making it up, I assure you."

"Are you having trouble with your wife?"

Sigmund Seltzer started to cough, and his voice became hoarse and choked. "How did you know? Are people talking about it already?"

"No, I just asked."

"Let's have lunch. I have to talk to you."

We ate blintzes at a vegetarian restaurant downtown. Sigmund Seltzer swore me to secrecy. He was so disturbed that he kept sprinkling sugar on his blintzes. A coughing fit, so severe that he could barely catch his breath, brought tears to his eyes. He wiped them away with his napkin. Perspiration ran down his forehead and chin and into his plate.

Yes, he, Sigmund Seltzer, had been deceived. This wolf in sheep's clothing had been coming to his home for three years—eating, drinking, pretending to be a friend—but behind his back ridiculing him, turning Florence against him. This imposter had left a wife and five children in Havana and was living here in New York with a Puerto Rican woman. He had borrowed fifty dollars from Florence and hadn't repayed so much as a penny of it. How much money the man had actually wheedled out of her, Seltzer would never know. He had discovered the truth when his so-called friend had returned to Cuba.

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and Florence had had a nervous breakdown. The doctors had cost him eight hundred dollars. She had had to go to a psychoanalyst, but that charlatan had not helped her. It was all wasted money.

Sigmund Seltzer began to cry. The diners at the other booths all stared at us. The waiter removed Seltzer's plate with the half-eaten blintzes.

Seltzer went to the washroom, where he remained for a long time. I stared angrily at the female patrons, having become infected with Seltzer's bitterness toward women. When he finally returned, his eyes shone with a child-like freshness. He had used the time in the washroom not only to wash his face and comb his hair, but to come to grips with himself. Apparently he had come to the conclusion that all was for the best. "Put that all down. Let the world know," he said.

"You can't put everything in one book!"

"Let it be a few pages longer. I'll pay."

It was becoming clear that the book would never be finished. Despite my reluctance to continue with it, I added a chapter about feminine treachery going back to Eve and the Garden of Eden. When I read it to Seltzer he said, "Just as if you had been in my shoes."

With the exception of the Rosh Hashana cards which he always sent, I didn't hear from Seltzer again for years. The cards were signed Florence and Sigmund Seltzer, so I knew that the couple had made up. Then one day a woman telephoned. The voice sounded vaguely familiar. She said, "This is Florence speaking."

For a moment, I didn't remember who Florence was. The woman seemed surprised. "Have you forgotten me? I'm Mrs. Seltzer."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Seltzer."

"Sigmund is ill. He's been in the hospital three weeks. He asked me to get in touch with you."

"What's the matter with him?"

She told me that one of his kidneys had been removed, and bladder complications had developed. His heart was weakened. She was worried. "Sigmund is very sick."

I took a cab to the hospital. He was lying in a large ward in which the beds were separated from each other by linen partitions. I went up to his bed. One look at his swollen face, and I knew that he was dying. His gown was spotted with blood; from the bed hung a rubber tube leading to a urinal. For a few seconds I could hardly recognize him, but soon his face took on a familiar expression. He said to me, "Well, it will be easier to die."

"Don't talk such nonsense. You'll get well."

"What? No, my friend. I wanted you to come. First, because I wanted to say good-bye to you. After all, we've been friends all these years. You know my life backwards and forwards. You know what I've been through. Second, I want to ask you to help get my book published after my death. That's all I ask. It's all I hold dear. As for the rest of it—well, I'd better not talk."

"Where is the manuscript?"

"Right here. I didn't want to go to the hospital without my book. Florence would probably have thrown it into the garbage. I want you to promise and shake hands on it that this book will be published. I've written a will and made you—what do they call it?—yes, the executor. I want the world to know the truth."

The manuscript was lying on the night table. It had a new binding and was twice as thick now because Sigmund Seltzer had had the English translation bound in with the Yiddish original. I glanced through it. Some sentences were still familiar. I read the part where Sigmund Seltzer escaped from prison with the help of the jailkeeper's daughter. Sigmund stretched out his hand. "Give me your promise. Shake hands!"

I clasped his hand. It was cool and moist. "Do you swear?"

"Yes, I swear."

"Take the manuscript with you now. Someone's already trying to take it away."

Our eyes met in silence. His hair had become white and sparse, his forehead higher. An expression of gentleness and wisdom I had never seen before shone in his eyes. He half winked, half smiled, as if to say, I know everything that you know, and a little more in addition. He was no longer the Sigmund Seltzer I had known all these years, but a sage purified by suffering. He stared at me with a look of fatherly affection and murmured, "In the end what remains after us writers? Nothing but a bundle of paper." □

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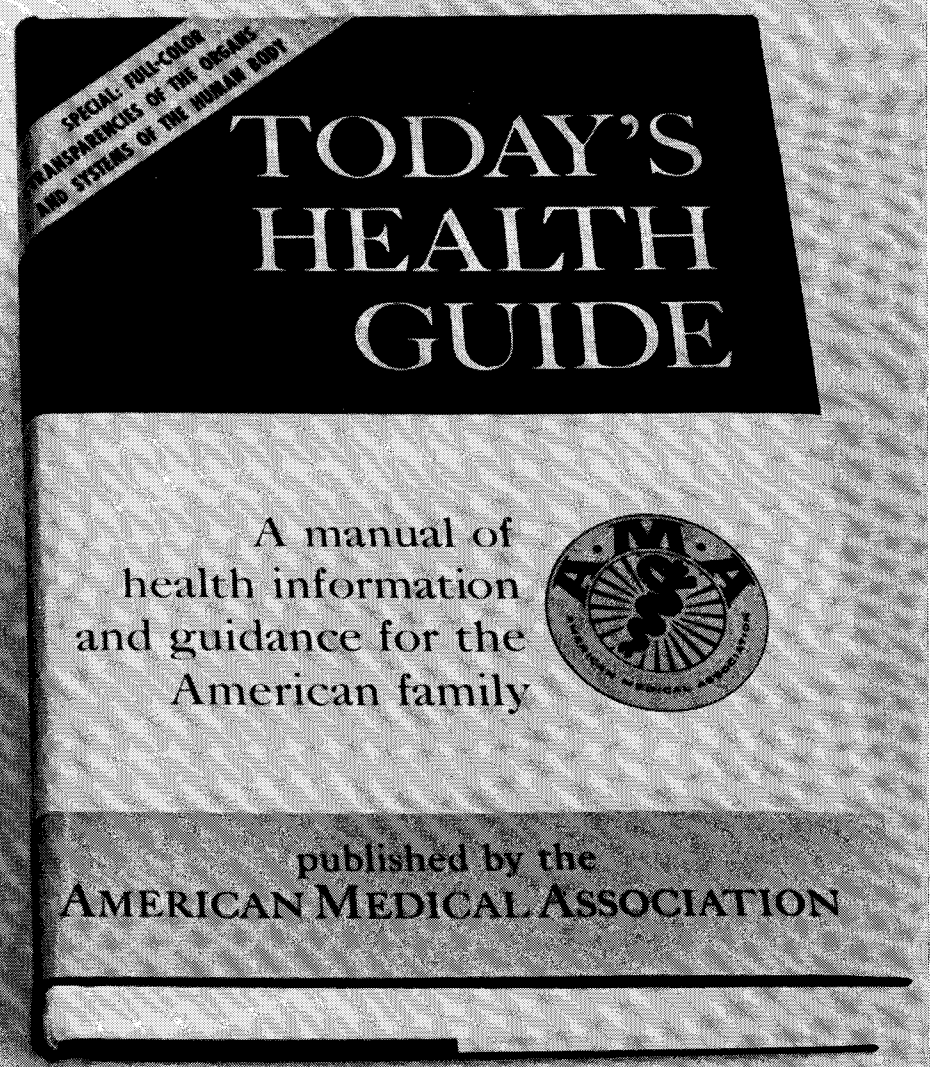
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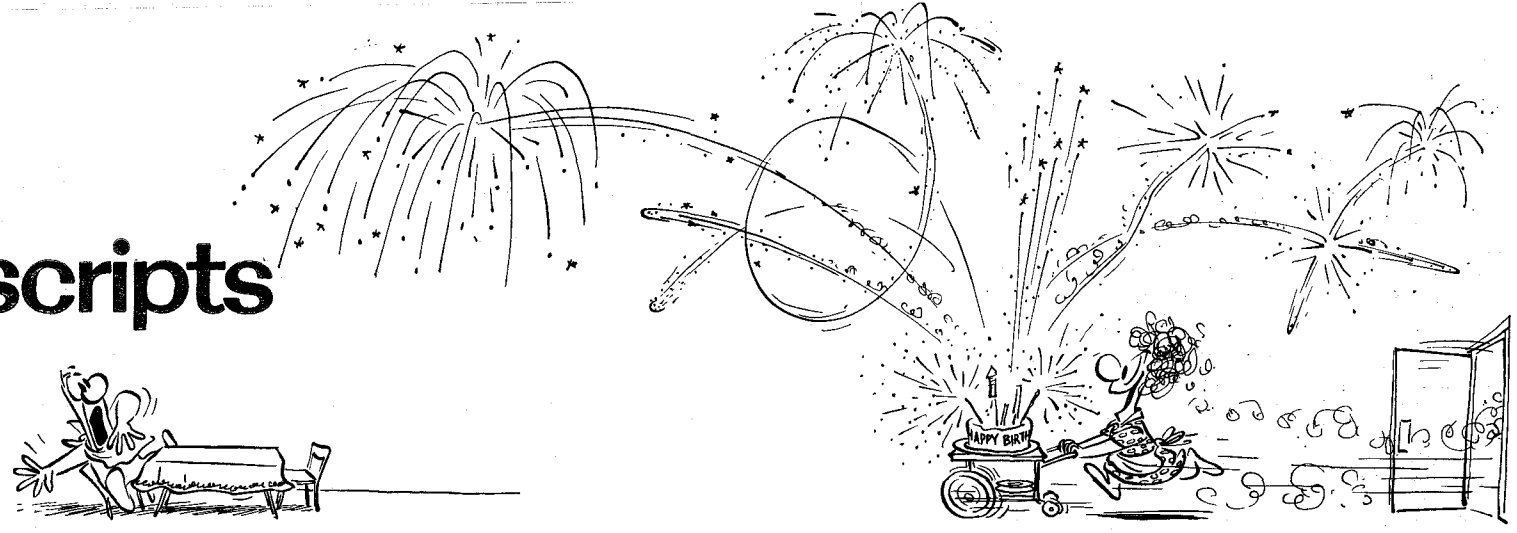
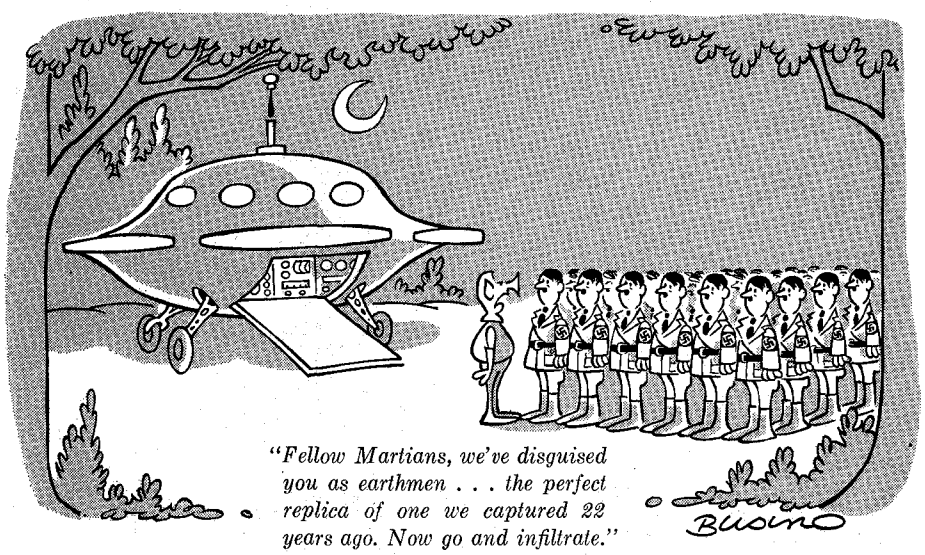
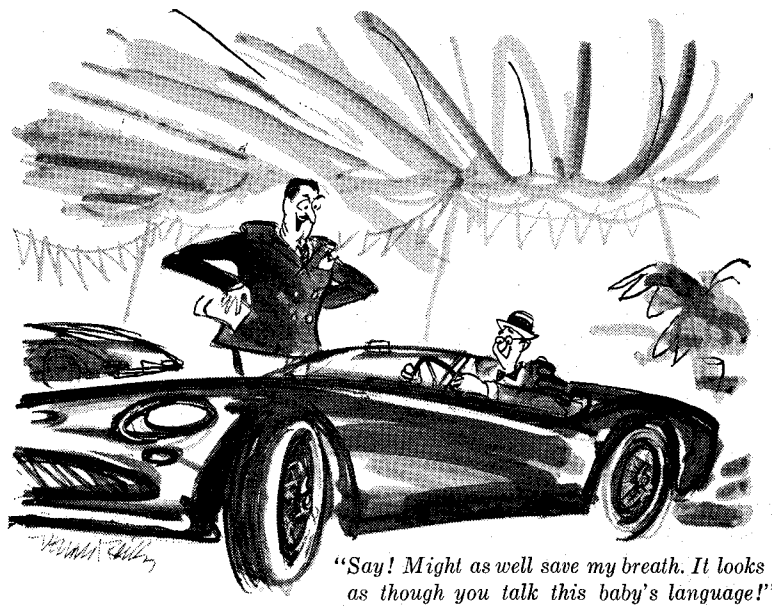


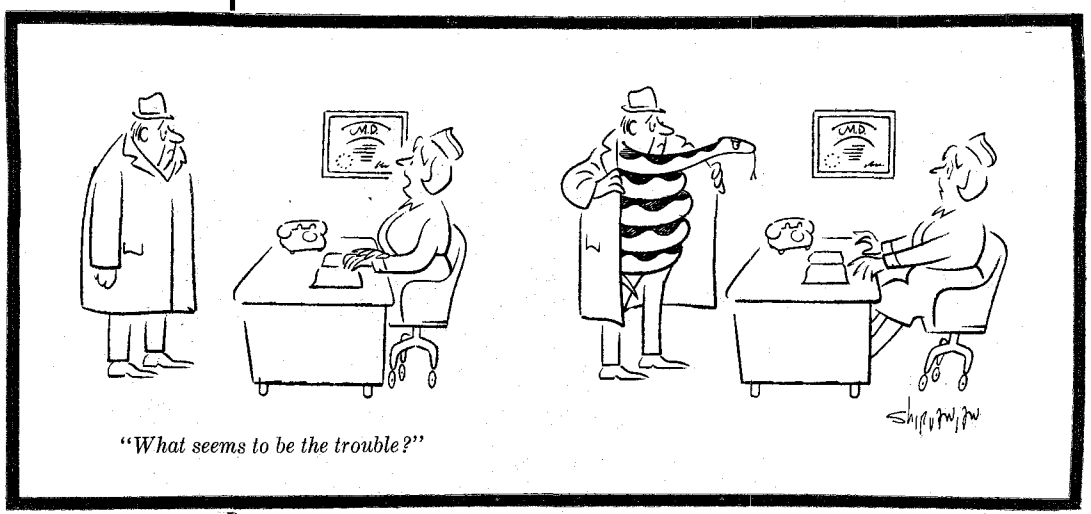


"Fellow Martians, we've disguised you as earthmen . . . the perfect replica of one we captured 22 years ago. Now go and infiltrate."



"Say! Might as well save my breath. It looks as though you talk this baby's language!"

"I'll start ya off at 33, throw it into 45, and when we hit 78, hold onto your hat!"



"What seems to be the trouble?"

"You know what I like about you, Mr. Fendle? You're not glib."

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New rules for the game of spying

By David Wise and Thomas B. Ross

CONCLUSION

They're here now, in America.
Their agents are all over the world.
—Vice President Richard M. Nixon
Davenport, Iowa, October 28, 1960

Since the end of World War II, powerful espionage establishments, often consisting of several interlocking yet competitive secret agencies, have grown up in every major country of the world.

These espionage networks were created to spy out the secrets of other nations, but they have also engaged in clandestine political action, stirring revolt, overthrowing governments, and in general seeking to bring about political change that is viewed, by the intelligence operators at least, as advantageous to their own country.

No one living in the modern world can escape the impact of espionage. But few have understood that the mounting public awareness of spying has had a substantial influence on the real world of espionage. It has affected how governments act in their dealings with one another. It has, in fact, helped to bring about a revolution in espionage.

So long as the public only dimly perceived that espionage was going on in the world around it, nations acted accordingly—and disavowed their spies. Today spies are openly traded for one another and sometimes even publicly acclaimed.

On the night of March 12, 1956, Dr. Jesus Maria de Galindez, a scholarly Spanish Basque and foe of Generalissimo Rafael L. Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, lectured to his class at Columbia University, had a cup of coffee with some students, waved good-bye and disappeared into the subway, forever.

There was every reason to believe that he had been kidnapped and killed on Trujillo's orders. The resultant shock was widespread, for Americans did not like to think that the long arm of a murderous Dominican dictator could reach out into New York City.

The shock was even more acute among Dr. Galindez's neighbors at 30 Fifth Avenue, a 17-story red-brick apartment building where he was known as a quiet and dignified tenant.

Galindez's neighbors were not, of course, certain that he was dead. But apartments in New York are always hard to find, and the residents of 30 Fifth Avenue, after a decent interval, could not help thinking that the desirable Galindez apartment might now be available. And so in June, less than 12 weeks after the disappearance of Dr. Galindez, another tenant, Dr. John Gilmore, moved upstairs to the nicer apartment of the missing scholar.

Dr. John Gilmore was one of New York's most prominent medical illustrators and a successful author. His first rent check for his new apartment was dated June 18, 1956; the issue of *Life* magazine of that very date contained medical illustrations by Gilmore for an article on President Eisenhower's ileitis operation.

It was, in a way, surprising that Gilmore chose to move into the vacant apartment of a man who was at the center of a highly publicized international mystery. One might think that Gilmore would have been the last person to want to attract such attention to himself, since, as it later turned out, he was a spy for the Soviet military intelligence agency, the GRU.

Moreover, he was already under investigation for his suspected espionage activities. In April, 1956, the month after Galindez vanished, Gilmore appeared at the Los Angeles office of Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc., and asked to buy high-altitude photographs of that city. He flashed a business card that read: "USA in Pictures, John Gilmore, Ph.D., Art Director, 30 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N.Y." He said he wanted to use the photographs in guidebooks he was publishing of various U.S. cities, including Philadelphia, Chicago, New York and Los Angeles. He purchased a $12.50 aerial photomap of the Los Angeles area, covering 2,000 square miles and taking in the California coastline. He returned to the office the next day, ordered two enlarged maps of the coastal area and asked that he be sent additional aerial photographs of industrial plants for "review by the editorial board."

The FBI learned of his visit to Fairchild, and although the photomaps he had purchased were not classified, the incident seemed suspicious enough to warrant further inquiry. In New York, the investigation of John Gilmore began. Only five feet two, he was a stocky, jowly man with brown, graying hair and dark horn-rimmed glasses that gave him a trustworthy, professional air. There was no question that he was a well-known medical illustrator who had been employed by a number of reputable textbook firms and large pharmaceutical houses. He seemed to have prepared a medical exhibit for the American Medical Association in New York in 1953 (which may be the only time a Soviet spy has worked for the staunchly conservative A.M.A.). He was also considered to be an authority on sex, having collaborated with Samuel A. Lewin on two illustrated books, titled *Sex Without Fear* and *Sex After Forty*.

Gilmore's life seemed above suspicion, but as the investigation developed, certain disturbing facts began to emerge: He had no Ph.D.—in fact, no college degree at all—and little or no formal education. He certainly had no right to call himself "Doctor." Around 1949 he had been in contact with the Soviet mission to the United Nations. He had been collecting aerial photographs all over the country. And his real name was not John Gilmore.

None of these things was a crime, but the FBI decided to approach him directly to see if more could be learned. On November 26, 1956, Gilmore was interviewed by two special agents.

He readily admitted that his real name was Willie Hirsch and that he was born in Kassel, Germany, on January 6, 1908. His parents moved to Munich when he was 14, and he was sent to America to live with his aunt, Frieda Chamberlain, in Philadelphia.

A couple of years later, Hirsch told the FBI agents, he became a merchant seaman and once, when shipping out, he found he did not have enough money to reclaim a bag that contained his discharge slip from his last voyage. A friend provided him with the slip of a John Gilmore; he had signed on that way and used the name since. Illness beached him at the Marine Hospital on Staten Island in 1929. He became an orderly there and did some medical drawings.

He met Dorothy Baker, a Russian-born girl active in left-wing causes, and they were married in 1932, when she was 26. He gave his name as John Gilmore, his age as 32, and his birthplace as Philadelphia. With his wife he became active in an organization called Friends of the Soviet Union, and was hired as art editor for its magazine, *Soviet Russia Today*. In 1936 the magazine sent him to Moscow, ostensibly to get better pictures for its pages, and Hirsch illegally took out a U.S. passport in the name of his cousin, Sidney Joseph Chamberlain, the son of his Aunt Frieda. But after his return he left the magazine because of a disagreement. He concentrated on a career as a medical illustrator, while Dorothy got a job at the Workers Bookshop in Manhattan.

Hirsch said he had never become a citizen. During World War II he registered for the draft, again under the name of his cousin (who was dead), but was never called to serve. (He freely admitted the passport and draft violations, probably because he was aware that the statute of limitations for those offenses had long since run out.)

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After the war he and his wife separated, and he moved into an upper Village apartment house. While living there, he met Ruth Davis, a 27-year-old divorcée who had served with the United States Army Air Corps as an aerial photographer. They saw a lot of each other and were extremely close; when he had a heart attack, it was Ruth Davis who nursed him back to health. Afterward they started working on a book together. It was to be called *New York, City of Magic.* It would contain aerial photographs.

It had been an interesting interview with Willie Hirsch, but it was all so inconclusive. As the investigation progressed, it became clear that if Dr. Gilmore-Hirsch was a spy he was an unusual one, for he was a by-line writer on medical subjects for *Collier's* and *The Saturday Evening Post* and had sold drawings to *Life.* Nevertheless, the FBI decided to keep Hirsch under periodic surveillance.

The questioning by the FBI had no apparent effect on Hirsch's activities, for a little more than a year later, in July, 1958, while passing through Chicago, he telephoned an old friend, William D. McCuaig. "Do you want to make some real money?" he asked. Hirsch explained that he had "friends overseas" who would provide the money and that he was hiring agents all over the country. Hirsch had turned to McCuaig, an employee of the Cook County department of welfare, because he had known him for some 20 years and mistakenly thought he could be recruited to spy. McCuaig knew enough about the Gilmores to assume that the "friends overseas" were the Russians. He thought over the telephone call and went to the FBI.

It was a busy time for Hirsch. On July 22 his divorce became final, and on August 8 he married Ruth Davis in Connecticut. In October, Hirsch placed another call to McCuaig and said he would be coming out to see him. He arrived in Chicago on October 24 and, at McCuaig's residence, said he had learned from his overseas friends that the international situation was becoming acute; McCuaig would do well to align himself with the winning side. Throwing caution aside, Hirsch said he had worked for the Soviets for a long time and had been well rewarded. A top Soviet operator was coming to Chicago to see McCuaig the next day; he was a charming man and McCuaig would like him. Hirsch could promise no salary, but there would be a generous expense account. McCuaig, who had decided to assume the delicate role of double agent for the FBI, reported to the Government on this and all other conversations.

The next afternoon McCuaig met Hirsch in the lobby of the Sherman House Hotel. Hirsch then disappeared across the street, returning with a short, slick-haired, swarthy man whom he introduced as Peter. The three drove to a bar, where Peter tested the social worker by asking how he felt about the Hungarian revolt and about the Soviet Union in general. Apparently satisfied, Peter then asked McCuaig to obtain a map of the Chicago area showing Nike sites and other military installations. He also asked for a list of local industries manufacturing strategic materials, for the names of any friends who worked in defense plants, and for as many aerial and ground photographs of defense installations around Chicago as could be acquired.

Peter expansively and foolishly told McCuaig that he was a Soviet national who lived in New York, that he had spent some time at the U.N., had formerly lived in England, and had one son and two daughters—the youngest girl only two months old. After dinner, Peter made a date to meet McCuaig alone at 10 A.M. the next day.

At that meeting, Peter said that Gilmore was no longer to be considered McCuaig's espionage contact, although he was free to see him socially. The Russian warned that the work might be dangerous. But the money would be more than adequate.

The Soviet agent also said that McCuaig should call him "Peter Stephens" if an occasion arose when he had to be introduced to anyone. Then, borrowing an envelope from McCuaig, he printed the name Peter Stephens and, under it, the word "Gipsy"—selected, he explained, because once McCuaig had jokingly remarked that Peter resembled a "Slavic gypsy." In turn, McCuaig suggested that his own code name be "Duncan."

Peter gave McCuaig $200 in cash and instructions for their next meeting. He told McCuaig to board the Broadway Limited leaving Chicago for New York at 6 P.M. on November 21. He was to book a roomette, get off at Newark at 9:15 A.M. and enter the station coffee shop. There he would see Peter Stephens sipping coffee at the counter. McCuaig would sit down next to him and place the photographs and other material, wrapped in brown delicatessen paper, between them. They would chat briefly, and McCuaig would depart, neglecting to take the packet. During the conversation over coffee, Peter would let him know where they were to meet the next day in New York.

McCuaig had already passed on to the FBI the personal information that Peter had disclosed about himself, and it turned out to be accurate, for there was a Soviet U.N. official in New York with a two-month-old baby daughter. With that key piece of information, plus the physical description provided by McCuaig, the FBI concluded that Peter must be Igor Yakovlevich Melekh, 45, chief of the Russian translation section of the U.N.'s Office of Conference Services. In Chicago the FBI showed photographs of Melekh to McCuaig. He identified him as Peter Stephens.

But early in November, before McCuaig was to meet Melekh, he received an unexpected telephone call. It was Willie Hirsch. "Don't do anything," Hirsch said, "until you get further instructions."

This was a confusing turn of events, since it had been made clear to McCuaig that he was to receive no further directions from Hirsch. The FBI advised McCuaig to keep the date at the coffee shop.

He did. Arriving on time, he checked his luggage and entered the coffee shop in the station. No Melekh. He then went to the station restaurant and saw him sitting at the counter. Perhaps these things work smoothly only in the movies, for McCuaig found that the seats on both sides of Melekh were occupied. Improvising, he sat down opposite him and they nodded slightly to each other. Melekh soon got up, paid his check and walked out. McCuaig did the same and followed the GRU agent down a stairway, where Melekh greeted him effusively.

McCuaig said he was glad they had made contact because he was not sure he should have come at all. "Why?" Melekh asked quickly. McCuaig told him of the call from Gilmore. Melekh, stunned, asked him to repeat what he had said. He did. Almost speechless, Melekh asked McCuaig to meet him later. He told him to take the BMT Jamaica line and be waiting at the Cleveland station in Brooklyn at 9 P.M. If for any reason Melekh could not make it, he promised to be at the subway station the following night. Obviously, Melekh had to do some checking on what had possessed Hirsch to interfere with the arrangements.

In the meantime FBI men at the station spotted yet another Soviet agent in the waiting room. He was Kirill S. Doronkin, a film editor in the public information department of the U.N. Secretariat. Doronkin had no doubt been assigned by Melekh as a countersurveillance agent.

Melekh and Doronkin left the Newark railroad station together. Melekh failed to meet McCuaig that night in Brooklyn but came the next evening.

Complimenting McCuaig for keeping his head and coming to Newark as scheduled, Melekh told him to go ahead with his assignment and prepare the map and photographs. He added that he would send three books to Chicago as a signal for McCuaig to come to New York the third Saturday

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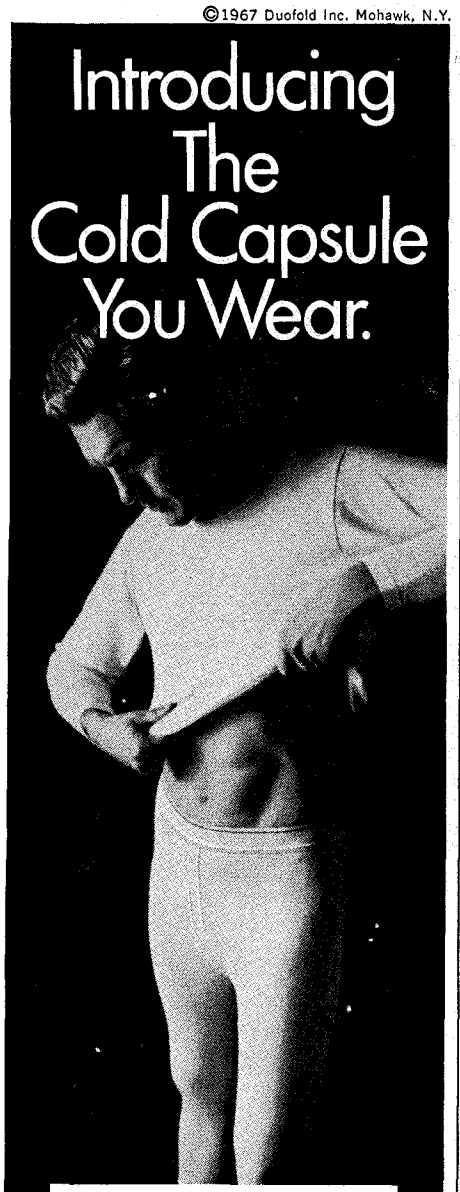

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in January, which would be the 17th. Two books would mean to come with the pictures but to memorize the details marked on the map, and one book would mean to come with whatever he had on the Saturday following the date the book was received.

McCuaig objected. Playing his part, he pointed out to Melekh that books would not fit in his mail slot and could easily be stolen from the vestibule of his home. Instead, he suggested that Melekh send letters containing picture postcards. This was agreed upon. Melekh then named the location of their next meeting—a Chinese restaurant in Flushing, Queens. Melekh gave McCuaig $200 wrapped in a newspaper, and the two men parted.

On January 17, 1959, McCuaig returned to New York, arriving at the restaurant rendezvous a few minutes before the appointed hour. Melekh was already there.

They ordered lunch, and Melekh said he had seen Dr. Gilmore and questioned him about the phone call. Melekh brushed it off as a minor misunderstanding. McCuaig then produced the films; he said he had brought 100 exposures, including ground photos he had taken himself of defense installations. In truth, these were "feed" materials prepared by the FBI and cleared first with the Pentagon in order to be relatively harmless to security.

Melekh then issued new instructions. McCuaig was to come to New York on March 14, and meet him at Woolworth's on Allerton Avenue in the Bronx at 1 P.M. Melekh gave McCuaig $500 in cash and emotionally told him how well he had done, how much the Russians were depending on him and how richly he would be rewarded.

But Melekh failed to show up at Woolworth's in March, and the likely explanation is that on January 15 the United States mission to the U.N. delivered an unpublished note to the Secretary-General asking that Kirill Doronkin be dismissed for engaging in clandestine activities. When the GRU realized that Doronkin's intelligence work had been discovered, it must have feared that his presence in Newark on November 22 could have contaminated the Hirsch-Melekh-McCuaig operation. The danger was probably not learned in time to stop the meeting at the Chinese restaurant. Doronkin's U.N. contract was up in March and it was not renewed. He left the United States on March 11.

All contact by the Russians with McCuaig was broken off, although Hirsch's activities during the rest of 1959 took on a strange quality. He would go to Second Avenue at 68th Street in Manhattan on Fridays, looking for contacts that never came.

In 1960 a series of events took place that were to turn the Hirsch-Melekh case into a watershed in the espionage history of the Cold War. They began on May 1, when Francis Gary Powers, a CIA pilot, was downed in a U-2 over Sverdlovsk, deep inside the Soviet Union. The Eisenhower Administration first denied, then admitted the reconnaissance flights, then threatened to continue and finally promised to end them. The Paris summit meeting blew up on May 16 in the wake of the U-2 furor, and the episode for the first time awakened millions of Americans and others to the magnitude of spying in the modern world.

Such was the impact of the U-2 affair that the United States remained on the defensive that summer. A continuing countereffort to publicize Soviet espionage activity was overshadowed when, on July 1, a United States Air Force RB-47 reconnaissance plane with a crew of six was shot down by a Soviet fighter plane over the Barents Sea. The Soviet government claimed the aircraft had violated the Soviet border, but Washington said it was never any closer "than about 30 miles." Obviously Khrushchev, pressing his psychological advantage resulting from the U-2 uproar, had used it as an excuse to shoot down the RB-47. He apparently hoped thereby to discourage U.S. "ferret" flights along Soviet borders, missions that are designed to test and pinpoint Soviet radar and electronic defenses. Ten days went by before Moscow conceded that it was holding the two surviving crew members, Capt. Freeman B. Olmstead, of Elmira, N.Y., the copilot, and Capt. John R. McKone, of Tonganoxie, Kans., the navigator, both of whom had parachuted to safety. The Russians also disclosed they had the body of the pilot, Maj. Willard G. Palm, of Oak Park, Ill. (They finally returned his body, and Major Palm was buried in Arlington National Cemetery.) But Moscow rejected strong United States demands that the two fliers be released immediately.

In Los Angeles in July, Kennedy and Johnson were nominated by the Democrats, and later in the month the Republicans chose Nixon and Lodge. Espionage became an inevitable issue in the presidential campaign; Nixon hammered repeatedly at Kennedy's politically vulnerable suggestion that Eisenhower might have apologized to Khrushchev over the U-2 episode to save the summit meeting. On August 19 a Soviet court gave Francis Gary Powers a 10-year sentence for spying. In September, Khrushchev arrived in the United States to attend the U.N. General Assembly. He held impromptu news conferences, and on one occasion the Associated Press photographed him in front of the Soviet U.N. mission, grinning and waving to the crowd. Half hidden behind the premier's upraised right arm, but recognizable in the picture, was Igor Melekh.

On October 27, 12 days before the presidential election, Attorney General William P. Rogers announced the arrests of Melekh and Willie Hirsch by the FBI on espionage charges.

Melekh was arrested by the FBI at his West Side apartment while a birthday party was in progress for his son, Mikhail. At the same moment, Willie Hirsch was seized at 30 Fifth Avenue. Hidden in a box of medical slides in Hirsch's apartment was a slip of white paper suggesting that he had been working on naval as well as aerial assignments. The note was signed simply "M," which may or may not have stood for Melekh. It said, in part:

"Here are the questions I referred to in my note. Description of new means and methods of locating and combating submarines, and documents relating to the organization of antisubmarine defense of coasts, bases, ports, and ships on their way in sea and at anchor . . .

"Keep all materials you get until you hear from us in the usual way . . .

"Wish you success. M."

Hirsch professed to know nothing about the note. Both men had been arrested on warrants issued in Chicago, after a federal grand jury there indicted them for conspiracy to spy. Melekh and Hirsch faced prison sentences of up to 25 years if convicted.

Arraigned in federal court in Manhattan, they were held in $50,000 bail each. A week later Federal Judge Edward Weinfeld released Melekh on bail after his wife, Irina, produced $50,000 in cash, which Melekh's attorney said she had obtained as a "loan" from the Soviet embassy. The court confined Melekh to Manhattan. The day after Kennedy was elected President, Melekh's lawyers argued in federal court that he should not be sent to trial in Chicago because he had diplomatic immunity, but the court found he did not, and the case and the defendants were moved to Illinois. There Judge Edwin A. Robson reduced Hirsch's bail by half, but he could not raise it and remained in jail. Meanwhile Melekh had hired Edward Bennett Williams, one of the nation's more celebrated trial lawyers, and Williams filed a flurry of motions seeking dismissal of the case and demanding the identity of the person in Chicago (McCuaig's name had not been revealed in the indictment) whom Melekh had allegedly paid. These motions were answered by the Government on January 13, 1961, but the public paid little attention to the maneuverings in the spy case in Chicago, because in Washington John F. Kennedy was about to be inaugurated as President amid great drifts of snow and the excitement and glitter of the New Frontier.

For the past six months, however, there had been continual efforts to gain the release of the RB-47 fliers, and if one had been plotting the two cases on a graph, the line marked Melekh-Hirsch was about to cross the one marked Olmstead-McKone. Llewellyn E. Thompson Jr., the patient, shrewd U.S. ambassador in Moscow, had been trying to persuade the Soviet premier to let them go. But Khrushchev told Thompson that he had no intention of releasing the fliers during the election campaign, because he did not want to help Nixon.

Late in November of 1960, two emissaries of President-elect Kennedy moved into the picture. Walt Rostow and Jerome B. Wiesner were in Moscow for a conference of scientists and scholars. Although both men later occupied high positions in the Administration, they were technically in Moscow as private citizens and made this clear to Vasily V. Kuznetsov, First Deputy Foreign Minister.

As a former major in the OSS, Rostow was not a newcomer to secret missions. His trip to Moscow had been cleared beforehand with Kennedy and with Allen Dulles, then director of the CIA, which gave it quasi-official standing. When he returned to Washington, Rostow reported to Kennedy in a 4,600-word confidential *aide-mémoire:*

"After he had addressed us as 'guerrilla fighters for Kennedy,' if not public officials of his Administration, Kuznetsov then raised the question, 'What can we do to help the new Administration?' Wiesner's first statement was 'Do nothing,' which led to general laughter. . . . We then proceeded to a list which had been previously discussed with Ambassador Thompson. We urged that the RB-47 pilots be returned with-

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out Kennedy's having to ask for them or bargain for them."

Ambassador Thompson continued his own, official negotiations to free the fliers, and two days after Kennedy's inauguration Thompson received word in Moscow that Olmstead and McKone would be released as a gesture of good will toward the new President, but the news would have to be announced simultaneously in both capitals. On January 25, 1961, at his first televised news conference as President, Kennedy dramatically announced that the airmen were being released.

Two weeks after the fliers had come home, the United Press carried a short, cryptic item from Moscow. The story said that according to "journalistic sources," Soviet newspapers were being flooded with letters, as yet unpublished, demanding that Igor Melekh be set free as a "fair exchange" for the RB-47 fliers. The same day that the dispatch was printed in some U.S. newspapers, a pretrial hearing of the Melekh-Hirsch case was mysteriously postponed by Federal Judge Robson in Chicago. Assistant U.S. attorney Albert F. Manion told the court he had been asked by Washington to seek the delay "in the best interests of justice."

In fact, the request had come from newly appointed Attorney General Robert Kennedy. What amounted to the first "spy trade" of the Cold War was under way, but the President did not want to announce it that way. It was an unprecedented situation, and both governments were cautiously feeling their way.

On the surface it still appeared that Melekh and Hirsch were headed for trial—and jail. But on March 24, Manion appeared before Judge Robson with a request from Attorney General Kennedy that the case be dropped. A message from Robert Kennedy to Judge Robson said the request followed consultations between the State and Justice departments. It had been concluded that quashing the espionage case, on condition that Melekh leave the country, "would best serve the national and foreign policy interests of the United States."

In theory Judge Robson could have disregarded the request from another branch of the Government, but in practice he had little choice, because a federal judge cannot hold a trial if the Government declines to prosecute. He dismissed the charges.

In Washington, Secretary of State Dean Rusk announced that he had recommended in a letter to Robert Kennedy that the trial be dropped, in the belief that it would improve "our position as regards the protection of United States citizens in the Soviet Union." A State Department spokesman emphatically denied that there was any "deal" with the Russians, or that there was any connection at all with the release of the RB-47 fliers. As far as can be determined, there was no written agreement to trade the airmen for Melekh and Hirsch, but Robert Kennedy had agreed to drop the proceedings against the two GRU agents solely because of Soviet action on the RB-47 fliers.

William McCuaig was not required to testify in court, and the modest social worker never sought public recognition for his delicate and potentially dangerous work (McCuaig's double-agent activities have not been previously reported).

Igor Melekh left for home aboard the *Bremen*, which sailed from Manhattan just after midnight on April 8. Standing at the rail with his family, he took a last look at New York. In his arms, holding an Easter rabbit and a ball, was his pretty baby daughter, Marina, now 20 months—an innocent figure in a chain of international events involving presidents and premiers, ministers, judges and the intelligence services of two world powers.

Willie Hirsch was freed from jail three days later, as immigration officials pondered his status. On April 21 President Kennedy was asked at his news conference whether the spy case had been dropped as "a part of a bargain for the RB-47 fliers."

"There was no connection," the Pres-

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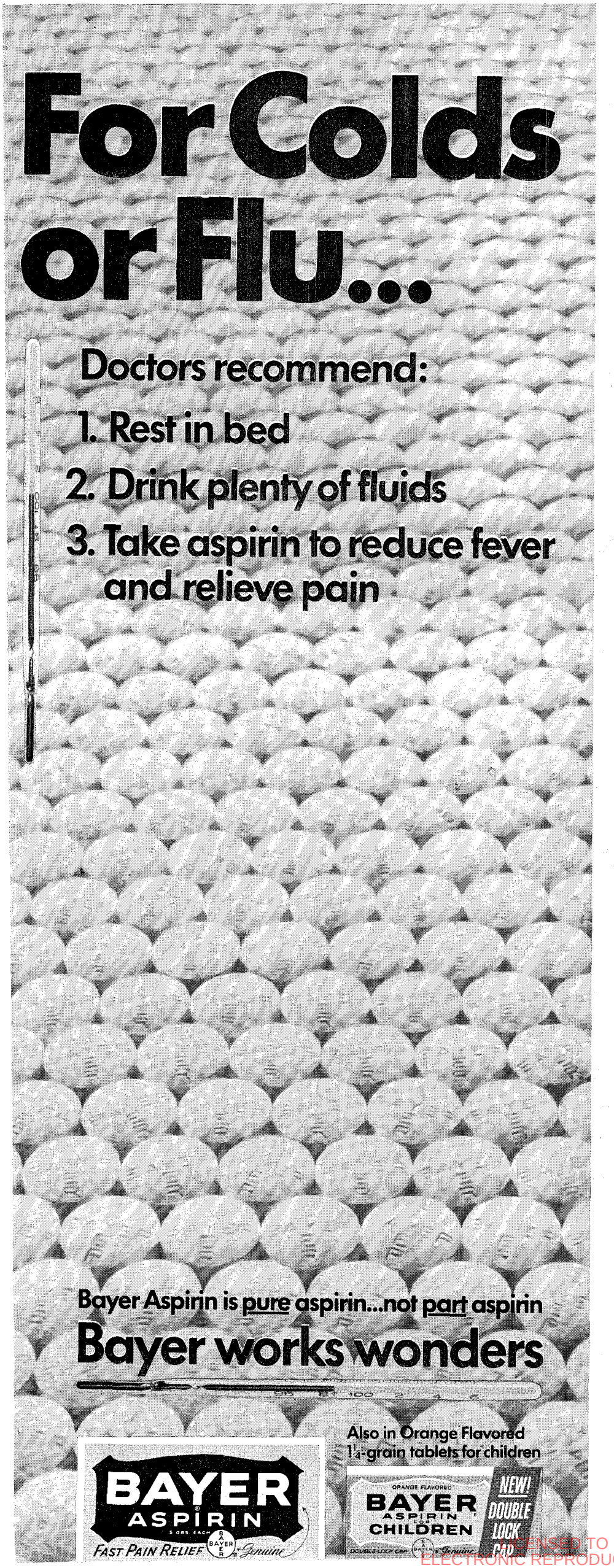
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ident replied. "The dropping of the charges was made after an examination of the details of the case and of the national interest and it was felt that it would be useful to take the action we took. I am sorry I can't be more responsive . . ."

The following month the Immigration Service moved to deport Willie Hirsch and set a date for a hearing, but it was never held because he voluntarily agreed to leave. With his wife, Ruth Gilmore, and her daughter, Susie Baum Gilmore, he sailed for England at noon on July 21 from Hoboken, N.J., aboard the S.S. *Rotterdam*. From London they had booked a BOAC flight to Prague, and after that—perhaps the GRU could say. Ruth Gilmore later wrote to friends in the United States that Willie Hirsch had died behind the Curtain.

The return of the RB-47 fliers and President Kennedy's release of Willie Hirsch and Igor Melekh was the first, cautious groping of both sides toward what rapidly became standard procedure. As unthinkable as it might have been in the previous decade, nations began publicly trading their spies in the 1960's. This also meant that nations were admitting for the first time that they *had* spies, for to trade a spy is to concede that he exists.

In May, 1961, one month after Melekh had sailed home, James Donovan, the attorney for Rudolf Abel, received a letter postmarked Leipzig. It was signed "Hellen Abel," the purported wife of the convicted KGB colonel, then serving a 30-year sentence in Atlanta Federal Penitentiary. The letter proposed a trade of Rudolf Abel for U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers.

More letters were exchanged between Donovan and "Hellen Abel"—letters actually ghostwritten by the CIA and the KGB. The correspondence eventually led to the successful trade of Powers for Abel, on February 10, 1962, in the early morning mist on Berlin's Glienicker Bridge. Simultaneously, at the Friedrichstrasse crossing, as part of the package negotiated by Donovan, the Russians released another American, Frederic L. Pryor, who had been arrested in East Berlin on August 25, 1961, as an espionage suspect.

Diplomatic traditionalists, as well as many United States intelligence officials, looked askance at this continuing series of trades, fearing that the Russians would indiscriminately seize innocent Americans and charge them with spying in order to trade them for Russians held in United States jails. To an extent these fears have come true: The Russians have gone to extraordinary lengths to attempt to win the freedom of a high-ranking KGB man convicted of espionage in the United States.

On the evening of Saint Patrick's Day, 1962, a blond, burly Russian arrived in New York. Perhaps he had once been a sailor, for he had two tattoos: on the inside of his right thumb the Russian letter E, and on his left forearm, a ship in a circle beneath the name SEDOV.

Igor Alexandrovich Ivanov, 31, accompanied by his wife Nadezhda and his five-year-old daughter, had been sent from Moscow ostensibly to take up duties as a chauffeur for Amtorg, the Soviet trade agency in Manhattan.

Ivanov spoke some English, although poorly. He seemed to come and go as he pleased at Amtorg, enjoying much more latitude than would normally be expected of a chauffeur. He was an intelligent man, poised and self-confident.

On April 21, 1963, Gleb A. Pavlov, a six-foot, 39-year-old attaché at the Soviet mission to the U.N., drove across the Hudson River to New Jersey with two passengers, Ivanov and Vladimir I. Olenev, another attaché at the mission. While Pavlov was parked in a restaurant lot in Closter, a Ford Falcon pulled up beside him. Pavlov got into this car and re-emerged with a tan attaché case.

The FBI had followed Pavlov to New Jersey, and from the license plates of the Falcon, its owner was identified the next morning as John W. Butenko, a 37-year-old electrical engineer employed in an extremely sensitive position by the International Electric Corporation, a subsidiary of the giant International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. He was control administrator of the highly secret Project 465L, a massive, computerized communications system designed for the sole use of the Strategic Air Command of the United States Air Force. This system could in seconds memorize, analyze and transmit data to SAC headquarters, giving top commanders information on the status of all SAC forces.

The nerve center of SAC was a delicate and important enough target to merit the KGB's attentions. To go after it, the Russians had dispatched a team of experienced KGB operators to New York. First to arrive, in 1960, was Pavlov (probably the case agent in charge), followed by Olenev in 1961, by Ivanov in 1962, and, on May 29, 1963, by Yuri Romashin, a sleek, athletic-looking man whose cover title was third secretary of the Soviet U.N. mission.

The last meeting between Butenko and the Russians took place on October 29 in a railroad-station parking lot at Englewood. Butenko arrived there just before 8 P.M. Ivanov and Pavlov drove up and parked behind him. The two cars started to pull out of the lot, with Ivanov leading the way, when the FBI moved in and blocked them. Romashin was picked up by the FBI as he kept watch nearby.

On the rear seat of the Russians' ancient green Ford was a brown attaché case containing restricted International Electric documents dealing with the SAC communications project.

The outwardly unimpressive Ford proved to be equipped with the most sophisticated Soviet electronic and photographic devices yet uncovered in a spy case in the United States. The FBI found that Romashin was wearing what appeared to be a hearing aid, attached to a pink electrical cord with a jack at one end. It could be plugged into the receiving end of a miniature transmitter-receiver system, which the KGB men had with them when they were arrested. On the floor of the KGB car were two paper bags. In one was a highly sophisticated document-copying camera, rather like a slim attaché case in its general size and shape. Mounted on it was a cartridge containing enough film to copy 400 documents. In the other shopping bag was a clock radio with a secret compartment, containing another document-copying camera, in the shape of a cigarette case.

When apprehended, Romashin was bizarrely, wearing his pajamas under his clothing. Because he had diplomatic immunity, he could not be held, and

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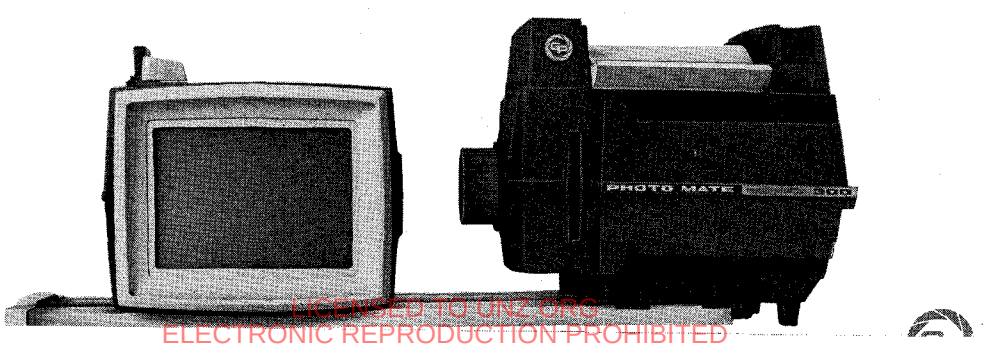

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with Pavlov and Olenev, the other two members of the U.N. mission, he was ordered out of the country by the State Department the next day. But Ivanov enjoyed no such immunity, and he and Butenko were arrested and indicted by a federal grand jury for conspiracy to commit espionage.

The lengthy trial opened at Newark a year later, in October, 1964. On December 2 the jury found both Butenko and Ivanov guilty. Ivanov told the court his arrest was an "unfortunate misunderstanding," and added, "I came to this country to work as a chauffeur and I worked here only as a chauffeur." Federal Judge Anthony T. Augelli gave Butenko 30 years and Ivanov 20. Both could have been sentenced to death.

Much about Butenko remained a mystery. How and when the Russians had recruited him was not clear, nor were his motives. Ivanov, on the other hand, was a professional intelligence officer, and the Russians wanted him back, badly.

There are two principal reasons why the Russians try to retrieve captured agents like Ivanov and Abel. First, there is always a chance that they will start to talk, a possibility that is eliminated if they are returned safely to the Soviet Union. Second, the morale of the entire Soviet espionage establishment is strengthened when a career agent knows that if he is caught, his government will make every effort to get him out.

Ivanov's importance in the KGB, and the Russian government's interest in protecting him, became clear three weeks after his conviction, when the Soviet embassy provided $100,000 bail for the man who had come to the United States to work "only as a chauffeur." The Circuit Court of Appeals in Philadelphia then granted Ivanov his freedom on bail pending the outcome of his appeal. Behind this unusual move was a private pledge by the Soviet government to the United States Government that Ivanov would not try to flee the country. It was this assurance of the Russians that carried even more weight than the $100,000 bail bond.

Ivanov's wife had gone back to Moscow after his arrest, where she gave birth to another child while he was on trial. He now moved into the Soviet mission to the U.N., there to wait out the disposition of his case in the courts. Ivanov's name had appeared in the headlines only briefly, and few Americans realized that the KGB's efforts to free him lay behind a series of seemingly unrelated events that followed.

In all, the Russians have attempted to trade Ivanov for at least four Americans arrested in the Soviet Union. The first of these was Peter Nelson Landerman, a 22-year-old student from Riverside, Calif., who was sentenced to three years in a corrective labor colony because of a traffic accident in which his vehicle fatally injured a Russian factory worker. The Landerman case occurred before the arrest of Igor Ivanov in the United States, but after Landerman was shipped off to the labor colony, the Russian government hinted to U.S. diplomats that the way to gain the student's early release was to free Ivanov. Washington refused. Landerman was finally pardoned and returned to the United States, after he had served 16 months of his harsh sentence.

An even more blatant KGB attempt to win Ivanov's release was made two days after he was arrested. Professor Frederick C. Barghoorn of Yale University was seized in Moscow and detained in solitary confinement. During interrogations the KGB accused Barghoorn of spying. From 1949 to 1951, when Barghoorn briefly worked for the State Department interviewing Soviet defectors in West Germany, he had listed himself as in "intelligence" work, and perhaps this gave the KGB men an excuse for their charges. Ten days went by before the U.S. embassy was told of Barghoorn's arrest; then it was privately made clear that the Yale professor could be returned in a trade for Igor Ivanov. The ploy did not work. President Kennedy declared in a news conference that Barghoorn was "not on an intelligence mission of any kind" and demanded his immediate release. The Russians must have been impressed by the fact that Kennedy had staked his personal prestige on Barghoorn's innocence. They released him after 16 days of confinement.

The next Soviet attempt to win back the KGB "chauffeur" in Manhattan had a much more tragic ending. On July 19, 1965, a 27-year-old American named Newcomb Mott began a summer vacation in Copenhagen and then visited Sweden and Finland. On September 2 he flew to Kirkenes, Norway, a remote arctic town a few miles from the Soviet border. Mott received conflicting advice when he inquired about visiting Boris Gleb, the tiny Soviet enclave just over the border. The confusion probably arose because the Soviet town, consisting of little more than a restaurant and bar, a church and the border station, was open to Norwegian tourists—but not to Americans.

On September 4 he took an early morning bus from Kirkenes, got off at a crossroads and headed for the Soviet border. He later explained that his purpose was to find out for himself whether he could visit Boris Gleb. But he came to no checkpoint. Instead, he passed a yellow border pole, realized that he had strayed into Soviet territory, but for reasons never made entirely clear, kept going. At Boris Gleb he was detained by Soviet border guards. The next day a KGB officer questioned him and asked whether he was a CIA agent. Mott said he was not, but a day later he was shipped to Murmansk and formally arrested for illegally crossing the border. On October 15 a KGB man handed a letter from Mott to William T. Shinn of the American embassy. "Something tangible would have to be given or promised in return for my release," Mott wrote. "If the only way I could be released soon was by U.S. exchange of a Russian prisoner of some sort, I hope the United States would do it."

To the State Department, it seemed obvious that the KGB had suggested this proposal to Mott. It seemed equally clear to Washington that the KGB was using Mott as yet another pawn in its untiring effort to get back one of its own, Igor Ivanov. Later in October the U.S. embassy in Moscow sent back word: there would be no trade.

Mott went on trial in Murmansk on November 22, and two days later he was sentenced to 18 months in a prison camp. On the night of January 20, 1966, according to the Russians, while Mott was 350 miles east of Moscow aboard a train going to the labor camp, he committed suicide by slashing his throat with a razor blade. The circumstances were decidedly unclear. The U. S. embassy in Moscow said that the Soviet autopsy, at which an American doctor had been present, disclosed that in addition to a deep gash across Mott's throat—the apparent cause of death—there were "multiple lacerations of the wrist, elbow joints, abdomen and neck." The Johnson Administration assailed Moscow for its handling of the entire case, and in a note to the Soviet Union declared that for lack of evidence, "The United States Government has found it impossible to arrive at meaningful conclusions about the events leading up to Mr. Mott's death and the means by which his death came about."

On October 1, 1966, the Russians arrested two more young Americans, Buel Ray Wortham, a 25-year-old ex-U.S. Army lieutenant from North Little Rock, Ark., and Craddock M. Gilmour Jr., 24, of Salt Lake City. They were seized after checking out of the Europeiskaya Hotel in Leningrad with the hotel's bear, a 20-inch cast-iron statue of one shot by Czar Alexander II in 1865. They were questioned by the KGB for 60 days. On December 21 both were convicted of buying rubles on the black market, and Wortham of stealing the bear. Gilmour was fined $1,111 and sent home, but Wortham was sentenced to three years. The Russians hinted they would like to trade Wortham for Ivanov, but nothing came of it. On March 11, 1967, Wortham, who had appealed his sentence, was fined $5,555 and released.

In mid-1967 Ivanov was still living comfortably in the Soviet U.N. mission on the East Side of Manhattan. He remained free on $100,000 bail, his case awaiting action in the circuit court in Philadelphia, which finally upheld his conviction and sentence on October 6. In four years, three young Americans, including one who died tragically, a Yale professor and President Kennedy, all had become enmeshed in the struggle over the fate of a single KGB agent.

There was no reason to think, however, that the spy trades begun in 1961 will not continue to take place in the future. In fact, spies, whose activities were not even admitted by governments a few years ago, are today being glorified, commercialized, interviewed, decorated and, in general, treated in a manner that would have been unthinkable a decade ago.

In the turbulent days after the U-2 was shot down in 1960, President Eisenhower had sought the right words to justify the espionage he had ordered. "No one wants another Pearl Harbor," he declared. "Intelligence-gathering activities . . . have a special and secret character. They are, so to speak, 'below the surface' activities. They are secret . . . They are divorced from the regular visible agencies of government . . . These activities have their own rules and methods of concealment which seek to mislead and obscure. . . .

"It is," he concluded, "a distasteful but vital necessity."

Seven years after Eisenhower spoke those words, the invisible, "below the surface" establishments of East and West were competing in ways that would not have been thought possible before May Day, 1960. An espionage revolution had been wrought. But, as in the case of most revolutions, no one could say where it would end. □

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LONG LIVE THE KING

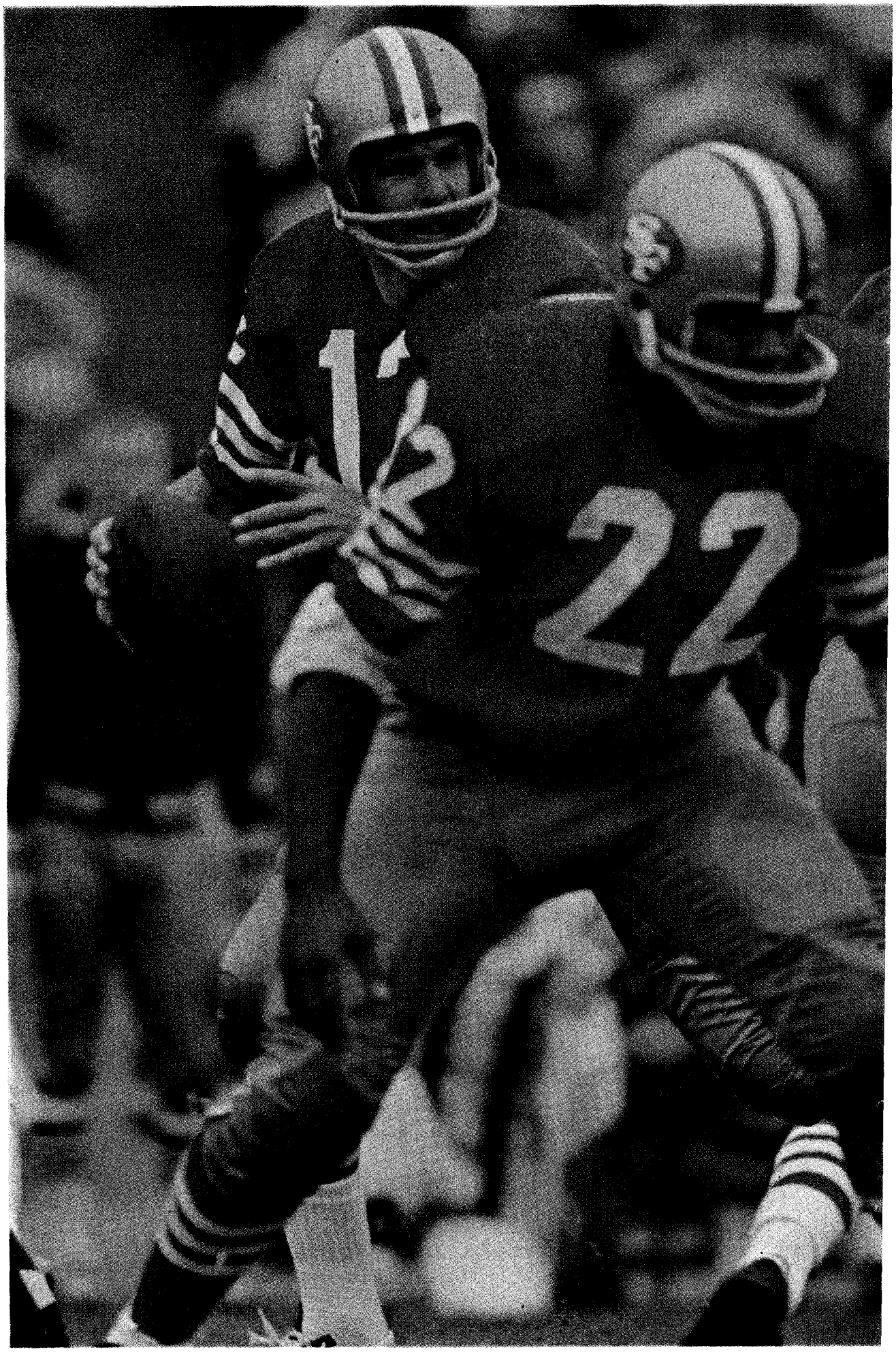
Top draft choices keep trying to take his job, but John Brodie still reigns at quarterback for the San Francisco 49ers.

By Herbert Wilner

They were coming after him relentlessly now, huge Los Angeles linemen knocking aside their blockers and bearing down on him, forcing him to pass before he was ready, to throw the ball away, to run as fast as his tiring legs would carry him. Two of his passes were intercepted and turned into touchdowns and suddenly the San Francisco 49ers, who had once led 20–0, were behind 21–20.

And then 49er quarterback John Brodie found his chance to put his team ahead again. The exhausted 49er guards and tackles held their blocks, and end Sonny Randle streaked for the end zone. Brodie had a few seconds to drop back, spot his man and throw. The pass was magnificent—a ball arched high to give Randle enough time to cross the goal line, just high enough to clear the fingertips of the defensive back. Randle turned and snatched it for the touchdown. The final score was San Francisco 27, Los Angeles 24.

It was an implausible victory. The Los Angeles Rams had been heavily favored before the game, and the momentum they built up in the third quarter by coming from behind seemed irresistible. But the game was saved for San Francisco by a quarterback who



Brodie braces in the "pocket" of the 49ers. "You can't be taught the right pass to throw," he says. "It's instinctive."

Photographs by FRED KAPLAN

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He is not fast or colorful, but Brodie is worth a million—literally.

managed to maintain his poise under pressure and who made the most of his opportunity.

The knack of exploiting every chance that comes his way has made John Brodie one of professional football's most remarkable stars and certainly one of the richest. In 1965, before the National Football League concluded merger talks with the American Football League, Brodie nearly jumped from San Francisco of the N.F.L. to Houston of the A.F.L. Only the lawyers and the accountants know the full details of what happened next, but Brodie was persuaded to stay with the 49ers for the sum of nearly a million dollars (including $75,000 for his legal fees) if he played a minimum of five years.

Understandably, Brodie began this year, the second of his contract, in a mellow mood. The job of first-string quarterback was his, of course. But it was not his automatically or forever—and two other men wanted to take it away from him. He would have to keep it by winning football games for the 49ers. From the very first day of practice in July, Brodie worked hard, even sweating through the hated calisthenics that many pro-football players fake. For playing behind Brodie would be George Mira, who was one of the best second-string quarterbacks in the game. Mira was only 25, and behind him would be Steve Spurrier, 22, the finest passer in college football last year, when he played for Florida and won the Heisman Trophy.

No team in pro football has such a collection of quarterbacks, but it is not entirely a blessing. Maintaining three big-name quarterbacks on the same team is a touchy business, because only one can play regularly. What made the situation especially interesting in San Francisco's case, aside from the money Brodie was earning and the competition he faced, was the fact that the three men were so different from one another. They had only one desire in common—to play quarterback.

Brodie is a native Californian, a graduate of Stanford, an excellent tennis player and so good at golf that he has played in pro tournaments. He is a man at ease, and the ease has a style—a California aura of sun, satisfaction and winner-take-all. Brodie talks in a quietly resonant voice, winking confidingly, pausing at times to roll his tongue to the roof of his mouth as though he had found the taste of something sweet. He has a hard jaw and narrow eyes, but he looks glamorous rather than tough, and his smile is splendid, the smile of a man who enjoys the pleasures of his day, day by day. Brodie insists on class—it's part of his idea of being a pro. He says with dismay of unnamed teammates: "Why, I've seen them go to a sports banquet without a tie."

When he speaks of pro football, Brodie stresses the words "communication" and "intelligence." He claims, "There isn't another profession that requires such a range of intelligence. Quarterbacks are expected to be bright, but so are fullbacks. Some do it on brains mostly. Perkins of Dallas does it all on intelligence. Our Willard has a good mind. Crow is extraordinary."

Brodie makes no effort to conceal the fact that his own intelligence is devoted almost entirely to football. "I tried some real estate and insurance in the off-season. I didn't like it. I didn't know the product I was trying to sell, so it turned out to be a kind of whoring of my name. Later on I'd like to go into some aspect of pro-ball management."

He smiles at himself rather wistfully. "It's a big commitment, being a pro quarterback. At least it's big to me. You put in important years. It leaves a kind of vacancy of mind in other areas."

When I asked Brodie last summer what he thought of the chances of the 49ers—a team that has never won a title—he shot back his answer: "I think we can win it. I think we can win the whole thing." He ran his tongue over his lips, sun-parched from the practice field. "You know, there aren't many ten-year quarterbacks around. There's Unitas, Starr, Jurgensen and myself. Jurgensen has never won a championship, and he's been traded around. I've been with the 49ers all the way, and I've never won it either. It's time I did." For the moment he spoke in the burdened tones of an athlete whose recent fabulous contract has, paradoxically, become a kind of infliction, giving him a new obligation to lead and to win.

Many teams expected the 49ers to trade Mira to get an established star, but the San Francisco management chose not to. "Mira is protection against Brodie's injury," explained coach Jack Christiansen. Brodie himself shrugged at this logic. "If I get hurt," he said, "they can't win anyway."

Brodie wasn't underrating Mira, nor was he talking of any single game. He meant the whole season, and he was speaking as a king evaluating a prince, the one proved in a long history of battles, the other with only eagerness for battles still to be fought. It is a situation that Mira wants to escape. "I think George is right in insisting he be traded," said Brodie. "He's losing his career sitting on the bench."

Mira shares that view. He is "playing out his option" this year, which means that at the end of this season he will be free to negotiate a deal with other teams. When Mira graduated from the University of Miami three years ago, he was the finest passer in the college game, just as Spurrier was last year. With the 49ers Mira has sat on the bench for most of the past three years, but, given a chance, he has put on some spectacular performances, twice beating the Green Bay Packers. When Brodie is going badly, or sometimes even when he is going well, the fans at San Francisco's Kezar Stadium will chant: "We want Mira! We want Mira!"

Mira throws passes that whistle through the air as though fired from a sling, but if his receivers are covered he will often run instead of throwing the ball away. He knows that the defense is waiting to cripple him in the open field. "I figure I ought to take my chances. I owe it to the guys who are up front protecting for me. I feel I can fire up a team. It's my way of playing. It's the kind of person I am."

Mira's speech is short and clipped, as though he were calling signals. "It's frustrating not being a starter now. After being a starter ever since you played ball. You come to understand it at first. There's so much for a rookie quarterback to learn. But I've finished learning. Now I want my chance. Otherwise I want to be traded."

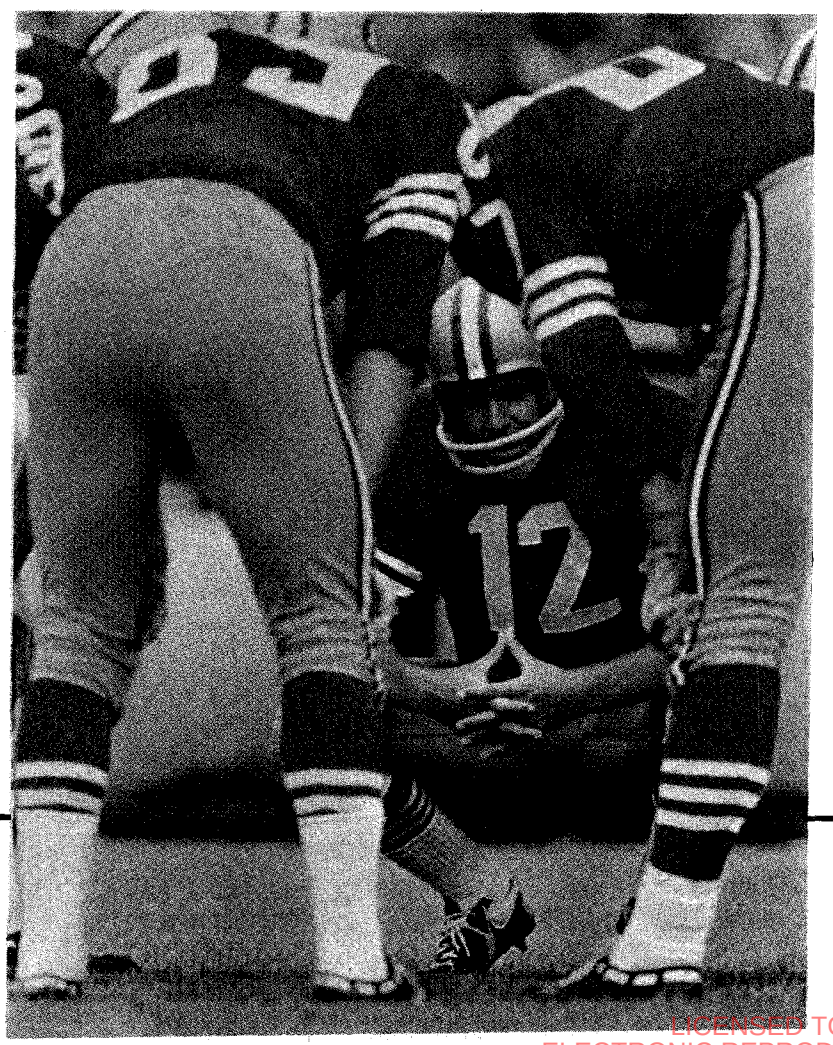
Mira's enforced idleness has been hard for an athlete so tense by nature that he cannot sit still. He has to pace, or swing his arms, or twitch a shoulder, or bite his nails. On 49er plane trips he'll walk the aisle, carrying sandwiches and drinks and dinners for the stewardesses rather than staying put and playing cards with his teammates. During games he watches the play intently, pinning himself on a spot with a knee driven into the grass. He is a dark-skinned man with a severe Castilian profile, and in his shiny skin-tight pants and long stockings he looks a little like a bullfighter. There is fire in his eyes.

Steve Spurrier, by contrast, has none of Mira's heat or Brodie's style. He is 22, but he looks like a high-school senior always on the verge of a boy's smile, half cocky, half shy, and totally winning. His hair is a boyish straw-colored thatch, and he constantly brushes at it with his hand. The habit has none of Mira's nail-biting tension. Spurrier is merely gently patting his hair. Watch him anywhere but on the field when he's actually playing, and you wonder where he found the energy and inclination to carry home his Heisman Trophy. Take the uniform off, put a stick of straw in his mouth, and he'd look like a large Huck Finn lying on a riverbank. Even when Spurrier is standing up, he looks like Huck Finn lying down.

As a passer, Spurrier uses a soft touch, which would be expected, but he also turned out to be an excellent punter, booming spirals 50 or 60 yards downfield. Then, perhaps to remain in character, he falls far back after the impact, as though trying to disassociate himself from his own energy.

Before one exhibition game, Spurrier was told that he would finally play by Y. A. Tittle, the former Giant and 49er star who coaches the team's quarterbacks. Did he know the play book?

"Well," said Spurrier, "I know about half of it,"



An 11-year veteran, Brodie keeps his cool under fire, steadies the team with his confidence.

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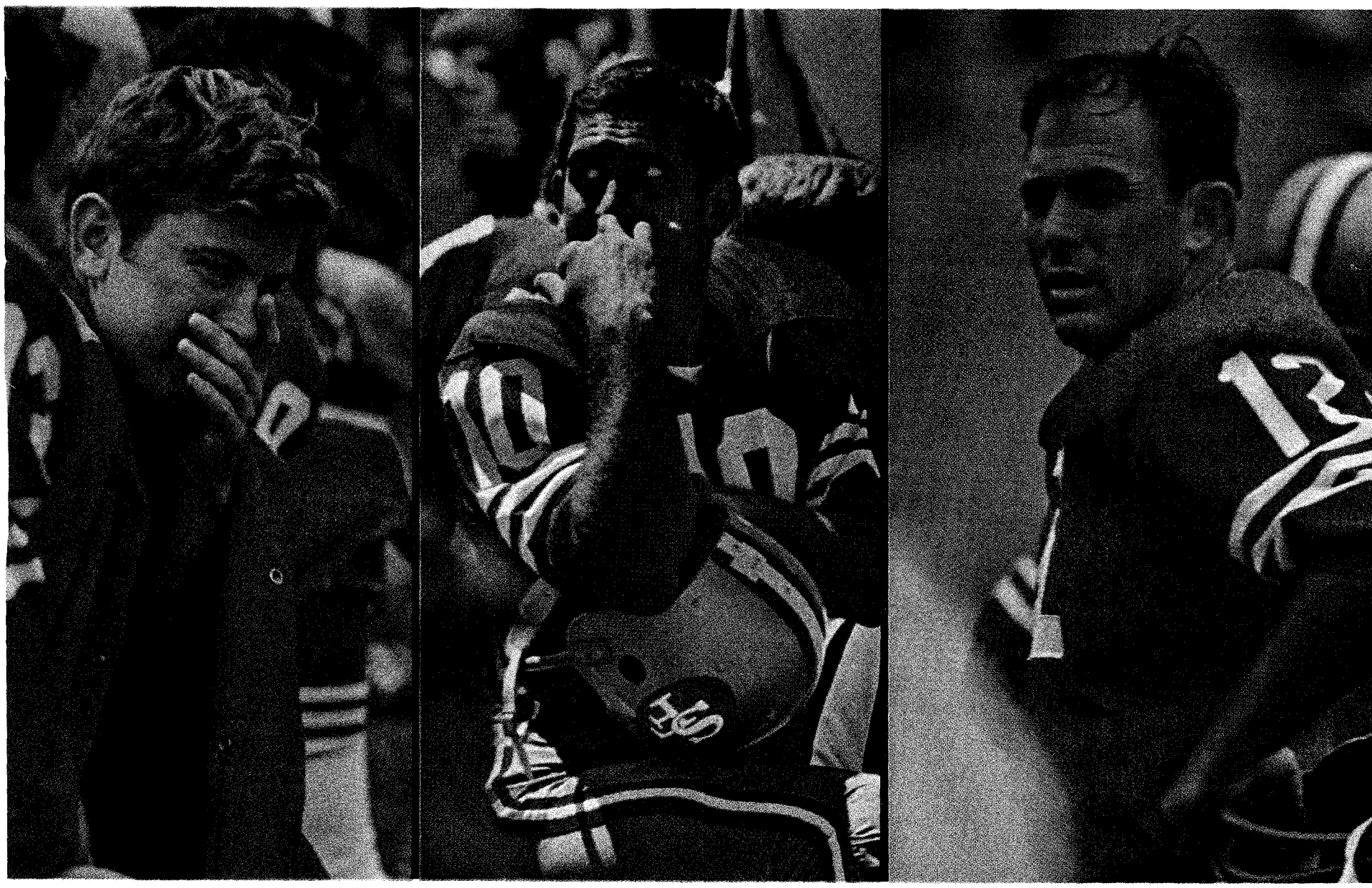

The rival 49er quarterbacks have totally different personalities: Spurrier has a Huck Finn charm; Mira is taut with frustration; Brodie has the style and confidence of a winner.

and he bestowed his smile on the shocked old pro.

For all his casual air, Spurrier was not willing to relax forever on the bench. "I know Brodie and Mira are real fine quarterbacks," he told me as the year began. "Mira could start at other places. I'm going to have to sit around and see what happens. Of course, if I was still just sitting around after three years, I'd have to think about it. Well—like George."

Because of their different natures and separate problems, the three 49er quarterbacks are seldom together, even on the field, but one day a photographer arrived to take group pictures of them before an afternoon practice. Mira and Spurrier were out early, and they waited for Brodie. "What do you want?" Mira kept impatiently asking the photographer. "What pictures do you want?" The photographer explained again that he needed to wait for Brodie before he could begin, and Mira paced, swung his arms, bit his nails, told a skeptical Spurrier about a former 49er who could kick 80-yard field goals in practice, and then paced again. Spurrier reclined all the while on the drying grass under the hot sun, his weight back on his arms, his ankles comfortably crossed. He never moved. He looked as if he could lie that way forever.

When Brodie finally arrived, surrounded by a platoon of devoted kids, one of whom carried his cleats and another his gold 49er helmet, he brought with him locker-room news of an N.F.L. quarterback trade. Old-timer Jim Ninowski had just been sent by the Cleveland Browns to the Redskins. Brodie watched Mira contemplate the news, and then suggested indirectly that Detroit could use a good quarterback.

Mira mumbled the name several times: "Detroit." He scuffed at the grass, then made a face, as though the image of a football team, or a city, had gone sour in him. Spurrier, still reclining on the grass, shyly, lazily, turned his head away. It was none of his affair.

In one of the shots they posed for the photographer, Brodie held out the football before him and Mira and Spurrier, flanking him, extended their arms to touch an end of the ball. Teammates, strolling to practice, shouted, "Glory boys!" Spurrier nearly blushed. Mira wanted to get it over with. Brodie flashed his dazzling smile.

As the exhibition season went on, Brodie showed that he had lost none of his cunning, and that his style remained the same. As might be expected, he plays quarterback in the classic pro manner. When he passes, he hustles back into the "pocket," and if his protection breaks down he usually takes his beating there. If the receivers are covered and the middle opens up, Brodie will sometimes run for it. He'll never be mistaken for a halfback when he does, and Brodie prefers to avoid what he can't do gracefully. A scrambling quarterback may bring the crowd to its feet, but it isn't Brodie's talent or percentage.

The exhibition season also showed that Brodie still wanted to win. In the closing minutes of a game with Dallas, a melee on the field emptied both benches. Brodie did no punching because it made no sense ("I was thinking of the plays I would call next."), but he was haggard and drawn in the locker room after the 30–24 defeat. Dressing slowly, he looked older than his 32 years until he could comb the spiky patches of his hair into the swept-back style that gives his face a youthful and affluent look.

A young reporter wanted to know why a mere exhibition game was all-out war. Incredulous for a moment, Brodie spun the Windsor knot in his tie.

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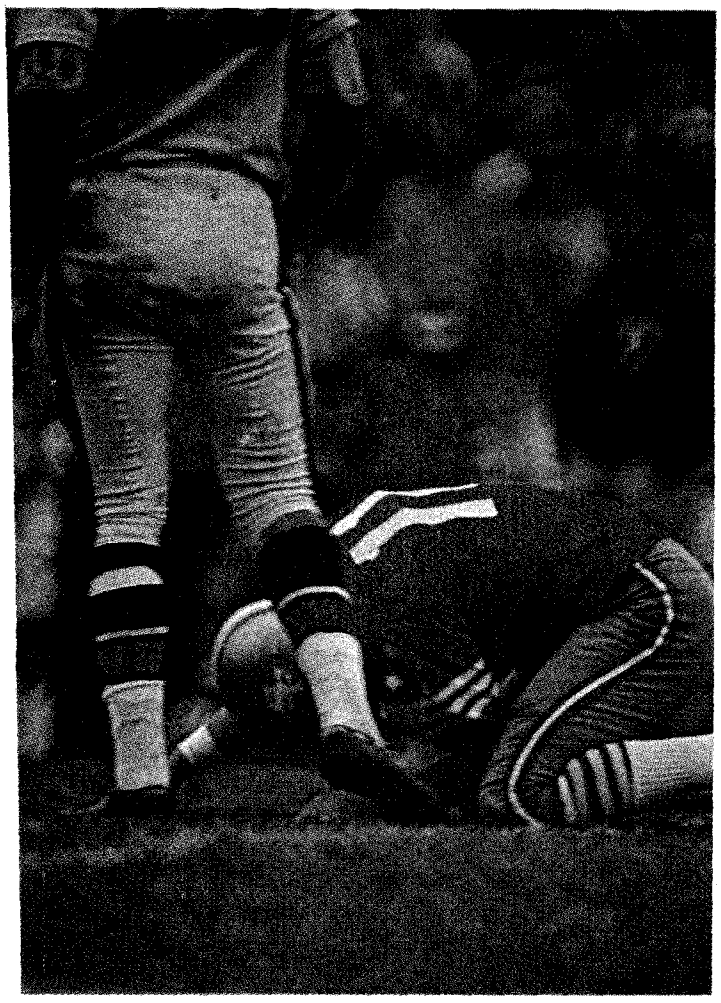
'You are nobody!' cried the evangelist. Brodie listened and smiled.



Rookie Spurrier, the college flash, gets his introduction to the National Football League. Generally, Spurrier performed well for the 49ers during his few opportunities.

"We want to win," he said finally. "You can get in the habit of losing. It's easy. You're out there playing ball. You're an athlete. You want to win." He paused and raised his eyes to the young reporter. "Unless you're some kind of kook."

Mira was as fiery and determined as ever when he did get one of his rare chances to play. Against New Orleans he scrambled when there was no chance to pass. He once made it to the sidelines, but instead of ducking out-of-bounds, as quarterbacks do, he fought for an inch and was hit simultaneously by three tacklers. The collision carried him past the sidelines and knocked over half of the 49er bench. Mira survived that play, but later in the game, while starting to run again, he slipped, was tackled immediately and sprained his hand.

Even with his hand in a cast, Mira could not sit still. Like the manager of a high-school football team, he hustled footballs for the other two quarterbacks before the Oakland game.

I asked Mira if he might be content with the backup job to Brodie if the 49ers were able to win a championship. "No!" he replied emphatically. "I'd still want to be the one who led the team to the title, or I'd want to play for someone else."

I mentioned to him that Charlie Johnson of the St. Louis Cardinals had just been called into the Army. "I'd like to play for St. Louis," he said. "Be a good club to play for. I hope so."

With Mira out, Spurrier would be called on. Until then, he had been lounging on the bench or standing on the sidelines, thumbs hooked into his pants. Sometimes he sat on the crown of his helmet, looking like someone's little brother. With the 49ers behind, 34–0, he played the second half against the Rams, leading a touchdown march while scrambling for his young life. After his touchdown pass, he displayed some emotion at last, clapping and grinning as he came off the field. But later, during a time-out deep in 49er territory, Spurrier, waiting, reached behind him. Instinctively he found the goalpost. He leaned on it until the game resumed.

In the season opener at Minnesota, Brodie conducted the team to a 24–0 half-time lead. It was cut to 24–7 by the fourth quarter, but coach Jack Christiansen felt confident enough to display some of his quarterback wealth. Mira's hand was better, and he got in.

He passed on one first down, and defensive end Carl Eller, coming over the block, fell on the quarterback's knee. "I felt a popping sound, but it wasn't sore." Mira said later. Then Jim Marshall hit the knee after Mira passed, and this time it ached. Mira was removed from the game, and Brodie finished up, protecting the 49er lead. During the trip home there was no walking around on the plane for Mira. The diagnosis in San Francisco was a severe strain. The matador who wanted so passionately to fight bulls, to perform, to prove himself, to take a cut in pay in order to make it possible, was now to be out for five weeks.

"But that's football," said Brodie, dismissing Mira's bad luck. On crutches, Mira watched the Atlanta game from the press box. He saw Brodie, with a quick big lead, masterfully direct a resourceful offense. Then he saw Spurrier go into his first official pro game. The rookie quarterback, who had been watching games from the sidelines, gave some evidence that he really likes action. He completed five of his seven passes for 62 yards. He never once leaned on anyone's goalpost. He looked nothing like the sleepy-eyed youth who sauntered in that morning, a half hour late for breakfast, gazed around the dining room and asked, "Any food left?"

After defeating Minnesota and Atlanta, San Francisco was badly beaten by Baltimore, 41–7, and the season looked as though it might already be over for John Brodie when the team went to Los Angeles to play the undefeated Rams. But the Rams were wracked in the first half, and Brodie had his 20–0 lead to protect when the third quarter of play began.

The next half hour was one of the most desperate that Brodie had ever spent. The awesome Los Angeles linemen and linebackers took complete charge of the game. Tacklers swarmed around Brodie, raising their arms to block his passes or to hide his receivers. Deep in his own territory Brodie was hit from behind, just as he started to pass, by defensive end Lamar Lundy, six feet, seven inches and 260 pounds. The ball bobbled forward and into the arms of another Ram, who ran the few yards for the touchdown, while Brodie squirmed frantically to get a hand on the runner. A few minutes later Brodie was intercepted. The Ram back started down the sidelines, and the man who met him, a little awkwardly, but head on, was Brodie. The quarterback got up very slowly after the tackle and walked solemnly off the field.

As the game went on, the 49er bench began to look like a first-aid station. The players emptied two tanks of oxygen. To fight the 95-degree heat, they gulped down gallons of liquids enriched with glucose. Guard Howard Mudd and end Dave Parks sat staring blankly at the action, unable to remember their plays after early collisions on the field. John David Crow, the veteran 49er halfback, collapsed twice in the heat, once simply sitting down on the field like a little boy. Fullback Ken Willard, six feet, two inches and 230 pounds, rammed into the line and was hit squarely by end Deacon Jones, six feet, five inches and 260 pounds. After the impact Jones reached out a hand and touched Willard gently on the shoulder, one gladiator comforting another in the pit.

After the two interceptions, Brodie, like a bullpen pitcher, began to pass the ball on the sidelines. "Well, look, I had thrown two balls that were so bad I was embarrassed," he was to explain later. "I wanted to throw the ball to get the feel of it again. When you get the feeling of being in the groove, throwing the football is easy."

When he went back in, Brodie showed why he is the first-string quarterback of the 49ers, despite the flair of Mira and the promise of Spurrier. Under the Los Angeles attack Brodie played football like an experienced boxer who has been hurt, who rides out the storm by bobbing and weaving, conserving his energy, keeping his poise, waiting for the one opening that will allow him to fire the single punch that will stun his confident opponent.

The chance came. Brodie got his few seconds—perhaps four—and Sonny Randle was catching the winning touchdown pass.

In the closing seconds of the game, with the 49ers desperately holding on to the ball in their own territory, it looked as though Spurrier would have to go in to punt. Assistant coach Dan Colchico and the veteran punter Tommy Davis sought out Spurrier. They exhorted him, instructed him, caressed him with encouragement. He calmly nodded, as though he were wondering what they were so worked up about. Didn't he, on a crucial punt in the first quarter, with his heel on the end-zone line. boom it to the 50-yard line and so high that it couldn't be run back?

Coach Christiansen, used to having at his elbow the men who might immediately be needed, cried out, "Spurrier! Spurrier!" Earlier Crow had answered such a summons by leaping to his feet and barking back, "Yes sir!" and then going in to receive one of Brodie's touchdown passes. But rookie Spurrier lazily turned his head and said, as though he had just answered the home phone, "Yeah?" "Huck" Spurrier was out on the field, ready to tend to the kick, when the final gun sounded.

After the game a gathering of fans waited outside the locker room to stare at the players as they emerged. A wild-eyed evangelist suddenly appeared on the scene, portable mike in hand, and began haranguing the audience. He promised heaven, and he threatened hell, and finally he roared, "You are nobody! You are no one!"

At that moment John Brodie swept onstage. He listened to the words and smiled. Then, signing his name as he walked, he began to make his way through a crowd of youngsters who wanted his autograph. The team bus, loaded with all the other 49ers, waited for him at the curb. "John!" yelled an assistant manager. "Come on, John!"

A Los Angeles fan shrugged. "What are you worried about? He must have his own plane."

Finally Brodie made his way to the bus. The door swung open, he stepped briskly aboard and, as though it were his chauffeured car, the bus pulled away. He looked like a million dollars. □

Mira is crunched by the Browns' Frank Parker, who stands six feet five and weighs 270 pounds. Later Mira, a daring runner, hurt his knee and was out of action.

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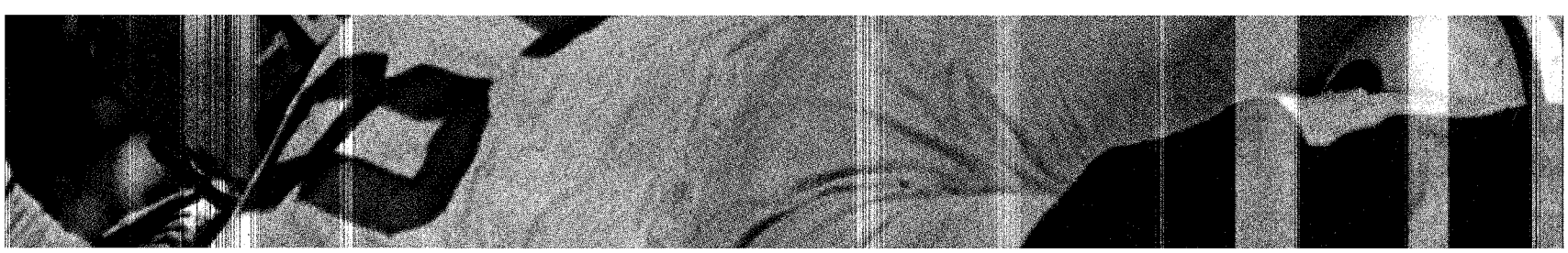

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Editorial

Changing views on Vietnam

It is a perilous thing to try to estimate what the American people think about anything at any given time, but there appears to be a definite change in popular feelings about the war in Vietnam. A year or two ago, anybody who opposed the war got a distinct feeling of loneliness, and the general view seemed to be that, regardless of whether the war was justified or not, we all had to fall in behind the leadership of the President. As recently as last winter, when this magazine criticized the bombing of North Vietnam, that issue of the *Post* was read aloud before a Senate committee and excoriated as an example of wrongheadedness.

In recent months the sounds in the Senate have been rather different, and the most notable denunciations of the war have come not from liberal Democrats but from moderate Republicans. There was mild-mannered Sen. Clifford Case blaming the President for a "highly irresponsible" escalation of the fighting. Sen. Thruston Morton, former G.O.P. chairman, went even further: "President Johnson was brainwashed. . . . He has been mistakenly committed to a military solution in Vietnam for the past five years." Sen. John Sherman Cooper added: "There is little hope for negotiations and for a just settlement of the war in Vietnam until the United States takes this first step—the cessation of its bombing of North Vietnam."

Politicians do not speak in a vacuum. To a certain extent they reflect the opinions of the voters they represent, and those voters no longer seem content to follow the President's course. According to a recent Gallup poll—and a Harris poll showed similar results—57 percent of the people questioned disapproved of the President's handling of the war, compared to only 28 percent who approved. This was the highest rate of disapproval ever recorded in the poll, and a phenomenal rate for any democratic society engaged in a major military conflict. Some of those who disapprove of President Johnson's policy are, of course, the "superhawks," who demand unlimited military force to "get it over with." But of those who disapproved, the "superhawks" accounted for only 37 percent, while 48 percent thought the United States ought to scale down the fighting.

There are perfectly good reasons for the increasing disenchantment with this war. For one thing, the simple passage of time tends to sour the popular appetite for fighting. More American troops, more bombing, new plans for "pacification"—all these things were supposed to produce results, but the results are hard to find. On the contrary, the South Vietnamese army seems to fight less today than it did a year ago, while the Communists fight harder. Politically, too, our South Vietnamese military protégés have shown themselves unable to govern the country and unable to evolve toward democratic rule. And for Americans, the only consequence of escalation is that the price we must pay gets higher and higher. While major domestic problems go unattended, the President demands higher taxes to pay for the war. And from the battlefield, the bodies come home in ever-increasing numbers. The death toll so far this year is higher than during the previous five years combined, and the total casualty figure has already climbed to more than 100,000. In a few months, Vietnam will pass Korea as the fourth-bloodiest war in our history.

For the defense, Washington's tired warriors provide their tired arguments. Speaking on behalf of President Johnson, Republican Senate leader Everett Dirksen asked: "Have you heard the British demean their king and queen? . . . It don't sound good, and it don't look good. The President is not our ruler, but you do not demean him in the eyes of people abroad." And in an increasingly extravagant speech, Dirksen went on to declare: "Let me say that I was not made a senator to preside over the liquidation of the holy fabric of freedom." Somewhat less rhetorically, but no less passionately, Secretary of State Dean Rusk insisted that the war represented an honoring of "commitments." Though it has never been clear exactly who committed the United States to a major land war in Southeast Asia, or how, or why, or to whom the commitment was made, Secretary Rusk declared: "Let me say, as solemnly as I can, that those who would place in question the credibility of the pledged word of the United States under our mutual security treaties would subject this nation to mortal danger." As for stopping the bombing of North Vietnam, Rusk's answer was scornful: "Let's not be children."

Secretary Rusk is responsible only to President Johnson, of course, and President Johnson seems to be responsible to nobody. Back in the days when his critics were in the minority, the President used to flourish polls to show that the people loved him. Now that the polls show a majority opposed to him, the President talks mournfully about the need for noble leaders to carry out unpopular policies for the greater good of the nation. There have been times when this was true. But there have also been times when leaders have made terrible mistakes and refused, through pride and stubbornness, to correct them. The war in Vietnam is Johnson's mistake, and, through the power of his office, he has made it a national mistake. More and more Americans have come to see this, and that is the message of the polls that the President now ignores.

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